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From Fraser's Magazine.

DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA Y COZIO.

The Don, to tune of *gay quadrille*,
Floats double, Don and shadow.

Here we have Trueba, dancing, and as usual, occupied in turning his spectacled eyes from his partner, and all other persons whatever, upon the far more lovely shadow of himself. He is dressed in the manner of one of his own Exquisites; and, to use the favourite expression in that illustrious comedy, is displaying himself as a bore of no inconsiderable dimensions.

Of Telesforo de Trueba y Cozio, thus presented to our view, we have little to say. Leigh Hunt, who, even in his serene and yellow leaf, pursues all the cockneyisms of his youth, fresh and verdant as when first they flourished, in all the pride of amber-coloured silk inexpressibles, over "the half-mountain region of Hampstead," said in his *Tattler's* review of the *Exquisites*, that it was uncommonly refreshing to meet a real Spanish Don, and that it carried the mind back to Gil Blas and Lazarillo de Tormes, and other heroic characters of a similar stamp. Had Hunt extended his researches as far as *Somers Town*, he would have found dons of all sorts and degrees, walking about in the shirtless majesty of independence, without stretching his ideas into the regions of romance; and, ignorant as we are of Trueba's Spanish history, we can only take him up in England, where we do not find him so wonderful a specimen as some of his friends would wish to pass him off upon us. How strange, says a lady critic, that a Spaniard should write such good English. How wonderful, brogues forth a gentleman of the press, that a foreigner should have so complete an insight into our manners. Sweet lady! kind Milesian! Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cozio was educated here, at some Roman Catholic College. Here he has spent his youth—here he is spending his manhood—English is his vernacular tongue—and he can no more write Spanish than Lord Palmerston or Dr. Bowring. He is no more in education or language a Spaniard than the Lord Mayor, even though, as in the case of that illustrious functionary, people generally prefix the Don to his name.

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We have always, however, considered this a matter of little consequence. Trueba, be he Spaniard or Briton, by education, writes passable novels in irreproachable English. His name is an injury to him, in the very reverse manner to what might be expected. Conscious that it is a strange thing for a gentleman so Hispanically cognominated, to write English at all, the reading public, with its usual wisdom, has taught him to look upon himself as a wonder on that one account. As in the case of the learned pig, we care not what the erudite animal reads, so that he *does* but read—so, in the case of Trueba, it seems to be settled that so as he *does* write in English, it is a matter of secondary consideration what he writes. This, we are sorry to say, has acted sadly upon the permanent fame of our Castilian. A man who consents to be shown as a lion, runs the risk of being at last metamorphosed into an ass. Let him, therefore, shake off, most lustily, whatever advantage he may fancy he obtains by being a curiosity, and, as he is in some sort a clever fellow, he may get on in time. As long as he is the astonishing Spaniard "wot writes English," so long will he not do any thing worth a farthing.

His *Exquisites* have, we understand, been condemned to that house from whence no comedy returns—his novels are not quite equal to the workmanship of his countryman, Cervantes. Many a man, says old Rabelais, wears the dress of a Spaniard, who cannot show the pluck of a Spanish soldier. He has some talent, nevertheless, and if he will really work, something may be got out of him; but, to borrow an illustration from the picture opposite, let him not mistake the shadow, singularity, for the substance, fame!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

GENIE DE CHRISTIANISME.

It is the glory of the Conservative Party throughout the world, and by this party we mean
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all who are desirous in every country to uphold the religion, the institutions, and the liberties of their fathers, that the two greatest writers of the age have devoted their talents to the support of their principles—Sir Walter Scott and Chateaubriand are beyond all question, and by the consent of both nations, at the head of the literature of France and England since the revolution; and they will both leave names at which the latest posterity will feel proud, when the multitudes who have sought to rival them on the revolutionary side are buried in the waves of forgotten time. It is no small triumph to the cause of order in these trying days, that these mighty spirits, destined to instruct and bless mankind through every succeeding age, should have proved so true to the principles of virtue; and the patriot may well rejoice that generations yet unborn, while they approach their immortal shrines, or share in the enjoyments derived from the legacies they have bequeathed to mankind, will inhale only a holy spirit, and derive from the pleasures of imagination nothing but additional inducements to the performance of duty.

Both these great men are now under an eclipse too likely in one at least, to terminate in earthly extinction. The first lies on the bed, if not of material, at least, it is to be feared, of intellectual death; and the second, arrested by the military despotism which he so long strove to avert from his country, has lately awaited in the solitude of a prison the fate destined for him by revolutionary violence. But

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
These for a hermitage."

It is in such moments of gloom and depression when the fortune of the world seems most adverse, when the ties of mortality are about to be dissolved, or the career of virtue is on the point of being terminated, that the immortal superiority of genius and virtue most strongly appear. In vain was the Scottish bard extended on the bed of sickness, or the French patriot confined to the gloom of a dungeon; their works remain to perpetuate their lasting sway over the minds of men; and while their mortal frames are sinking beneath the sufferings of the world, their immortal souls rise into the region of spirits, to witness a triumph more glorious, an ascendancy more enduring, than ever attended the arms of Cæsar or Alexander.

Though pursuing the same pure and ennobling career; though gifted with the same ardent imagination, and steeped in the same fountains of ancient lore, no two writers were ever more different than Chateaubriand and Sir Walter Scott. The great characteristic of the French author, is the impassioned and enthusiastic turn of his mind. Master of immense information, thoroughly imbued at once with the learning of classical and of catholic times; gifted with a re-

tentive memory, a poetical fancy, and a painter's eye, he brings to bear upon every subject the force of erudition, the images of poetry, the charm of varied scenery, and the eloquence of impassioned feeling. Hence his writings display a reach and variety of imagery, a depth of light and shadow, a vigour of thought, and an extent of illustration, to which there is nothing comparable in any other writer, ancient or modern, with whom we are acquainted. All that he has seen, or read, or heard, seem present to his mind, whatever he does, or wherever he is. He illustrates the genius of Christianity by the beauties of classical learning, inhales the spirit of ancient prophecy on the shores of the Jordan, dreams on the banks of the Eurotas of the solitude and gloom of the American forests; visits the Holy Sepulchre with a mind alternately devoted to the devotion of a pilgrim, the curiosity of an antiquary, and the enthusiasm of a crusader, and combines in his romances, with the tender feelings of chivalrous love, the heroism of Roman virtue, and the sublimity of Christian martyrdom. His writings are less a faithful portrait of any particular age or country, than an assemblage of all that is grand, and generous and elevated in human nature. He drinks deep of inspiration in all the fountains where it has ever been poured forth to mankind, and delights us less by the accuracy of any particular picture, than the traits of genius which he has combined from every quarter where its footsteps have trod. "His style," said Napoleon "is not that of Racine, it is that of a prophet;" and, in truth, it seems formed on the lofty strains of Isaiah, or the beautiful images of the Book of Job, more than all the classical or modern literature with which his mind is so amply stored. He is admitted by all Frenchmen, of whatever party, to be the most perfect living master of their language, and to have gained for it beauties unknown to the age of Bossuet and Fenelon. Less polished in his periods, less sonorous in his diction, less melodious in his rhythm, than these illustrious writers, he is incomparably more varied, rapid, and energetic; his ideas flow in quicker succession, his words follow in more striking antithesis; the past, the present and the future rise up at once before us; and we see how strongly the streams of genius, instead of gliding down the smooth current of ordinary life, has been broken and agitated by the cataract of revolution.

With far less classical learning, fewer images derived from travelling, inferior information on many historical subjects, and a mind of a less impassioned and energetic cast, our own Sir Walter is far more deeply read in that book which is ever the same—the human heart. This is his unequalled excellence—there he stands, since the days of Shakspeare, without a rival. It is to this cause that his astonishing success has been owing. We feel in his characters that it is not romance, but real life which is represented. Every word that is said, especially in the Scotch Novels, is

nature itself. Cervantes, Shakspeare, and Scott, alone have penetrated to the substratum of character, which, however disguised by the varieties of climate and government, is at bottom everywhere the same; and thence they have found a responsible echo in every human heart. Every man who reads these admirable works, from the North Cape to Cape Hörn, feels that what the characters they contain are made to say, is just what would have occurred to themselves, or what they have heard said by others as long as they lived. Nor is it only in the delineation of character, and the knowledge of human nature, that the Scottish Novelist is without a rival. Powerful in the pathetic, admirable in dialogue, unmatched in description, his writings captivate the mind as much by the varied excellencies which they exhibit, as the powerful interest which they maintain. He has carried romance out of the region of imagination and sensibility into the walks of actual life. We feel interested in his characters, not because they are ideal beings with whom we have become acquainted for the first time when we began the book, but because they are the very persons we have lived with from our infancy. His descriptions of scenery are not luxuriant and glowing pictures of imaginary beauty, like those of Mrs. Radcliffe, having no resemblance to actual nature, but faithful and graphic portraits of real scenes, drawn with the eye of a poet, but the fidelity of a consummate draughtsman. He has combined historical accuracy and romantic adventure with the interest of tragic events; we believe with the heroes, and princes, and paladins of former times, as with our own contemporaries; and acquire from the splendid colouring of his pencil such a vivid conception of the manners and pomp of the feudal ages, that we confound them, in our recollection, with the scenes which we ourselves have witnessed. The splendour of their tournaments, the magnificence of their dress, the glancing of their arms; their haughty manners, daring courage, and knightly courtesy; the shock of their battle-steeds, the splintering of their lances, the conflagration of their castles, are brought before our eyes in such vivid colours, that we are at once transported to the age of Richard and Saladin, of Bruce and Marmion, of Charles the Bold and Philip Augustus. Disdaining to flatter the passions, or pander to the ambition of the populace, he has done more than any man alive to elevate their real character; to fill their minds with the noble sentiments which dignify alike the cottage and the palace; to exhibit the triumph of virtue in the humblest stations over all that the world calls great; and without ever indulging a sentiment which might turn them from the scenes of their real usefulness, bring home to every mind the "might that slumbers in a peasant's arm." Above all, he has uniformly, in all his varied and extensive productions, shown himself true to the cause of virtue. Amidst all the innumerable combinations of character, event, and dialogue, which he had formed, he has ever

proved faithful to the polar star of duty; and alone, perhaps, of the romance-writers of the world, has not left a line which on his death-bed he would wish recalled.

Of such men France and England may well be proud; shining as they already do, through the clouds and the passions of a fleeting existence, they are destined soon to illuminate the world with a purer lustre, and ascend to that elevated station in the higher heavens where the fixed stars shed a splendid and imperishable light. The writers whom party has elevated—the genius which vice has seduced, are destined to decline with the interests to which they were devoted, or the passions by which they were misled. The rise of new political struggles will consign to oblivion the vast talent which was engulphed in its contention; the accession of a more virtuous age bury in the dust the fancy which was enlisted in the cause of corruption; while these illustrious men, whose writings have struck root in the inmost recesses of the human heart, and been watered by the streams of imperishable feeling, will for ever continue to elevate and bless a grateful world.

To form a just conception of the importance of Chateaubriand's *Genius of Christianity*, we must recollect the period when it was published, the character of the works it was intended to combat, and the state of society in which it was destined to appear. For half a century before it appeared, the whole genius of France had been incessantly directed to undermine the principles of religion. The days of Pascal and Fenelon, of Saurin and Bourdaloue, of Bossuet and Massillon, had passed away; the splendid talent of the seventeenth century was no longer arrayed in the support of virtue—the supremacy of the church had ceased to be exerted to thunder in the ear of princes the awful truths of judgment to come. Borne away in the torrent of corruption, the church itself had yielded to the increasing vices of the age; its hierarchy had become involved in the passions they were destined to combat, and the cardinal's purple covered the shoulders of an associate in the midnight orgies of the Regent Orleans. Such was the audacity of vice, the recklessness of fashion, and the supineness of religion, that Madame Roland tells us, what astonished her in her youthful days was, that the heaven itself did not open, to rain down upon the guilty metropolis, as on the cities of the Jordan, a tempest of consuming fire.

While such was the profrugacy of power and the audacity of crime, philosophic talent lent its aid to overwhelm the remaining safeguards of religious belief. The middling and lower orders could not, indeed, participate in the luxurious vices of their wealthy superiors; but they could well be persuaded that the faith which permitted such enormities, the religion which was stained by such crimes, was a system of hypocrisy and deceit. The passion for innovation, which more than any other feature characterised that period in France, invaded the precincts of religion as

well as the bulwarks of the state—the throne and the altar; the restraints of this world and the next, as is ever the case, crumbled together. For half a century, all the genius of France had been incessantly directed to overturn the sanctity of Christianity; its corruptions were represented as its very essence; its abuses part of its necessary effects. Ridicule, ever more powerful than reason with a frivolous age, lent its aid to overturn the defenceless fabric; and for more than one generation, not one writer of note had appeared to maintain the hopeless cause. Voltaire and Diderot, D'Alembert and Raynal, Laplace and Lagrange, had lent the weight of their illustrious names, or the powers of their versatile minds, to carry on the war. The *Encyclopedie* was a vast battery of infidelity incessantly directed against Christianity; while the crowd of licentious novelists, with which the age abounded—Louvè, Crebillon, Laclos, and a host of others—insinuated the poison, mixed up with the strongest allurements to the passions, and the most voluptuous seductions to the senses.

This inundation of infidelity was soon followed by sterner days: to the unrestrained indulgence of passion succeeded the unfettered march of crime. With the destruction of all the bonds which held society together; with the removal of all the restraints on vice or guilt, the fabric of civilization and religion speedily was dissolved. To the licentious orgies of the Regent Orleans succeeded the infernal furies of the Revolution: from the same Palais Royal from whence had sprung those fountains of courtly corruption, soon issued forth the fiery streams of democracy. Enveloped in this burning torrent, the institutions, the faith, the nobles, the throne, were destroyed: the worst instruments of the supreme justice, the passions and ambition of men, were suffered to work their unresisted way; and in a few years the religion of eighteen hundred years was abolished, its priests slain or exiled, its Sabbath abolished, its rites proscribed, its faith unknown. Infancy came into the world without a blessing, age left it without a hope; marriage no longer received a benediction, sickness was left without consolation; the village bell ceased to call the poor to their weekly day of sanctity and repose; the village churchyard to witness the weeping train of mourners attending their rude forefathers to their last home. The grass grew in the churches of every parish in France; the dead without a blessing were thrust into vast charnel-houses; marriage was contracted before a civil magistrate; and infancy, untaught to pronounce the name of God, longed only for the period when the passions and indulgencies of life were to commence.

It was in these disastrous days that Chateaubriand arose, and bent the force of his lofty mind to restore the fallen but imperishable faith of his fathers. In early youth, he was at first carried away by the fashionable infidelity of his time; and in his "*Essais Historiques*," while the principles of virtue and natural religion are

unceasingly maintained, he seems to have doubted whether the Christian religion was not crumbling with the institutions of society, and speculated what faith was to be established on its ruins. But misfortune, that great corrector of the vices of the world, soon changed these faulty views. In the days of exile and adversity, when, by the waters of Babylon, he sat down and wept, he reverted to the faith and the belief of his fathers, and inhaled in the school of adversity those noble maxims of devotion and duty which have ever since regulated his conduct in life. Undaunted, though alone, he placed himself on the ruins of the Christian faith; renewed, with Herculean strength, a contest which the talents and vices of half a century had to all appearance rendered hopeless; and, speaking to the hearts of men, now purified by suffering, and cleansed by the agonizing ordeal of revolution, scattered far and wide the seeds of a rational and a manly piety. Other writers have followed in the same noble career: Salvandy and Guizot have traced the beneficial effects of religion upon modern society, and drawn from the last results of revolutionary experience just and sublime conclusions as to the adaptation of Christianity to the wants of humanity; but it is the glory of Chateaubriand alone to have come forth the foremost in the fight; to have planted himself on the breach, when it was strewn only with the dead and the dying, and, strong in the consciousness of gigantic powers, stood undismayed against a nation in arms.

To be successful in the contest, it was indispensable that the weapons of warfare should be totally changed. When the ideas of men were set adrift by revolutionary changes, when the authority of ages was set at naught, and from centuries of experience appeals were made to weeks of innovation, it was in vain to refer to the great or the wise of former ages. Perceiving at once the immense change which had taken place in the world whom he addressed, Chateaubriand saw, that he must alter altogether the means by which they were to be influenced. Disregarding, therefore, entirely the weight of authority, laying aside almost every thing which had been advanced in support of religion by its professed disciples, he applied himself to accumulate the conclusions in its favour which arose from its internal beauty; from its beneficent effect upon society; from the changes it had wrought upon the civilization, the happiness, and destinies of mankind; from its analogy with the sublimest tenets of natural religion; from its unceasing progress, its indefinite extension, and undecaying youth. He observed, that it drew its support from such hidden recesses of the human heart, that it flourished most in periods of disaster and calamity; derived strength from the fountains of suffering, and, banished in all but form from the palaces of princes, spread its roots far and wide in the cottages of the poor. From the intensity of suffering produced by the Revolution, therefore, he conceived the hope, that the

feelings of religion would ultimately resume their sway: when the waters of bitterness were let loose, the consolations of devotion would again be felt to be indispensable; and the spirit of the Gospel, banished during the sunshine of corrupt prosperity, return to the repentant human heart with the tears and the storms of adversity.

Proceeding on these just and sublime principles, this great author availed himself of every engine which fancy, experience, or poetry could suggest, to sway the hearts of his readers. He knew well that he was addressing an impassioned and volatile generation, upon whom reason would be thrown away, if not enforced with eloquence, and argument lost, if not clothed in the garb of fancy. To effect his purpose, therefore of reopening in the hearts of his readers the all but extinguished veins of religious feeling, he summoned to his aid all the allies which learning, or travelling, or poetry, or fancy, could supply; and scrupled not to employ his powers as a writer of romance, an historian, a descriptive traveller, and a poet, to forward this great work of Christian renovation. Of his object in doing this he has himself given the following account.*

"There can be no doubt that the Genius of Christianity would have been a work entirely out of place in the age of Louis XIV.; and the critic who observed that Massillon would never have published such a book, spoke an undoubted truth. Most certainly the author would never have thought of writing such a work if there had not existed a host of poems, romances, and books of all sorts, where Christianity was exposed to every species of derision. But since these poems, romances, and books exist, and are in every one's hands, it becomes indispensable to extricate religion from the sarcasms of impiety; when it has been written on all sides that Christianity is '*barbarous, ridiculous, the eternal enemy of the arts and of genius*;' it is necessary to prove that it is neither barbarous, nor ridiculous, nor the enemy of arts or of genius; and that that which is made by the pen of ridicule to appear diminutive, ignoble, in bad taste, without either charms or tenderness, may be made to appear grand, noble, simple, impressive, and divine, in the hands of a man of religious feeling.

"If it is not permitted to defend religion on what may be called its *terrestrial side*, if no effort is to be made to prevent ridicule from attaching to its sublime institutions, there will always remain a weak and undefended quarter. There all the strokes at it will be aimed; there you will be caught without defence; from thence you will receive your death-wound. Is not that what has already arrived? Was it not by ridicule and pleasantry that Voltaire succeeded in shaking the foundations of faith? Will you attempt to answer by theological arguments, or the forms of the syllogism,

licentious novels or irreligious epigrams? Will formal disquisitions ever prevent an infidel generation from being carried away by clever verses, or deterred from the altar by the fear of ridicule? Does not every one know that in the French nation a happy bon-mot, impiety clothed in a felicitous expression, a *felix culpa*, produce a greater effect than volumes of reasoning or metaphysics? Persuade young men that an honest man can be a Christian without being a fool; convince him that he is in error when he believes that none but capuchins and old women believe in religion, and your cause is gained; it will be time enough to complete the victory to present yourself armed with theological reasons, but what you must begin with is an inducement to read your book. What is most needed is a popular work on religion; those who have hitherto written on it have too often fallen into the error of the traveller who tries to get his companion at one ascent to the summit of a rugged mountain when he can hardly crawl at its foot—you must show him at every step varied and agreeable objects; allow him to stop to gather the flowers which are scattered along his path, and from one resting-place to another he will at length gain the summit.

"The author has not intended this work merely for scholars, priests, or doctors; what he wrote for was the *men of the world*, and what he aimed at chiefly were the considerations calculated to affect *their* minds. If you do not keep steadily in view that principle, if you forget for a moment the class of readers for whom the Genius of Christianity was intended, you will understand nothing of this work. It was intended to be read by the most incredulous men of letters, the most volatile youth of pleasure, with the same facility as the first turns over a work of impiety, or the second devours a corrupting novel. Do you intend then, exclaim the well-meaning advocates for Christianity, to render religion a matter of fashion? Would to God, I reply, that that divine religion was really in fashion, in the sense that what is fashionable indicates the prevailing opinion of the world! Individual hypocrisy, indeed, might be increased by such a change, but public morality would unquestionably be a gainer. The rich would no longer make it a point of vanity to corrupt the poor, the master to pervert the mind of his domestic, the fathers of families to pour lessons of atheism into their children; the practice of piety would lead to a belief in its truths, and with the devotion we would see revive the manners and the virtues of the best ages of the world.

"Voltaire, when he attacked Christianity, knew mankind well enough not to seek to avail himself of what is called the *opinion of the world*, and with that view he employed his talents to bring impiety into fashion. He succeeded by rendering religion ridiculous in the eyes of a frivolous generation. It is this ridicule which the author of the Genius of Christianity has, beyond every thing, sought to efface; that was the object of his work. He may have failed in the execution, but the object surely was highly important. To consider Christianity in its relation with human society;

* All the passages are translated by ourselves. There is an English version, we believe, but we have never seen it.

to trace the changes which it has effected in the reason and the passions of man; to show how it has modified the genius of arts and of letters, moulded the spirit of modern nations; in a word, to unfold all the marvels which religion has wrought in the regions of poetry, morality, politics, history, and public charity, must always be esteemed a noble undertaking. As to its execution, he abandons himself, with submission, to the criticisms of those who appreciate the spirit of the design.

"Take, for example, a picture; professedly of an impious tendency, and place beside it another picture on the same subject from the Genius of Christianity, and I will venture to affirm that the latter picture, however feebly executed, will weaken the impression of the first, so powerful is the effect of simple truth when compared to the most brilliant sophisms. Voltaire has frequently turned the religious orders into ridicule; well, put beside one of his burlesque representations, the chapter on the Missions, that where the order of the Hospitaliers is depicted as succouring the travellers in the desert, or the monks relieving the sick in the hospitals, attending those dying of the plague in the lazarettos, or accompanying the criminal to the scaffold, what irony will not be disarmed—what malicious smile will not be converted into tears!—Answer the reproaches made to the worship of the Christians for their ignorance, by appealing to the immense labours of the ecclesiastics who saved from destruction the manuscripts of antiquity. Reply to the accusations of bad taste and barbarity, by referring to the works of Bossuet and Fenelon. Oppose to the caricatures of saints and angels, the sublime effects of Christianity on the dramatic part of poetry, on eloquence, and the fine arts, and say whether the impression of ridicule will long maintain its ground? Should the author have no other success than that of having displayed before the eyes of an infidel age a long series of religious pictures without exciting disgust, he would deem his labours not useless to the cause of humanity."—III. 263—266.

These observations appear to us as just as they are profound, and they are the reflections not merely of a sincere Christian, but a man practically acquainted with the state of the world. It is of the utmost importance, no doubt, that there should exist works on the Christian faith, in which the arguments of the sceptic should be combated, and to which the Christian disciple might refer with confidence for a refutation of the objections which have been urged against his religion. But great as is the merit of such productions, their beneficial effects are limited in their operation compared with those which are produced by such writings as we are considering. The hardened sceptic will never turn to a work on Divinity for a solution of his paradoxes; and men of the world can never be persuaded to enter on serious arguments even on the most momentous subject of human belief. It is the *indifference*, not the scepticism of such men, which is chiefly to be dreaded: the danger to be apprehended is not that they will say there is no God,

but that they will live altogether without God in the world. It has happened but too frequently that divines in their zeal for the progress of Christianity among such men, have augmented the very veil they intended to remove. They have addressed themselves in general to them as if they were combatants drawn out in a theological dispute; they have urged a mass of arguments which they were unable to refute, but which were too uninteresting to be even examined, and while they flattered themselves that they had effectually silenced their objections, those whom they addressed have silently passed by on the other side. It is, therefore, of incalculable importance that some writings should exist which should lead men *imperceptibly* into the ways of truth, which should insinuate themselves into the tastes, and blend themselves with the refinement of ordinary life, and perpetually recur to the cultivated mind with all that it admires, or loves, or venerates, in the world.

Chateaubriand divides his great work into four parts. The first treats of the doctrinal parts of religion: the second and the third, the relations of that religion with poetry, literature, and the arts. The fourth, the ceremonies of public worship, and the services rendered to mankind by the clergy, regular and secular. On the mysteries of faith he commences with these fine observations.

"There is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity; modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, have all their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only happy, because it as yet knows nothing; age miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence.

"If it is thus with the sentiments, it is assuredly not less so with the virtues; the most angelic are those which, emanating directly from the Deity, such as charity, love to withdraw themselves from all regards, as if fearful to betray their celestial origin.

"If we turn to the understanding, we shall find that the pleasures of thought also have a certain connexion with the mysterious. To what sciences do we unceasingly return? To those which always leave something still to be discovered, and fix our regards on a perspective which is never to terminate. If we wander in the desert, a sort of instinct leads us to shun the plains where the eye embraces at once the whole circumference of nature, to plunge into forests, those forests the cradle of religion, whose shades and solitudes are filled with the recollections of prodigies, where the ravens and the doves nourished the prophets and fathers of the church. If we visit a modern monument whose origin or destination is known, it excites no attention; but if we meet

on a desert isle, in the midst of the ocean, with a mutilated statue pointing out to the west, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and worn by the winds, what a subject of meditation is presented to the traveller! Every thing is concealed, every thing is hidden in the universe. Man himself is the greatest mystery of the whole. Whence comes the spark which we call existence, and in what obscurity is it to be extinguished? The Eternal has placed our birth, and our death, under the form of two veiled phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the inconceivable gift of life, which the other is ever ready to devour.

"It is not surprising, then, considering the passion of the human mind for the mysterious, that the religions of every country should have had their impenetrable secrets. God forbid! that I should compare their mysteries to those of the true faith, or the unfathomable depths of the Sovereign in the heavens, to the changing obscurities of those gods which are the work of human hands. All that I observe is, that there is no religion without mysteries, and that it is they with the *sacrifice* which every where constitute the essence of the worship. God is the great secret of nature, the Deity was veiled in Egypt, and the Sphinx was seated at the entrance of his temples."—I. 13, 14.

On the three great sacraments of the Church, Baptism, Confession, and the Communion, he makes the following beautiful observations:—

"Baptism, the first of the sacraments which religion confers upon man, clothes him, in the words of the Apostle, with Jesus Christ. That sacrament reveals at once the corruption in which we were born, the agonizing pains which attended our birth, and the tribulations which follow us into the world; it tells us that our faults will descend upon our children, and that we are all jointly responsible; a terrible truth, which, if duly considered, would alone suffice to render the reign of virtue universal in the world.

"Behold the infant in the midst of the waters of the Jordan: the man of the wilderness pours the purifying stream on his head: the river of the Patriarchs, the camels on its banks, the temple of Jerusalem, the cedars of Lebanon, seem to regard with interest the mighty spectacle. Behold in mortal life that infant near the sacred fountain; a family filled with thankfulness surround it; renounce in its name the sins of the world; bestow on it with joy the name of its grandfather, which seems thus to become immortal, in its perpetual renovation by the fruits of love, from generation to generation. Even now the father is impatient to take his infant in his arms, to replace it in its mother's bosom, who listens behind the curtains to all the thrilling sounds of the sacred ceremony. The whole family surround the maternal bed; tears of joy, mingled with the transports of religion, fall from every eye; the new name of the infant, the old name of its ancestor, is repeated by every mouth, and every one mingling the recollections of the past with the joys of the present, thinks that he sees the venerable grandfather revive in the

new-born which has taken his name. Such is the domestic spectacle which throughout all the Christian world the sacrament of Baptism presents; but religion, ever mingling lessons of duty with scenes of joy, shews us the son of kings clothed in purple, renouncing the grandeur of the world, at the same fountain where the child of the poor in rags, abjures the pomps by which he will in all probability never be tempted.

"Confession follows baptism; and the Church, with that wisdom which it alone possesses, fixes the era of its commencement at that period when the first idea of crime can enter the infant mind, that is at seven years of age. All men, including the philosophers, how different soever their opinions may be on other subjects, have regarded the sacrament of penitence as one of the strongest barriers against crime, and a chef d'œuvre of wisdom. What innumerable restitutions and reparations, says Rousseau, has confession caused to be made in Catholic countries! According to Voltaire, 'Confession is an admirable invention, a bridle to crime, discovered in the most remote antiquity, for confession was recognised in the celebration of all the ancient mysteries. We have adopted and sanctified that wise custom, and its effects have always been found to be admirable in inclining hearts, ulcerated by hatred, to forgiveness.'

"But for that salutary institution, the guilty would give way to despair. In what bosom would he discharge the weight of his heart? In that of a friend—Who can trust the friendships of the world? Shall he take the deserts for a confidant? Alas! the deserts are ever filled to the ear of crime with those trumpets which the parricide Nero heard round the tomb of his mother. When men and nature are unpitiable, it is indeed consolatory to find a Deity inclined to pardon; but it belongs only to the Christian religion to have made twin sisters of Innocence and Repentance.

"In fine, the Communion presents a touching ceremony; it teaches morality, for we must be pure to approach it; it is the offering of the fruits of the earth to the Creator, and it recalls the sublime and touching history of the Son of man. Blended with the recollection of Easter, and of the first covenant of God with man, the origin of the communion is lost in the obscurity of an infant world; it is related to our first ideas of religion and society, and recalls the pristine equality of the human race; in fine, it perpetuates the recollection of our primeval fall, of our redemption, and re-acceptance by God."—I. 30—46.

These and similar passages, not merely in this work, which professes to be of a popular cast, but in others of the highest class of Catholic divinity, suggest an idea, which the more we extend our reading, the more we shall find to be just, viz. that in the greater and purer writers on religion, of whatever church or age, the leading doctrines are nearly the same, and that the differences which divide their followers, and distract the world, are seldom, on any material or important points, to be met with in writers of a superior caste. Chateaubriand is a faithful, and

in some respects, perhaps, a bigoted, Catholic; yet there is hardly a word here, or in any other part of his writings on religion, to which a Christian in any country may not subscribe, and which is not calculated in all ages and places to forward the great work of the purification and improvement of the human heart. Travellers have often observed, that in a certain rank in all countries manners are the same; naturalists know, that at a certain elevation above the sea in all latitudes, we meet with the same vegetable productions; and philosophers have often remarked, that in the highest class of intellects, opinions on almost every subject in all ages and places is the same. The same uniformity may be observed in the principles of the greatest writers of the world on religion: and while the inferior followers of their different tenets branch out into endless divisions, and indulge in sectarian rancour, in the more lofty regions of intellect the principles are substantially the same, and the objects of all identical. So small a proportion do all the disputed points in theology bear to the great objects of religion, love to God, charity to man, and the subjugation of human passion.

On the subject of marriage, and the reasons for its indissolubility, our author presents us with the following beautiful observations:—

“Habit and a long life together are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy with the object of his attachment until he has passed many days, and above all, many days of misfortune, with her. The married pair must know each other to the bottom of their souls; the mysterious veil which covered the two spouses in the primitive church, must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world. What! on account of a fit of caprice, or a burst of passion, am I to be exposed to the fear of losing my wife and my children, and to renounce the hope of passing my declining days with them? Let no one imagine that fear will make me become a better husband. No; we do not attach ourselves to a possession of which we are not secure; we do not love a property which we are in danger of losing.

“We must not give to Hymen the wings of Love, nor make of a sacred reality a fleeting phantom. One thing is alone sufficient to destroy your happiness in such transient unions; you will constantly compare one to the other, the wife you have lost to the one you have gained; and do not deceive yourself, the balance will always incline to the past, for so God has constructed the human heart. This distraction of a sentiment which should be indivisible will empoison all your joys. When you caress your new infant, you will think of the smiles of the one you have lost; when you press your wife to your bosom, your heart will tell you that she is not the first. Every thing in man tends to unity; he is no longer happy when he is divided, and, like God who made him in his image, his soul seeks incessantly to concentrate into one point, the past, the present, and the future.

“The wife of a Christian is not a simple

mortal: she is a mysterious angelic being: the flesh of the flesh, the blood of the blood of her husband. Man, in uniting himself to her, does nothing but regain part of the substance which he has lost. His soul as well as his body are incomplete without his wife: he has strength, she has beauty; he combats the enemy and labours the fields, but he understands nothing of domestic life; his companion is wanting to prepare his repast and sweeten his existence. He has his crosses, and the partner of his couch is there to soften them: his days may be sad and troubled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without woman man would be rude, gross, and solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence, as the creepers of the forests which decorate the trunks of sturdy oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the Christian pair live and die united: together they rear the fruits of their union; in the dust they lie side by side; and they are reunited beyond the limits of the tomb.”—I. 78, 79.

The extreme unction of the Catholic Church is described in these touching words:

“Come and behold the most moving spectacle which the world can exhibit—the death of the Faithful. The dying Christian is no longer a man of this world; he belongs no farther to his country; all his relations with society have ceased. For him the calculations of time are closed, and the great era of eternity has commenced. A priest seated beside his bed pours the consolations of religion into his dying ear: the holy minister converses with the expiring penitent on the immortality of the soul; and that sublime scene which antiquity presented but once in the death of the greatest of her philosophers, is renewed every day at the couch where the humblest of the Christians expires.

“At length the supreme moment arrives: one sacrament has opened the gates of the world, another is about to close them: religion rocked the cradle of existence; its sweet strains and its maternal hand will lull it to sleep in the arms of death. It prepares the baptism of a second existence; but it is no longer with water but oil, the emblem of celestial incorruption. The liberating sacrament dissolves, one by one, the chords which attach the faithful to this world: his soul, half escaped from its earthly prison, is almost visible to the senses, in the smile which plays around his lips. Already he hears the music of the seraphims; already he longs to fly to those regions, where hope divine, daughter of virtue and death, beckons him to approach. At length the angel of peace, descending from the heavens, touches with his golden sceptre his wearied eyelids, and closes them in delicious repose to the light. He dies: and so sweet has been his departure, that no one has heard his last sigh; and his friends, long after he is no more, preserve silence round his couch, still thinking that he slept; so like the sleep of infancy is the death of the Just.”—I. 69—71.

It is against pride, as every one knows, that the chief efforts of the Catholic Church have always been directed, because they consider it as the source of all other crime. Whether this is a

just view may be well doubted, to the extent at least that they carry it; but there can be but one opinion as to the eloquence of the apology which Chateaubriand makes for this selection.

"In the virtues preferred by Christianity, we perceive the same knowledge of human nature. Before the coming of Christ, the soul of man was a chaos; but no sooner was the word heard than all the elements arranged themselves in the moral world, as at the same divine inspiration they had produced the marvels of material creation. The virtues ascended like pure fires into the heavens; some, like brilliant suns, attracted the regards by their resplendent light; others, more modest, sought the shade, where nevertheless their lustre could not be concealed. From that moment an admirable balance was established between the forces and the weakness of existence. Religion directed its thunders against pride, the vice which is nourished by the virtues; it discovers it in the inmost recesses of the heart, and follows it out in all its metamorphoses; the sacraments in a holy legion march against it, while humility, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, its eyes downcast and bathed in tears, becomes one of the chief virtues of the faithful."—I. 74.

On the tendency of all the fables concerning creation to remount to one general and eternal truth, our author presents the following reflections:

"After this exposition of the dreams of philosophy, it may seem useless to speak of the fancy of the poets. Who does not know Deucalion and Pyrrha, the age of gold and of iron? What innumerable traditions are scattered through the earth! In India, an elephant sustains the globe; the sun in Peru has brought forth all the marvels of existence; in Canada, the Great Spirit is the father of the world; in Greenland, man has emerged from an egg; in fine, Scandinavia has beheld the birth of Askur and Emla; Odin has poured in the breath of life, Hønerus reason, and Loedur blood and beauty.

* Askum et Emlam omni conatu destitutos.
Animam nec possidebant, rationem nec habebant,
Nec sanguinem, nec sermonem, nec faciem venustam,
Animam dedit Odinus, rationem dedit Hønerus,
Loedur sanguinem addidit et faciem venustam."

"In these various traditions we find ourselves placed between the stories of children and the abstractions of philosophers; if we were obliged to choose it were better to take the first.

"But to discover the original of the picture in the midst of so many copies, we must recur to that which by its unity and the perfection of its parts, unfolds the genius of a master. It is that which we find in Genesis, the original of all those pictures which we see reproduced in so many different traditions. What can be at once more natural and more magnificent—more easy to conceive, and more in unison with human reason, than the Creator descending

amidst the night of ages to create light by a word? In an instant, the sun is seen suspended in the heavens, in the midst of an immense azure vault; with invisible bonds he envelopes the planets, and whirls them round his burning axle; the sea and the forests appear on the globe, and their earliest voices arise to announce to the universe that great marriage, of which God is the priest, the earth the nuptial couch, and the human race the posterity."—I. 97, 98.

On the appearance of age on the globe, and its first aspect when fresh from the hands of the Creator, the author presents an hypothesis more in unison with the imagination of a poet than the observations of a philosopher, on the gradual formation of objects destined for a long endurance. He supposes that every thing was at once created as we now see it.

"It is probable that the Author of nature planted at once aged forests and their youthful progeny; that animals arose at the same time, some full of years, others buoyant with the vigour and adorned with the grace of youth. The oaks while they pierced with their roots the fruitful earth, without doubt bore at once the old nests of rooks, and the young progeny of doves. At once grew a chrysalis and a butterfly; the insect bounded on the grass, suspended its golden egg in the forests, or trembled in the undulations of the air. The bee, which had not yet lived a morning, already counted the generations of flowers by its ambrosia—the sheep was not without its lamb, the doe without its fawns. The thickets already contained the nightingale, astonished at the melody of their first airs, as they poured forth the newborn effusion of their infant loves.

"Had the world not arisen at once young and old, the grand, the serious, the impressive, would have disappeared from nature; for all these sentiments depend for their very essence on ancient things. The marvels of existence would have been unknown. The ruined rock would not have hung over the abyss beneath; the woods would not have exhibited that splendid variety of trunks bending under the weight of years, of trees hanging over the bed of streams. The inspired thoughts, the venerated sounds, the magic voices, the sacred horror of the forests, would have vanished with the vaults which serve for their retreats; and the solitudes of earth and heaven would have remained naked and disenchanted in losing the columns of oaks which united them. On the first day when the ocean dashed against the shore, he bathed, he assured, sands bearing all the marks of the action of his waves for ages; cliffs strewn with the eggs of innumerable sea-fowl, and rugged capes which sustained against the waters the crumbling shores of the earth.

"Without that primeval age, there would have been neither pomp nor majesty in the work of the Most High; and, contrary to all our conceptions, nature in the innocence of man would have been less beautiful than it is now in the days of his corruption. An insipid childhood of plants, of animals, of elements, would have covered the earth, without the poetical feelings which now constitute its princi-

pal charm. But God was not so feeble a designer of the grove of Eden as the incredulous would lead us to believe. Man, the sovereign of nature, was born at thirty years of age, in order that his powers should correspond with the full-grown magnificence of his new empire—while his consort, doubtless, had already passed her sixteenth spring, though yet in the slumber of nonentity, that she might be in harmony with the flowers, the birds, the innocence, the love, the beauty of the youthful part of the universe."—I. 137, 138.

In the rhythm of prose these are the colours of poetry; but still this was not to all appearance the order of creation; and here, as in many other instances, it will be found that the deductions of experience present conclusions more sublime than the most fervid imagination has been able to conceive. Every thing announces that the great works of nature are carried on by slow and insensible gradations; continents, the abode of millions, are formed by the confluence of innumerable rills; vegetation, commencing with the lichen and the moss, rises at length into the riches and magnificence of the forest. Patient analysis, philosophical discovery, have now taught us that it was by the same slow progress that the great work of creation was accomplished. The fossil remains of antediluvian ages have laid open the primeval works of nature; the long period which elapsed before the creation of man, the vegetables which then covered the earth, the animals which sported amidst its watery wastes, the life which first succeeded to chaos, all stand revealed. To the astonishment of mankind, the *order of creation*, unfolded in Genesis, is proved by the contents of the earth beneath every part of its surface to be precisely that which has actually been followed; the *days* of the Creator's workmanship turn out to be the days of the Most High, not of his uncreated subjects, and to correspond to ages of our ephemeral existence; and the great sabbath of the earth took place, not, as we imagined, when the sixth sun had set after the first morning had beamed, but when the sixth period had expired, devoted by Omnipotence to the mighty undertaking. God then rested from his labours, because the great changes of matter, and the successive production and annihilation of different kinds of animated existence, ceased; creation assumed a settled form, and laws came into operation destined for indefinite endurance. Chateaubriand said truly, that to man, when he first opened his eyes on paradise, nature appeared with all the majesty of age as well as all the freshness of youth; but it was not in a week, but during a series of ages, that the magnificent spectacle had been assembled; and for the undying delight of his progeny, in all future years, the powers of nature for countless time had been already exerted.

The fifth book of the *Génie de Christianisme* treats of the proofs of the existence of God, derived from the wonders of material nature—in other words, of the splendid subject of natural theology. On such a subject, the observations of

a mind so stored with knowledge, and gifted with such powers of eloquence, may be expected to be something of extraordinary excellence. Though the part of his work, accordingly, which treats of this subject, is necessarily circumscribed, from the multitude of others with which it is overwhelmed, it is of surpassing beauty, and superior in point of description to any thing which has been produced on the same subject by the genius of Britain.

"There is a God! The herbs of the valley the cedars of the mountain, bless him—the insect sports in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the rising orb of day—the bird sings him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, 'There is no God!'

"Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what unconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, re-appear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noonday, and setting in the west; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east, or south, or west, in the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendour is perhaps that which nature can present that is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea that the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits, at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Trinity."

The instincts of animals, and their adaptation to the wants of their existence, have long furnished one of the most interesting subjects of study to the naturalist, and of meditation to the devout observer of creation. Chateaubriand has painted, with his usual descriptive powers, one of the most familiar of these examples—

"What ingenious springs move the feet of a bird? It is not by a contraction of muscles dependent on his will that he maintains himself firm upon a branch; his foot is constructed in such a way that when it is pressed in the centre, the toes close of their own accord, upon the body which supports it. It results from this mechanism, that the talons of the bird close more or less firmly upon the object on which it has alighted, in proportion to the agitation, more or less violent, which it has received. Thus, when we see at the approach of night during winter the crows perched on the scathed summit of an aged oak, we suppose that, watchful and attentive, they maintain their place with

pain during the rocking of the winds; and yet, heedless of danger, and mocking the tempest, the winds only bring them profounder slumber;—the blasts of the north attack them more firmly to the branch, from whence we every instant expect to see them precipitated; and like the old seaman, whose hammock is suspended to the roof of his vessel, the more he is tossed by the winds, the more profound is his repose."—I. 147, 148.

"Amidst the different instincts which the sovereign of the universe has implanted in nature, one of the most wonderful is that which every year brings the fish of the pole to our temperate region. They come, without once mistaking their way, through the solitude of the ocean, to reach, on a fixed day, the stream where their hymen is to be celebrated. The spring prepares on our shores their nuptial pomp; it covers the willows with verdure, it spreads beds of moss in the waves to serve for curtains to its crystal couches. Hardly are these preparations completed when the enamelled legions appear; the animated navigators enliven our coasts; some spring aloft from the surface of the waters, other balance themselves on the waves, or diverge from a common centre like innumerable flashes of gold; these dart obliquely their shining bodies athwart the azure fluid, while they sleep in the rays of the sun, which penetrates beneath the dancing surface of the waves. All, sporting in the joys of existence, meander, return, wheel about, dash across, form in squadron, separate and reunite; and the inhabitant of the seas, inspired by a breath of existence, pursues with bounding movements its mate, by the line of fire which is reflected from her in the stream."—I. 152, 153.

Chateaubriand's mind is full not only of the images but the sounds which attest the reign of animated nature. Equally familiar with those of the desert and of the cultivated plain, he has had his mind alike open in both to the impressions which arise to a pious observer from their contemplation.

"There is a law in nature relative to the cries of animals, which has not been sufficiently observed, and deserves to be so. The different sounds of the inhabitants of the desert are calculated according to the grandeur or the sweetness of the scene where they arise, and the hour of the day when they are heard. The roaring of the lion, loud, rough, and tremendous, is in unison with the desert scenes in which it is heard; while the lowing of the oxen diffuses a pleasing calm through our valleys. The goat has something trembling and savage in its cry, like the rocks and ravines from which it loves to suspend itself. The war-horse imitates the notes of the trumpet that animates him to the charge, and, as if he felt that he was not made for degrading employments, he is silent under the spur of the labourer, and neighs under the rein of the warrior. The night, by turns charming or sombre, is enlivened by the nightingale or saddened by the owl—the one sings for the zephyrs, the groves, the moon, the souls of lovers—the other for the winds, the forests, the dark-

ness, and the dead. Finally, all the animals which live on others have a peculiar cry by which they may be distinguished by the creatures which are destined to be their prey."—I. 156.

The making of birds' nests is one of the most common objects of observation. Listen to the reflections of genius and poetry on this beautiful subject.

"The admirable wisdom of Providence is nowhere more conspicuous than in the nests of birds. It is impossible to contemplate, without emotion, the Divine goodness which thus gives industry to the weak, and foresight to the thoughtless.

"No sooner have the trees put forth their leaves, than a thousand little workmen commence their labours. Some bring long pieces of straw into the hole of an old wall; others affix their edifice to the windows of a church; these steal a hair from the mane of a horse; those bear away, with wings trembling beneath its weight, the fragment of wool which a lamb has left entangled in the briars. A thousand palaces at once arise, and every palace is a nest; within every nest is soon to be seen a charming metamorphosis; first, a beautiful egg, then a little one covered with down. The little nestling soon feels his wings begin to grow; his mother teaches him to raise himself on his bed of repose. Soon he takes courage enough to approach the edge of the nest, and casts a first look on the works of nature. Terrified and enchanted at the sight, he precipitates himself amidst his brothers and sisters, who have never as yet seen that spectacle; but recalled a second time from his couch, the young king of the air, who still has the crown of infancy on his head, ventures to contemplate the vast heavens, the waving summit of the pinetrees, and the vast labyrinth of foliage which lies beneath his feet. And, at the moment that the forests are rejoicing at the sight of their new inmate, an aged bird, who feels himself abandoned by his wings, quietly rests beside a stream; there, resigned and solitary, he tranquilly awaits death, on the bank of the same river where he sung his first loves, and whose trees still bear his nest and his melodious offspring."—I. 158.

The subject of the migration of the feathered tribes, furnishes this attentive observer of nature with many beautiful images. We have room only for the following extract:

"In the first ages of the world, it was by the flowering of plants, the fall of the leaves, the departure and the arrival of birds, that the labourers and the shepherds regulated their labours. Thence has sprung that art of divination among certain people; they imagined that the birds which were sure to precede certain changes of the season or atmosphere, could not but be inspired by the deity. The ancient naturalists, and the poets to whom we are indebted for the few remains of simplicity which still linger amongst us, show us how marvellous was that manner of counting by the changes of nature, and what a charm it spread over the

whole of existence. God is a profound secret. Man, created in his image, is equally incomprehensible. It was therefore an ineffable harmony to see the periods of his existence regulated by measures of time as harmonious as himself.

"Beneath the tenets of Jacob or of Boaz, the arrival of a bird put every thing in movement; the Patriarch made the circuit of the camp at the head of his followers, armed with scythes. If the report was spread, that the young of the swallows had been seen wheeling about, the whole people joyfully commenced their harvest. These beautiful signs, while they directed the labours of the present, had the advantage of foretelling the vicissitudes of the approaching season. If the geese and swans arrive in abundance, it was known that the winter would be snow. Did the redbreast begin to build its nest in January, the shepherds hoped in April for the roses of May. The marriage of a virgin on the margin of a fountain, was represented by the first opening of the bud of the rose; and the death of the aged, who usually drop off in autumn, by the falling of leaves, or the maturity of the harvests. While the philosopher, abridging or elongating the year, extended the winter over the verdure of spring, the peasant felt no alarm that the astronomer, who came to him from heaven, would be wrong in his calculations. He knew that the nightingale would not take the season hoar frost for that of flowers, or make the groves resound at the winter solstice with the songs of summer. Thus, the cares, the joys, the pleasures of the rural life were determined, not by the uncertain calendar of the learned, but the infallible signs of Him who traced his path to the sun. The sovereign regulator wished himself that the rites of his worship should be determined by the epochs fixed by his works; and in those days of innocence, according to the seasons and the labours they required, it was the voice of the zephyr or of the tempest, of the eagle or the dove, which called the worshipper to the temple of his Creator."

—I. 171.

Like all other great men who have thought on this subject, Chateaubriand strives to mingle the admiration of natural beauty with gratitude and devotion to its Author. For this purpose, he concludes this part of his subject with two pictures of nature,—one a terrestrial scene, one a maritime, of such surprising beauty, that we cannot resist the gratification of laying them both before our readers.

"It was frequently our custom to rise in the middle of the night, and seat ourselves on the fore-castle, where we found only an officer, and a few sailors smoking their pipes in silence. The only sound which could be heard, was the ploughing of the prow through the waves, while lines of foam, mingled with sparks of fire, flew along the sides of the vessel. God of the Christians! it is especially in the abyss of waters, and the immensity of the heavens, that thou hast engraved the traits of thy omnipotence—millions of stars glittering in the azure dome of heaven—the moon in the midst

of the firmament—an ocean without bounds—infinity in the heaven and the waves! Never have I felt more overwhelmed by thy magnificence than in those nights, when, suspended as it were between the stars and the ocean, I had infinity above my head, and immensity beneath my feet.

"One evening, when it was a profound calm, we were sailing through those lovely seas which bathe the coast of Virginia,—all the sails were furled—I was occupied below, when I heard the bell which called the mariners upon deck to prayers—I hastened to join my orisons to those of the rest of the crew. The officers were on the fore-castle, with the passengers; the priest, with his prayer-book in his hand, stood a little in advance; the sailors were scattered here and there on the deck; we were all above, with our faces turned towards the prow of the vessel, which looked to the west.

"The globe of the sun, ready to plunge into the waves, appeared between the ropes of the vessel in the midst of boundless space. You would have imagined, from the balancing of the poop, that the glorious luminary changed at every instant its horizon. A few light clouds were scattered without order in the east, where the moon was slowly ascending; all the rest of the sky was unclouded. Towards the north, forming a glorious triangle with the stars of day and that of night, a glittering cloud arose from the sea, resplendent with the colours of the prism, like a crystal pile supporting the vault of heaven.

"He is much to be pitied who could have witnessed this scene, without feeling the beauty of God. Tears involuntary flowed from my eyes, when my companions, taking off their hats, began to sing, in their hoarse strains, the simple hymn of Our Lady of succour. How touching was that prayer of men, who on a fragile plank, in the midst of the ocean, contemplated the sun setting in the midst waves! How that simple invocation of the mariners to the mother of woes, went to the heart! The consciousness of our littleness in the sight of Infinity—our chants prolonged afar over the waves—night approaching with its sable wings—a whole crew of a vessel filled with admiration and a holy fear—God bending over the abyss, with one hand retaining the sun at the gates of the west, with the other raising the moon in the east, and yet lending an attentive ear to the voice of prayer ascending from a speck in the immensity—all combined to form an assemblage which cannot be described, and of which the human heart could hardly bear the weight.

"The scene at land was not less ravishing. One evening I had lost my way in a forest, at a short distance from the Falls of Niagara. Soon the day expired around me, and I tasted, in all its solitude, the lovely spectacle of a night in the deserts of the New World.

"An hour after sunset the moon showed itself above the branches, on the opposite side of the horizon. An emblamed breeze, which the Queen of Night seemed to bring with her from the East, preceded her with its freshening gales. The solitary star ascended by degrees in the heavens; sometimes she followed peaceably her azure course, sometimes she reposed

on the groups of clouds, which resembled the summits of lofty mountains covered with snow. These clouds, opening and closing their sails, now spread themselves out in transparent zones of white satin, now dispersed into light bubbles of foam, or formed in the heavens bars of white so dazzling and sweet, that you could almost believe you felt their snowy surface.

"The scene on the earth was of equal beauty; the declining day, and the light of the moon, descended into the intervals of the trees, and spread a faint gleam even in the profoundest part of the darkness. The river which flowed at my feet, alternately lost itself in the woods, and re-appeared brilliant with the constellations of night which reposed on its bosom. In a savanna on the other side of the river, the moonbeams slept without movement on the verdant turf. A few birches, agitated by the breeze, and dispersed here and there, formed isles of floating shadow on that motionless sea of light. All would have been in profound repose, but for the fall of a few leaves, the breath of a transient breeze, and the moaning of the owl; while in the distance, at intervals the deep roar of Niagara was heard, which, prolonged from desert to desert in the calm of the night, expired at length in the endless solitude of the forest.

"The grandeur, the surpassing melancholy of that scene, can be expressed by no human tongue—the finest nights of Europe can give no conception of it. In vain, amidst our cultivated fields, does the imagination seek to expand—it meets on all sides the habitations of men; but in those savage regions the soul loves to shroud itself in the ocean of forests, to hang over the gulf of cataracts, to meditate on the shores of lakes and rivers, and feel itself alone as it were with God."

"Præsentiorum conspicuus Deum,
Fera per jura, clivisque præruptos,
Sonantes inter aquas nemorunque noctem."

Let no one exclaim, what have these descriptions to do with the spirit of Christianity? Gray thought otherwise when he wrote the sublime lines from which the above quotation is taken, on visiting the Grande Chartreux. Buchanan thought otherwise, when, in his exquisite Ode to May, he supposed the first zephyrs of spring to blow over the islands of the Just. The work of Chateaubriand, it is to be recollected, is not merely an exposition of the doctrines, spirit, or precepts of Christianity; it is intended expressly to allure, by the charms which it exhibits, the man of the world, an unbelieving and volatile generation, to the feelings of devotion; it is meant to combine all that is delightful or lovely in the works of nature, with all that is sublime or elevating in the revelations of religion. In his eloquent pages, therefore, we find united the Natural Theology of Paley, the Contemplations of Taylor, and the Analogy of Butler; and if the theologians will look in vain for the weighty arguments by which the English divines have established the foundation of their faith, men of ordinary education will find even more to entrance and subdue their minds.

Museum.—Vol. XXI.

Among the proofs of the immortality of the soul, our author, with all others who have thought upon the subject, classes the obvious disproportion between the desires and capacity of the soul, and the limits of its acquisitions and enjoyments in this world. In the following passage this argument is placed in its true colours.

"If it is impossible to deny, that the hope of man continues to the edge of the grave—if it be true, that the advantages of this world, so far from satisfying our wishes, tend only to augment the want which the soul experiences, and dig deeper the abyss which it contains within itself, we must conclude that there is something beyond the limits of time. 'Vincula hujus mundi,' says St. Augustin, 'asperitatem habent veram, jucunditatem falsam, certum dolorem, incertam voluntatem, durum laborem, timidam quietem, rem plenam miserie, spem beatitudinis inanem.' Far from lamenting that the desire for felicity has been planted in this world, and its ultimate gratifications only in another, let us discern in that only an additional proof of the goodness of God. Since sooner or later we must quit this world, Providence has placed beyond its limits a charm, which is felt as an attraction to diminish the terrors of the tomb; as a kind mother, who to make her infant cross a barrier, places some agreeable object on the other side."—I. 210.

"Finally, there is another proof of the immortality of the soul, which has not been sufficiently insisted on, and that is the universal veneration of mankind for the tomb. There, by an invincible charm, life is attached to death, there the human race declares itself superior to the rest of creation, and proclaims aloud its lofty destinies. What animal regards its coffin, or disquiets itself about the ashes of its fathers? Which one has any regard for the bones of its father, or even knows it, after the first necessities of infancy are passed? Whence comes then the all-powerful idea which we entertain of death? Do a few grains of dust merit so much consideration? No; without doubt we respect the bones of our fathers because an inward voice tells us that all is not lost with them; and that is the voice which has every where consecrated the funeral service throughout the world: all are equally persuaded that the sleep is not eternal, even in the tomb, and that death itself is but a glorious transfiguration."—I. 217.

To the objection, that if the idea of God is innate, it must appear in children without any education, which is not generally the case, Chateaubriand replies,

"God being a spirit, and it being impossible that he should be understood but by a spirit, an infant, in whom the powers of thought are not as yet developed, cannot form a proper conception of the Supreme Being. We must not expect from the heart its noblest function, when the marvellous fabric is as yet in the hands of its Creator.

"Besides, there seems reason to believe that a child has, at least, a sort of *instinct* of its Creator; witness only its little reveries, its
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disquietudes, its fears in the night, its disposition to raise its eyes to heaven. An infant joins together its little hands, and repeats after its mother a prayer to the good God. Why does that little angel lisp with so much love and purity the name of the Supreme Being, if it has no inward consciousness of its existence in its heart?

"Behold that new-born infant, which the nurse still carries under her arms. What has it done to give so much joy to that old man, to that man in the prime of life, to that woman? Two or three syllables half-formed, which no one rightly understands, and instantly three reasonable creatures are transported with delight, from the grandfather, to whom all that life contains is known, to the young mother, to whom the greater part of it is as yet unrevealed. Who has put that power into the word of man? How does it happen that the sound of a human voice subjugates so instantaneously the human heart? What subjugates you is something allied to a mystery, which depends on causes more elevated than the interests, how strong soever, which you take in that infant: something tells you that these inarticulate words are the first openings of an immortal soul."—I. 224.

There is a subject on which human genius can hardly dare to touch, the future felicity of the just. Our author thus treats this delicate subject.

"The purest of sentiments in this world is admiration; but every earthly admiration is mingled with weakness, either in the object it admires, or in that admiring. Imagine, then, a perfect being, which perceives at once all that is, and has, and will be; suppose that soul exempt from envy and all the weaknesses of life, incorruptible, indefatigable, unalterable; conceive it contemplating without ceasing the Most High, discovering incessantly new perfections; feeling existence only from the renewed sentiment of that admiration; conceive God as the sovereign beauty, the universal principle of love; figure all the attachments of earth blending in that abyss of feeling, without ceasing to love the objects of affection on this earth; imagine, finally, that the inmate of heaven has the conviction that this felicity is never to end, and you will have an idea, feeble and imperfect indeed, of the felicity of the just. They are plunged in this abyss of delight, as in an ocean from which they cannot emerge: they wish nothing; they have every thing, though desiring nothing; an eternal youth, a felicity without end; a glory divine is expressed in their countenances; a sweet, noble, and majestic joy; it is a sublime feeling of truth and virtue which transports them; at every instant they experience the same raptures as a mother who regains a beloved child, whom she believed lost; and that exquisite joy, too fleeting on earth, is there prolonged through the ages of eternity."—I. 241.

We intended to have gone through in this paper the whole *Genie de Christianisme*, and we have only concluded the first volume, so prolific of beauty are its pages. In succeeding numbers we

shall continue our commentary on this splendid work. We make no apology for the length of the quotations, which have so much extended the limits of this article; any observations would be inexcusable which should abridge passages of such transcendent beauty.

The splendour of these passages suggest one reflection of a painful kind. We are constantly speaking of the march of intellect, the education of the people, their vast acquisitions, and the unparalleled lights of the age; yet these beautiful extracts, and the immortal work from which they are taken, are almost unknown to the British public. Out of the many hundred thousand educated persons who read this miscellany, we doubt if there are many hundreds who ever read the *Genius of Christianity*. Translations may exist—editions have been printed in this country—but still the work itself, like all the standard productions of French genius during the last thirty years, is almost totally unknown to the British public. You will not meet with one person out of an hundred, even in the most polished circles of either sex, who has read it, either in the original or a translation. Whence is this general neglect of works of such exquisite beauty, breathing so pure a spirit, of such universal usefulness? The cause is to be found in the multitude of new publications which inundate the world—in the vast share which the newspapers occupy of the attention of men, and novels of that of women—in the ephemeral bubbles which glitter on the stream of public opinion, and soon burst and disappear. The time consumed in the perusal of this fleeting literature, throws into obscurity the works of standard excellence. It is well for public taste that Virgil and Cicero, Livy and Tacitus, are forced into the minds of boys at school, before the days of novels and newspapers begin, or they would soon be consigned to the vault of all the Capulets. The prodigious change which is so rapidly going forward, and in which we all in some degree participate, is fraught with the worst effects to literature and morality. It is fast deteriorating and degrading the public taste, and will induce, it is much to be feared, a corruption of national thought, consistent with the decline of our glory, and the extinction of our liberties, under the march of democratic ambition.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE LOST JAGER.

"I AM for the Gernsgagd this morning, Netty," said young Fritz of the Back Alp, as he swaggered over the threshold of her grandmother's cottage: that is, he did not exactly swagger, but he stepped in with an air, such as became the handsomest bursch, and the stoutest wrestler, and the best shot in Grindlewald, and who knew withal that he was beloved, deeply and dearly, by the prettiest fraulein of the valley. And pretty she was—a dear little bashful drooping moun-

tain daisy, with such hair—not black—not exactly black—but with a glossy golden brightness threading through it, like—what shall I liken it to?—like midnight braided with a sunbeam. And she looked so handsome in her Bernese bonnet with its airy Psyche-like wings, and she tripped so lightly; and I believe, to say the truth, she had the only handsome foot and ancle in the pariah—and such an one!—and then she had such a neat, light, elastic, little figure. Suffice it to say, she was Fritz's liebeken, and Fritz was a passable judge of female beauty, and himself the Adonis of Grindlewald. And she was the sun of the valley, or rather the mild moon—or, in short, sun, moon, and stars; and had been so denominated in sundry clumsy German rhymes in her praise, by Hans Keller, who, with a like multiplicity of attributes, was himself the Horace—and Virgil, and Anacreon, and—schoolmaster of the neighbourhood:—very clever, and very crazy. Darling Netty—many an evening, as, by a sort of accident propense, I happened to saunter by with my pipe, and lingered to gossip away half an hour of bad German, with Fritz and his intended, and her dear, drowsy, deaf, old grandmother. I have thought Fritz was a happy man; and perhaps, to say the truth—perhaps—envied him—a little.—Heaven forgive me!

"I am for the Gernsjagd this morning," said Fritz, as he flung his arm round the blushing maiden. "Old Clausen marked some half dozen of them up by the Roseulani Gletscher yesterday; and I think we shall pull down some of the gallants, before we have done with them. He promised to meet me at the chalet at eleven; and, by the shadow of the Eiger, it must be close upon the hour: so come with me luck, and by to-morrow evening at furthest, we shall be back with a couple of noble gemsen. 'Down, foolish fellow!—down, Blitz!' he said to his dog, that was yelping around him, in anticipation of the sport. "Why, he is as fond of chamois hunting as his master. Look at him, Netty."

But Netty did not look. Fritz knew well enough that she dreaded, on his account, even to terror, the perils of chamois hunting; but he was devoted to it, with an enthusiasm which is so common to those who practice that dreadful diversion. *Perhaps* this passion did not compete with his love for Netty: perhaps it did. He had never gone, it is true, without her consent; but it was as well for both, that the question had never been brought to an issue, whether he would have gone without it. Not but that he loved, really loved Netty; but he thought her fears very foolish, and laughed at them, as men are very apt to do on such occasions. Netty started when he mentioned the Gernsjagd, and bowed her head to his breast—perhaps to hide a tear—perhaps to examine the buckle of his belt, in which, at that moment, she seemed to find something particularly interesting. Fritz talked on laughingly, as he thought the best way to dispel her fears was not to notice them at all: so he

talked, as I said, until he had no apology for talking any more; and then he paused.

"Fritz! my dear Fritz!" said she, without looking up, and her fingers trembled in the buckle which she was still examining. "My dear Fritz!"—and then she paused too.

"Why, my dear Netty," said he, answering her implied expostulation, "I wouldn't like to disappoint old Hans—after Wednesday, you know"—and he kissed her cheek, which glowed even deeper than before. "After Wednesday, I promised never to hunt chamois again; but I must go, once—just once—to drink a farewell to the Monck and the Aarhom, to their own grim faces—and then—why, I'll make cheese, and cut wood, and be a very earth-cloth of the valley, like our good neighbour Jacob Biedermann, who trembles when he hears an avalanche, and cannot leap over an ice-cleft without shuddering. But once—just once—come with me luck, this time, and, for the future, the darlings may come and browse in the Wergisthal for me."

"I did not say I wished you not to go, Fritz." "No; but you looked it, love; and I would not see a tear in those bright eyes, for all the gemsen between this and the Orteles; but you know, my dear, there is really no danger; and if I could persuade you to give me your hearty consent and your good wishes."

"I'll try, Fritz"—

"What! with that sigh, and that doleful look?—No, no, Netty; I will send an apology to old Hans." Here Blitz, as he put a small hunting-horn in the dog's mouth, and pointed up the hills, "Off, boy! to the Adelsboden. And now, have you any thing to employ my clumsy fingers, or shall we take a trip as far as Bohren's Chalet, to see if the cream and cheese of my little old rival are as good as their wont. I shall go and saddle old Kaiser, shall I?—he has not been out these two days."

Fritz, peasant as he was, knew something of the practical philosophy of a woman's heart, and had a good idea of the possibility of pursuing his own plan, by an opportune concession to her's. On the present occasion he succeeded completely.

"Nay, nay," said the maiden, with unaffected good-will, "you really must not disappoint Hans; he would never forgive me. So come," said she, as she unbuckled the wallet which hung over his right shoulder—"let me see what you have here. But"—and she looked tearfully and earnestly in his face—"you will be back to-morrow evening, will you, indeed?"

"By to-morrow evening, love, Hans—gemsen—and all. My wallet is pretty well stocked, you see; but I am going to beg a little of that delicious Oberhasli Kirchwasser, to fill my fläschen."

I need not relate how Fritz had his flask filled with the said Kirchwasser, or how his stock of eatables was increased by some delicious cheese, made by the pretty hands of Netty herself, or how sundry other little trifles were added to his

portable commissariat, or how he paid for them all in ready kisses, or how Netty sat at the window and watched him with tearful eyes, as he strode up the hill towards the Scheidegg.

At the chalet he found that Hans had started alone, and proceeded towards the Wetterhorn. He drew his belt tighter, and began to ascend the steep and craggy path, which wound round the base of the ice-heaped mass, along the face of which, half way to the summit, the clouds were lazily creeping. It was a still, sunny day, and he gradually ascended far enough to get a view over the splendid glacier of Rosenlani. Its clear ice, here and there streaked with a line of bright crystal blue, that marked the edge of an ice-ref. Hans was not to be seen. All was still, except now and then the shrill piping of the marmot, or the reverberated roar of the summer lavanges, in the remote and snowy wilds above him. He had just reached the edge of the glacier, and was clambering over the *debris*, which a long succession of ages had carried down from the rocky peaks above, when the strange whistling sound emitted by the chamois caught his ear. On they dashed, a herd of nine, right across the glacier—bounding like winged things over the fathomless refs, with a foot as firm and confident as if it trod on the green sward. Fritz muttered a grim dormerwetter between his teeth, when the unerring measurement of his practised eye, told him they were out of shot; and dropping down between the huge blocks of stone among which he stood, so as to be out of sight of the game, he watched their course, and calculated his chance of reaching them. They crossed the glacier—sprung up the rocky barrier on the opposite side, leaping from crag to crag, and finding footing where an eagle scarce could perch, until they disappeared at the summit. A moment's calculation, with regard to their probable course, and Fritz was in pursuit. He crossed the glacier further down, and chose a route by which he knew, from experience, he would be most likely, without being perceived by the chamois, to reach the spot where he expected to meet with them. At some parts it consisted but of a narrow ledge, slippery with frozen snow, on which even his spiked mountain-shoes could scarcely procure him footing. Sometimes the path was interrupted, and the only means of reaching its continuation, was by trusting himself to the support of some little projection in the smooth rock, where the flakes, which last winter's frost had carried away, broke off abruptly. Sometimes the twisted and gnarled roots of a stunted pine, which had wrought into the clefts, and seemed to draw their nourishment from the rock itself, offered him their support. He did not look back; he thought not of danger—perhaps not even of Netty—but merely casting an occasional glance to the sky, to calculate the chances of a clear evening, resumed his perilous journey.

Many hours had elapsed in the ascent, for he was obliged to make a long circuit, and the sun was getting low in the west when he arrived at

the summit. His heart throbbed audibly as he approached the spot where he expected to get a view. All was in his favour. He was to leeward—the almost unceasing thunder of the avalanches drowned any slight noise which the chamois might otherwise have heard—and a little ridge of drifted snow on the edge of the rock behind which he stood, gave him an opportunity of reconnoitering. Cautiously he made an aperture through the drift—there they were, and he could distinguish the bend of their horns—they were within reach of his rifle. They were, however, evidently alarmed, and huddled together on the edge of the opposite precipice, snuffed the air, and gazed about anxiously, to see from what quarter they were menaced. There was no time to lose—he fired, and the victim he had selected, giving a convulsive spring, fell over the cliff, while its terrified companions, dashing past, fled to greater heights and retreats still more inaccessible.

The triumph of a conqueror for a battle won, cannot be superior to that of an Alpine huntsman for a chamois shot. The perils run, the exertions undergone, the many anxious hours which must elapse before he can have an opportunity even of trying his skill as a marksman—all contribute to enhance the intense delight of that moment when these perils and exertions are repaid. Fritz leaped from his lurking-place, and ran to the edge over which the animal had fallen. There it was, sure enough, but how was it to be recovered presented a question of no little difficulty. In the front of the precipice, which was almost as steep and regular as a wall, a ledge projected at a considerable distance from the summit, and on this lay the chamois, crushed by the fall. To descend without assistance was impossible, but there was a chalet within a couple of hours walk, at the foot of the Gauli Gletscher. The evening was fine, there was every promise of a brilliant moonlight night, and Fritz was too good a huntsman to fear being benighted, even with the snow for his bed, and the falling avalanche for his lullaby.

Gaily, therefore, he slung his carbine, paid his respects to the contents of his wallet, not forgetting the Oberhasli Kirschwasser, and as he made the solitude around him ring with the whooping chorus of the kuh-lid, commenced his descent towards the chalet.

On his arrival he found it empty. The inmates had probably descended to the lower valley, laden with the products of their dairy, and had not yet returned. He seized, however, as a treasure, on a piece of rope which he found thrown over a stake, in the end of the house appropriated to the cattle, and praying his stars that it might be long enough to reach the resting-place of the chamois, he once more turned his face towards the mountains.

It was deep night when he reached the spot. The moon, from the reflection of the snow, seemed to be shining from out a sky of ebony, so dark and so beautiful, and the little stars were

peering through, with their light so clear and pure; they shine not so in the valleys. Fritz admired it, for the hearts of nature's sons are even open to nature's beauties, and though he had not been taught to feel, and his admiration had no words, yet accustomed as he was to scenes like this, he often stopped to gaze. The kuh-lod was silent, and almost without being aware, of it; the crisping of the frozen snow beneath his footsteps was painful to his ear, as something not in accordance with the scene around him—it was a peasant's unconscious worship at the shrine of the sublime. But, to say the truth, he had no thought but one, as he approached the spot where the chamois lay. The ledge on which it had fallen ran a considerable way along the face of the cliff, and by descending at a point at some distance from that perpendicularly above it, where a piece of crag, projecting upwards, seemed to afford him the means of fastening securely his frail ladder, he hoped to be able to find his way along to the desired spot. Hastily casting a few knots on the rope, to assist him in his ascent, he committed himself to its support. He had arrived within a foot of the rocky platform, when the piece of crag to which the rope had been attached, slipped from the base in which it seemed so firmly rooted, struck in its fall the edge of his resting-place, sprung out into vacancy, and went booming downwards to the abyss below.

Fritz was almost thrown over the edge of the precipice by the fall, but fortunately let go the rope, and almost without at all changing the position in which he fell, could trace the progress of the mass as it went whirling from rock to rock, striking fire wherever it touched in its passage, until it crashed amidst the pine-trees. With lips apart and eyes starting from their sockets, while his fingers clutched the sharp edges of the rock until they were wet with blood, he listened in the intense agony of terror to the sounds which, after a long interval, rose like the voice of death, from the darkness and solitude below. Again all was silent—still he listened—he stirred not, moved not, he scarcely breathed—he felt that kind of trance which falls on the spirit under the stroke of some unexpected calamity, of a magnitude which the imagination cannot grasp. The evil stalked before our glassy eyes, dim, and misty, and shapeless, yet terrible—terrible! He had just escaped one danger, but that escape, in the alternative before him, scarcely seemed a blessing. Death! and to die thus! and to die now! by the slow, graduated torture of thirst and starvation, almost within sight of the cottage of his destined bride. Thoughts like these passed hurriedly and convulsively through his mind, and he lay in the sick apathy of despair, when we feel as if the movement of a limb would be recalling the numbed sense of pain, and adding acuteness to its pangs. At length, with a violent effort, he sprung upon his feet. He ran along the ledge, leaping many an intervening chasm, from which even he would at another moment have shrunk.

His hurried and oppressed breathing approached almost to a scream, as he sought in vain for a projection in the smooth rock, by which, at whatever risk, he might reach the summit. Alas! there was none. He stood where but the vulture and the eagle had ever been, and from which none but they could escape. He was now at the very extremity of his narrow resting-place, and there was nothing before him but the empty air. How incredulous we are when utter hopelessness is the alternative.

Once more he returned—once more he examined every spot which presented the slightest trace of a practicable passage, once more in vain. He threw himself on the rock, his heart seemed ready to burst, but the crisis of his agony was come, and he wept like a child.

How often, when madness is burning in the brain, have tears left the soul placid and resigned, like the calm twilight melancholy of a summer's eve, when the impending thunder-cloud had dissolved into a shower. Fritz wept aloud, and long and deep were the sobs which shook every fibre of his strong frame; but they ceased, and he looked up in the face of the placid moon, *hopeless*, and yet not in *despair*, and his breathing was as even and gentle as when he gazed up towards her on yestereve, from the rustic balcony of Netty's cottage. Aye, though he thought of that eve when, her cheek reclined on his bosom, they both sat in the still consciousness of happiness, gazing on the blue glaciers, and the everlasting and unchanging snow-peaks. He had no hope—but he felt not despair—the burning fangs of the fiend no longer clutched his heart-strings. He sat and gazed over fine forest and grey crag, and the frozen and broken billows of the glaciers, and the snows of the Wetterhom, with their unbroken wilderness of pure white, glistening in the moonlight, and far, far beneath him, the little dusky cloudlets dreaming across the valley, and he could trace in the misty horizon the dim outline of the Faulhorn, and he knew that at its base, was one heart that beat for him as woman's heart alone can beat, and yet he was resigned.

The moon neared to her setting, but just before she went down a black scroll of cloud stretched across her disk. It rose higher and higher, and became darker and darker, until one half of the little stars which were coming forth in their brightness, rejoicing in the absence of her, by whose splendour they were eclipsed, were wrapped as in a pall; and there came through the stillness and darkness a dim and mingled sound, the whisper of the coming hurricane. On it came, nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, and the pines swayed, and creaked, and crashed, as it took them by the tops, and now and then there passed a flash over the whole sky, until the very air seemed on flame, and laid open for one twinkling the rugged scene, so fitting for the theatre of the tempest's dissolution; and then the darkness was so thick and palpable, that to him who sat there, thus alone with the storm, it seemed as if there were no world, and as if the uni-

verse were given up to the whirlwind and to him. And then the snow came down, small and sharp, and it became denser and denser, and the flakes seemed larger and larger, until the wings of the tempest were heavy with them; and as the broken currents met and jostled, they whirled, and eddied, and shot up into the dark heavens, in thick and stifling masses. Scarce able to breathe, numbed by the cold, exhausted with fatigued, and weak from the mental agony he had undergone, Fritz was hardly able to keep his hold of a projecting edge of rock to which he had clung, when, waiting to gather strength, the gust came down with a violence which even the Alpine eagle could not resist, for one which had been carried from its perch swept by in the darkness, blindly struggling and screaming in the storm.

Oh, Night! Night! there is something so intensely beautiful in thee! Whether in the stillness of thy starry twilight, or in the clear, and placid, and pearly effulgence of thy moon; or when thou wrapp'st thy brow in its black and midnight mantle, and goes with thy tempests forth to their work of desolation—Oh, thou art beautiful! The spirit of poetry mingles its voice with the thrillings of thy wind-harp, and even in thy deep and holy silence there is a voice to which the soul listens, though the ear hears it not. On the wide sea, and on the wide moor, by the ocean strand, and on mountain lake, and dell and dingle, and corn-field and cottage, O thou art beautiful! But amid the lavange, and the icefall, and the mighty masses of everlasting snow rising up into the heavens where the clouds scarce dare, and their solitude and their majesty, there is an awe in thy beauty, which bows down the soul to the dust in dumb adoration. The lofty choir—the dim and massy aisle—the deep roll of the organ—these, even these, often strike like a spell on the sealed spirit, and the well-springs of devotion gush forth fresh and free. Yet, O what are these? The deep music moaning from vault to vault to the roar of the fierce thunder; or the lofty temple, to the mighty hills, atoms though they be in the universe of God; or the studied darkness of the shrine, to the blank dullness of the tempest night, seeming, with its grin indefinite, to shadow forth immensity.

What a small portion of the poetry which the heart has felt has ever been recorded. How many wordless thoughts—how many unuttered emotions, such as shine like stars over the pages of the happy few whose lips have been unsealed, rise in the soul of the peasant hind, and are known, and enjoyed, and pass away—into the nothingness of forgotten feelings! Full, deep, and strong, flows onward, silently and perpetually, the stream of sympathy; and here and there by the river side one dips in his little pitcher, and preserves a tiny portion; while all the rest, undistinguished, passes on to the sea of wide eternity. Through the mind of the Alpine peasant, in such a night, with a hopeless sentence passed upon him, what a world of feelings must have strayed, to which he could give but *lisping* and broken

utterance. He prayed—with an artless and fervent eloquence, he committed himself and his spirit to the hands of his God, to whose presence he seemed more nearly to approach in his isolation from the world. He prayed, in words such as his tongue had never before uttered, and with feelings such as, till that period, his heart had never known.

The storm became gradually exhausted in its violence. The thunder grew faint, and the gusts came at longer intervals. As the immediate peril decreased, Fritz, whose senses, from the stimulus of danger, had hitherto borne up against the intense cold and his previous fatigue, began to feel creeping upon him, along with a disinclination to move, a wild confusion of thought, such as one feels when sleep is struggling with pain. There was a dim sense of peril—a thought of falling rocks and cracking glaciers—and sometimes there was a distant screaming of discordant voices—and sometimes they seemed to mumble uncouth and harsh sounds into his ear—and then again would he rally back his recollection, and even find in his known peril a relief from the undefined and ghastly horrors of his wandering thoughts. But his trance at every relapse became deeper and deeper, and his returns of recollection were more and more partial. He had still enough to make an attempt at shaking off the numbing drowsiness which was creeping upon him, and twining round his heart with the slow and noiseless coil of a serpent. He endeavoured to struggle, but every limb was palsied. He seemed to himself to make the efforts of the wildest desperation to raise himself up; but no member moved. A gush of icy coldness passed through every vein, and he felt no more.

During that night there was no little bustle in Grindelwald. Poor, poor Netty. The storm had come down with a sudden violence, which completely baffled the skill of the most sagacious storm-seers in the valley; and even Herr Kräger himself—even Herr Kräger, Old Long Shot, as they used to call him—had been taken by surprise. He was sitting opposite me, with the full red light of the wood fire in the kitchen of mine host of the Three Kings becoming on his wrinkled brow, and thin grey locks, which were twisted and staring in every imaginable direction, as if they had got a set in a whirlwind. The huge bowl of his meerschauum, was glowing and reeking, and the smoke was playing all sorts of antics; sometimes popping out at one side of his mouth, sometimes at the other, in a succession of rapid and jerking puffs, whose frequency soon ran up a sum total of a cloud, which enveloped his head like a napkin. He had just given me the history of the said pipe, and of its presentation to him by the Baron von —, who, by his assistance and direction, had succeeded in bringing down a gemsbock. The motto, *Wein und Liebe*, was still visible on its tarnished circlet of silver, and the old man pointed out its beauties with a rapture, not inferior, perhaps, to that of the connoisseur, who falls into ecstasies over some

bright sunspot on the canvas of Rembrandt. As the low moaning which preceded the storm, caught his ear, he drew in the fragrance of the bright Turkish with which I had just replenished his pipe, and, as he emitted the fumes in a slow cautious stream, turned inquisitively towards the range of casements which ran along one side of the neat wainscotted apartment. He was apparently satisfied, and turned again to the fire. But the growl of the thunder the instant after came down the valley, and disembarassing himself of his mouthful, with a haste which almost choked him, walked hastily to the window. One glance seemed enough. He closed the shutters, and returning slowly to his seat, muttered, as he habitually replaced his meerschaum in his mouth, God help the jagers to-night!

"A rough evening, Herr Krüger," said Hans, who this moment entered the room, and clapped his carbine in the corner. He had evidently dipped deep in the kirschwasser.

"What, Hans! is that you? Beyn kimmel! I was afraid you were going to pass the night up yonder—and young Fritz? you and he were to have been at the jagd together?"

"True, so we were; but, heaven be praised. Fritz called to bid good bye to pretty Netty—and—and so—old Hans had to go alone."

"And feeling lonely among the hills, had the good luck to come back to Grindewald, instead of sleeping till doomsday in a dainty white snow-wreath. There are no others out?"

"None, thank heaven," and he filled the glass which stood next him from the bottle at my elbow. "So here's your health Herr Krüger, and to you, Herr B—, good health, and good luck, and a good wife, when you get one." I was just putting my German in order, for the purpose, in after-dinner phrase, of "returning thanks," when our hostess, looking in at the door, said, in a voice of the greatest earnestness; "A word, Hans."

Hans was just in the middle of his goblet, and its bottom was gradually turning upwards to the ceiling, when he was thus interrupted. He merely rolled his eyes in the direction of the speaker, with an expression which indicated, "I'll be there immediately," and continued his draught with the good-will of one who hates mincing matters.

"Come, once more, Hans," said I, as I filled his cup to the very brim. "I have a health to give, you will drink heartily I am sure. Here's to our good friend Fritz and his little liebchen—a long life and a happy one."

"Topp! mein bester man!" said Hans, and the second goblet disappeared as quickly as the first.

Once more the head of our hostess appeared at the door, and her previous summons was repeated.

"I'll be there immediately, my dear, pretty, agreeable, good-natured Wirthinn—there immediately—immediately;" hiccupped Hans. "I like you my young Englishman, I like you, and

I like you the better for liking Fritz; and if you have any fancy for bringing down a gemshock, there's my hand, junker! Hans Clausen knows every stone of the mountains as well as—"

Once more the door opened, and—not our hostess, but Netty herself, entered the room.

It seemed to be with difficulty that she crossed the floor. Her face was pale, and her long Bernese tresses were wet with the rain. She curtsied to me as she rose, and would almost have fallen, had she not rested one hand on the table, while the other passed with an irregular and quivering motion over her pale brow and throbbing temples. Hans had become perfectly quiet the instant of her entrance, and stood with an air of the most dogged and determined sobriety, though the tremulous manner in which the fingers of his left hand played among the skirts of his hunting-jacket, bespoke a slight want of confidence in his own steadiness. Poor Netty! She had just strength to whisper, "Where is Fritz, Hans?" and unable to wait his answer, sunk feebly on the bench, and covered her eyes with her trembling fingers.

Krüger laid down his pipe; no trifling symptom of emotion. Hans was thunderstruck. Every idea but that of Fritz's danger, seemed blotted from his memory. He stared and gaped for a few seconds on me and Krüger, and then, utterly forgetful of Netty's alarm, flung himself blubbering upon his knees. "Oh! for God's sake, Madehan, do not tell me, Fritz went to the hunting to-day. Oh, unglücklich! unglücklich! lost, lost, lost! My poor Fritz; my friend, my best beloved!" and he would have continued longer the maudlin incoherence of his lamentations; but the first words of his despair were too much for Netty, and she sunk down upon the table, helpless, and breathless.

She seemed to be gone for ever, it was so long before the exertions of the hostess and her daughter could recall her to her senses. She was conveyed to bed, and left under the care of her poor old grandmother, who had followed her from the cottage. A consultation was immediately held, under the presidency of old Krüger: and, notwithstanding the whole collective wisdom of Grindewald was assembled in mine host's kitchen, nothing could be done. To wait till morning was the only course, and with no little impatience did many a young huntsman watch for the first break of day and the subsiding of the storm. Fritz was a universal favourite, so fearless, so handsome, such a shot, and so good-natured withal. And then, Netty! The little Venus of Grindewald! There were none who would not willingly have risked their lives to save him.

With the first dawn of morning, half a dozen of the stoutest huntsmen, under the guidance of Hans, started for the Rosenlain. They had made every provision for overcoming the difficulties they expected to meet with in their search. One of them had, from the cliffs of the Eiger, seen Fritz cross the glacier the day before, and com-

menoe the ascent which was previously described; a path well known to the hunters, but so perilous, as to be only practicable to those of the steadiest nerves, quickest eye, and most unerring step. Their shoes were furnished with cramps, a light ladder formed part of their equipage, and several short coils of ropes slung over the right shoulder, and so made, that they could be easily connected together, were carried by the party. They had the blessings and the good wishes of all Grindewald at their departure: I accompanied them to the edge of the Rosenlain, and watched the progress of their journey over its frozen waves. Slowly they ascended the giddy path; sometimes gathering into a little cluster of black atoms on the face of the cliffs, sometimes scattered from ledge to ledge. Then, when obliged partially to descend, an individual of the party was slung by a rope from the upper platform, for the purpose of fixing the ladders and securing a safe passage to the rest. "Well! which way shall we turn now," said young round-faced, light-haired, ruddy-cheeked, rattled, Gottfried Basler, who had blubbered like a baby the night before, and, of course, like a baby, had exhausted his grief before morning. "Which way are we to turn now, Hans? I am afraid, after all, we have come out on a fool's errand. There have been wreaths thrown up here last night big enough to bury Grindewald steeple; and if poor Fritz be really lost in them, we may look till Mont Blanc melts before we find him. It is, to be sure, a satisfaction to do all we can, though heaven help us, I am afraid there is little use in it."

Hans, poor fellow, was nearly of the same opinion, but it was too much to have the fact thus uncompromisingly stated. He muttered a half audible curse as he turned impatiently away, and walked along the cliff, endeavouring to frame an answer, and make up his mind as to the point towards which the search ought to be directed. His companions followed without uttering a word.

Basler again broke silence.

"Gott, what a monster!" he exclaimed, and his carbine was cocked in a twinkling.

Far below them, a huge lammer-geyer was sailing along the face of the cliff. He seemed not to perceive the group, to whom, notwithstanding the mournful search in which they were engaged, his appearance was so interesting, but came slowly dreaming on, merely giving now and then a single heavy flap with his huge sail-like wings, and then floating forward as before.

"Stay Basler," whispered Hans, as he himself cocked his carbine, "There is no use in throwing away your bullet. He will probably pass just below us, and then you may have a chance. Steady yet a little. How odd he does not notice us. Nearer, and nearer; be ready, Basler. Now—fire. A hit! bey'm himmel!

Crack! crack! crack! went carbine after carbine, as the wounded bird fell tumbling and

screaming into the ravine, while its mate sprang out from the face of the rock on which the slayers were standing, and swept backwards and forwards, as if to brave their shot, uttering absolute yells of rage. Basler's skill, however, or his good fortune, reigned supreme, and, though several of his companions fired from a much more advantageous distance, their bullets, unlike his, whizzed on and spent themselves in the empty air. The object of the practice still swept unhurt across their range, until his fury was somewhat exhausted, and then dropped down towards the dark pine-trees, to seek for his unfortunate companion.

"A nest, I dare say," said Hans, as he threw himself on his face and stretched his neck over the cliff. Ha! a chamois they have managed to throw down—the kerls! You spoiled their feast, Basler. But—mein Gott! is it possible! Gottfried—Heinrich—look there. Ja freilich! freilich! it is Fritz!" And he leaped up, screaming like a madman, nearly pushed Gottfried over the precipice to convince him of the reality of the discovery, and then, nearly did the same to Carl, and Frau, and Jacob, and Heinrich.

"I am afraid he is dead," said Basler.

Hans again threw himself on his face, and gazed gaspingly down. Fritz did not move. Hans gazed, and gazed, but his eyes filled with tears, and he could see no more.

"Here Jacob," said he, as he once more sprang up, and hastily began looping together the ropes which his companions carried. "Here Jacob, place your feet against the rock there. Now, Gottfried, behind Jacob: Heinrich—Carl—now, steady, all of you—or stay, Carl, you had better descend after me, and bring your flaschen along with you.

In a few seconds, Carl and he stood beside their friend. They raised him up. A little kirchwasser was administered to him—they used every measure which their mountain-skill suggested to waken him from his trance, which was rapidly darkening down into the sleep of death. The sun which now began to beat strongly on the dark rocks where they stood, assisted their efforts. They succeeded—his life was saved.

That evening, Fritz sat on one side of the fire in the cottage of Netty's grandmother, while the good old dame herself plied her knitting in her usual diligent silence on the other. He was pale, and leant back on the pillows by which he was supported, in the languid apathy of exhaustion. Netty sat at his knee, on a low oaken stool, with his hand pressed against her cheek, and many and many a tear, such as overflow from the heart in the fulness of its joy, trickled over his fingers.

"Now, Fritz," said she, looking earnestly up in his face, "you will never—never, go to the gemsjagd again.

"Never—never," echoed Fritz.

But he broke his word, and was chamois-hunting before the end of the honey-moon.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SONGS FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

OH! SKY-LARK, FOR THY WING!

Oh! sky-lark, for thy wing!
 Thou bird of joy and light,
 That I might soar and sing,
 At Heaven's empyreal height!
 With the heathery hills beneath me,
 Whence the streams in glory spring,
 And the pearly clouds to wreath me—
 Oh, sky-lark! on thy wing!

Free, free from earth-born fear,
 I would range the blessed skies,
 Through the blue divinely clear,
 Where the low mists cannot rise!
 And a thousand joyous measures
 From my chainless heart should spring,
 Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,
 As I wander'd on thy wing.

But oh! the silver cords,
 That around the heart are spun,
 From gentle tones and words,
 And kind eyes that make our sun!
 To some low sweet nest returning,
 How soon my love would bring,
 There, *there* the dews of morning,
 Oh, sky-lark! on thy wing!

II.

LET HER DEPART!

HER home is far, oh! far away!
 The clear light in her eyes
 Hath naught to do with earthly day,
 'Tis kindled from the skies.
 Let her depart!

She looks upon the things of earth,
 Ev'n as some gentle star
 Seems gazing down on Grief or Mirth,
 How softly, yet how far!
 Let her depart!

Her spirit's hope—her bosom's love—
 Oh! could they mount and fly!
 She never sees a wandering dove,
 But for its wing to sigh.
 Let her depart!

She never hears a soft wind bear
 Low music on its way,
 But deems it sent from heavenly air,
 For her who cannot stay.
 Let her depart!

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
 She breathes and moves alone,
 Pining for those bright bowers and streams,
 Where her beloved is gone.

Let her depart!

III.

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE?

WHERE shall we make her grave?
 Oh! where the wild-flowers wave
 In the free air!

Where shower and singing-bird
 Midst the young leaves are heard—
 There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her—
 Now may sleep minister
 Balm for each ill:
 Low on sweet Nature's breast,
 Let the meek heart find rest,
 Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters, by!
 Faint gales, with happy sigh,
 Come wandering o'er
 That green and mossy bed,
 Where, on a gentle head,
 Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
 Falls now the bright spring-rain,
 Plays the soft wind;
 Yet still, from where she lies,
 Should blessed breathings rise,
 Gracious and kind!

Therefore let song and dew
 Thence in the heart renew
 Life's vernal glow!
 And o'er that holy earth
 Scents of the violet's birth
 Still come and go!

Oh! then where wild-flowers wave,
 Make ye her mossy grave,
 In the free air!
 Where shower and singing bird
 Midst the young Leaves are heard—
 There, lay her there!

IV.

SUMMER SONG.

COME away! the sunny hours
 Woo thee far to founts and bowers!
 O'er the very waters now,
 In their play.

Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
 Come away!
 Where the lily's tender gleam
 Quivers on the glancing stream—
 Come away!

All the air is fill'd with sound,
 Soft, and sultry, and profound;
 Murmurs through the shadowy grass
 Lightly stray;
 Faint winds whisper as they pass—
 Come away!
 Where the bee's deep music swells
 From the trembling fox-glove bells—
 Come away!

In the skies the sapphire blue
 Now hath won its richest hue;
 In the woods the breath of song
 Night and day
 Floats with leafy scent along—
 Come away!
 Where the boughs with dewy gloom
 Darken each thick bed of bloom—
 Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose
Now the crimson love-hue glows;
Now the glow-worms lamp by night
Sheds a ray,
Dreamy, starry, queenly bright—
Come away!
Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
With the wild-wood strawberries,
Come away!

Now each tree by summer crown'd,
Sheds its own rich twilight round,
Glancing there from sun to shade,
Bright wings play;
There the deer its couch hath made
Come away!
Where the smooth leaves of the lime
Glisten in their honey-time—
Come away—away!

V.

ANCIENT NORWEGIAN WAR-SONG.

ARISE! old Norway sends the word
Of battle on the blast!
Her voice the forest pines hath stirr'd,
As if a storm went past;
Her thousand hills the call have heard,
And forth their fire-flags cast.

Arm, arm! free hunters, for the chase,
The kingly chase of foes!
'Tis not the bear, or wild wolf's race,
Whose trampling shakes the snows!
Arm, arm! 'tis on a nobler trace
The Northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,
With many an icy bed;
Heap there the rocks for funeral piles
Above th' invader's head!
Or let the seas that guard our isles,
Give burial to his dead!

VI.

THE STREAM SET FREE.

Flow on, rejoice, make music,
Bright living stream, set free!
The troubled haunts of care and strife
Were not for thee!

The woodland is thy bount}',
Thou art all its own again;
The wild birds are thy kindred race,
That fear no chain!

Flow on, rejoice, make music
Unto the glistening leaves!
Thou, the beloved of balmy winds
And golden eves.

Once more the holy starlight
Sleeps calm upon thy breast,
Whose brightness bears no token more
Of man's unrest.

Flow, and let free-born music
Flow thy wavy line,
While the stock-dove's lingering, loving voice
Comes blent with thine.

And the green reeds quivering o'er thee,
Strings of the forest lyre,
All fill'd with answering spirit-sounds,
In joy respire.

Yet, midst thy song of gladness,
Oh! keep one pitying tone
For gentle hearts, that bear to thee
Their sadness lone.

One sound, of all the deepest,
To bring, like healing dew,
A sense that Nature ne'er forsakes
The meek and true.

There, there roll on, make music,
Thou stream, thou glad and free!
The shadows of all glorious flowers
Be set in thee!

From the Quarterly Review.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.*

In no department of intellectual exertion is the propriety of the division of labour more necessary to be kept in remembrance than in that of natural history; and in none is the adherence to a clear and consistent system of arrangement so indispensable. A prejudice has no doubt arisen in the minds of many general readers against the systematic compendiums of modern naturalists, on account of the repulsive form in which their lucubrations are too often presented. In like manner, and with equal reason, the systematic student, who seeks for precise and distinct definitions, finds no satisfaction in those vague and misty declamations wherein the *mirage* of a lively imagination raises from their proper position, and magnifies into undue dimensions—(under the misused name of popular science)—a few facts, which are probably of no essential value even when seen under their natural aspect, and become worse than useless when gazed on through that deceptive medium. As well might a Sicilian mariner, while witnessing the delusive glories of the *fata morgana*, endeavour to secure a local habitation in that world of 'gorgeous cloud-land,' as the student of natural history expect to obtain a knowledge of nature's works from those other equally unsubstantial, though printed pageants. We can easily indeed imagine what conjuration and what mighty magic

* 1. *The Birds of America*, engraved from Drawings made in the United States. By John James Audubon, F. R. S., &c. Vol. I. Folio. London. 1831.

2 *Ornithological Biography; or an Account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America; interspersed with delineations of American Censery and Manners.* By the same Author. Vol. I. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1831.

3. *American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States.* By Alexander Wilson and Charles Lucien Bonaparte. Edited by Robert Jameson, Esq., F. R. S., &c. 4 vols. Edinburgh. 1831. (Printed in Constable's Miscellany.)

4. *Fauna Borali-Americana; or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America. Part Second.—The Birds.* By William Swainson, Esq., F. R. S., and John Richardson, M.D., F. R. S. 4to. London. 1831.

would ensue from a combination of the higher powers of genius with those more exact and discriminating habits of observation which are essential to the naturalist,—and how beautifully the attributes of the poet might be blended with those of the philosopher,—

‘Recompensing well

The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.’

As the appropriate business of poetry, according to Mr. Wordsworth, is to treat of things not as they are, but as they appear to be,—not as they exists in themselves, but as they seem to exist to the senses and the passions of mankind,—there might, no doubt, be some danger of a rather spurious offspring rising upon us, were any science of observation thus ‘married to immortal verse.’ Still, however, we hope to see at least the dawning of that better day, when works of science shall be accurate and popular at one and the same time,—when the rigid observer of facts shall not disdain to dress them,—in a pleasant and even ornamental garb,—when dull detail shall no longer be substituted for graphic description,—and when, instead of the repulsive features of morose and jealous system-makers, we shall continually behold what Milton has beautifully called ‘the bright countenance of truth shining amid the still air of delightful studies.’

A brief glance at the numerical amount of species, in a few of the great classes of the animal kingdom, will suffice to show what an incomprehensible and unmanageable mass they would present, were not their parts divided and defined in accordance with the rules of system.

There are supposed to be above 20,000 species of insects in Europe alone; and the southern quarters of the globe are proportionally still more prolific; for we find that cold is in general adverse to insect life, and that even temperate countries are in this respect much less productive than tropical and equatorial regions. It is probable, however, that the distribution of many northern insects is still unknown. It was formerly supposed, that in Iceland there were none, and that even in Norway there were very few; and their absence from those countries was attributed to excess of cold. Horrebow contradicted this opinion in regard to Iceland; and Linnaeus, Thunberg, Paykull, Gyllenhal, Schönherr, and others, have shown, that in Lapland, Sweden, and the North of Europe in general, insects are very numerous. Some of the finest of the coleopterous kinds (such as *Procerus tauricus*) occur in Siberia; and Pallas, Marchall de Birberstein, Steven, Severguine, Adams, and Fischer, among the northern writers, have made us acquainted with species which rival in size and splendour the most gorgeous products of the torrid zone. During Olafsen and Povalsen’s residence in Iceland, one of these travellers, neither of whom had much knowledge of entomology, collected 200 different decies in one small valley; Mr. Scoresby found

two species of butterfly (*Colias palana* and *Melites dia*) in great numbers on the east coast of West Greenland, in north latitude 71°; Mr. Kirby has described several insects, captured on Melville Island, which lies in the 75° and 76° of north latitude; while Captain Parry, on the last day of his attempt to reach the Pole over the ice, found a small species of aphid, in latitude 82° 26’ 44”, about one hundred miles from the nearest known land. This may be stated as the extreme northern boundary of insect life.

The amount of collected species in the annulose classes, that is, the crustacea and insects, whether described or otherwise, is estimated by Macleay as exceeding 100,000; and it may safely be asserted, that but a small portion, compared with the entire amount of existing species, has been yet discovered. Our knowledge even of European entomology is, in many respects, imperfect and superficial; and when we consider that all the other quarters of the earth exhibit vast tracts of territory, with the great geographical features of which we are still unacquainted, we cannot marvel that the minuter and less important, though scarcely less interesting, features of insect life should have remained unexplored. The great central deserts, woods, and mountains of Africa, and an extended portion of the south-eastern coast of that continent, the interior of New Holland, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, the central and eastern parts of Asia, the western coasts of North America, and many of the mountain ranges and highly-elevated plateaux of the southern division of the New World, are almost entirely unknown, so far as regards their entomological relations.

Of the various tribes of insects, those of the coleopterous order have been the most assiduously and the most successfully studied. It is somewhere stated in a popular work, that beetles are of two kinds—the black and the brown. Fabricius appears to have been of another opinion; for in his ‘Systema Eleutheratorum,’ he has described 5250 kinds; and although that number presented a great accession to the amount contained in the preceding system of Linnaeus, yet so rapidly has our acquaintance with the coleopterous tribes been extended since the period alluded to, that the collection of M. Dupont, junior, of Paris, contains about 10,000 species, and that of the Baron de Jean a still greater number. The known coleoptera of Great Britain alone amount to nearly 3,300 and every year furnishes additional species. The total amount of known British insects (according to the last census), is 10,012,* which is equal to nearly twice the number of ascertained birds, and to more than ten times the number of ascertained quadrupeds throughout the whole world.†

* Systematic Catalogue of British Insects. By F. J. Stevens, Part II., p. 369.

† In regard to plants, Decandolle (‘Essai Element. de Geograph. Botan.’) intimates their probable number as amounting to some-

Although Laccpede did not describe many more than 2,000 fishes, some years have elapsed since it became evident that the observed species of that class amounted to nearly twice the number; and Baron Cuvier has lately remarked, that the amount of known fishes may now be estimated at 6,000.

Buffon was wont to complain of the difficulty of writing an ornithological history, because he was already acquainted with 800 birds, and he supposed that there might actually exist 1,500, or even 2,000 species. Nearly 6,000 of that class have likewise been ascertained, and many new species are in the course of being added every year.

'In the animal kingdom,' says Berkenhout, writing about the year 1789, 'the number of species of the class mammalia hitherto discovered is about 350; of this number 54 only are inhabitants of Britain.' Many foreign quadrupeds have been so obscurely and inaccurately described, that it is by no means easy to ascertain with precision their actual amount; but we doubt not that between 800 and 900 mammiferous species have fallen under the observation of naturalists. The British species, as might be supposed in a limited insular district, have not been greatly increased by recent observation. Dr. Fleming, in his compendium, gives 60 as the amount of this class, including, of course, the cetacea and seals; and his work appears to contain all the species yet known in Britain, with the exception of a few bats. Mammiferous animals, in general, that is to say, quadrupeds and whales, may be located over the earth's surface (approximately) as follows:—There are about 90 species in Europe; 112 in Africa; 30 in Madagascar and the Isle of France; 80 in Southern Asia and Ceylon; betwixt 50 and 60 in the islands of the Indian Archipelago; from 40 to 50 in Northern Asia; above 100 in North America; nearly 190 in South America; and from 30 to 40 in New Holland and Van Diemen's Land. 30 species of seals and cetacea inhabit the northern seas; 14 the southern; and about 28 species of those tribes occur in the intermediate latitudes. There are probably about 60 species which are strictly aquatic:—viz. the cetacea;—20 species, such as the seals and mooses, may be called amphibious, in as far as they come frequently on shore, although the saline waters of

the ocean are their more familiar and accustomed homes; about 100 are able to support themselves in the air with bat-like wings; perhaps a dozen more can skim from a greater to a lesser height, as it were, upon an inclined plane, by means of the extended fulness of their lateral skin; 15 may be said to be web footed, and inhabit, for the most part, the waters of lakes and rivers; nearly 200 dwell among trees; 60 are a subterranean people, and dwell in the crevices of rocks, or in the holes of the earth; about 120 ruminating and pachydermatous, and more than 150 of the carnivorous and gnawing tribes (glires) wander through the forests without any particular or permanent habitation, and are generally endowed with the power of rapid movement. In relation to their nourishment there are about 330 mammiferous animals of an herbivorous or frugivorous disposition; about 80 whose habits are omnivorous; 150 which are insectivorous, and 240 carnivorous in various degrees. Among living authors the fullest summaries of the class mammalia are given by Desmarest, Griffith, and M. Lesson.

The migratory movements of animals frequently effect an interchange between the zoological productions of one country and those of another. These movements consist of two principal kinds, which may be called the irregular, or intermittent, and the periodical. Of the former kind, quadrupeds, such as the lemming (*Mus lemmus*, Linn.), and insects, such as various species of locust, present the most characteristic examples; whilst the nature of periodical migration is illustrated by the swallow and cuckoo among birds, and by the salmon and herring among fishes. Of the lemmings we have heard less of late years than might have been anticipated from the numerous accounts which last century furnished of their history. They are described as natives of the mountains of Kolen, in Lapland; and once or twice, in a quarter of a century, they appeared in vast numbers, advancing along the ground, and devouring 'every green thing.' Innumerable bands march from the Kolen, through Nordland and Finmark, to the Western Ocean, which they immediately enter, and, after swimming about for some time, perish. Other bands take their route through Swedish Lapland to the Bothnian Gulph, where they are drowned in the same manner. If they are opposed by the peasants they stand still and bark at them; and they themselves are not only barked at in return, but eaten in great quantities by the lean and hungry dogs of Lapland. The appearance of these vermin is regarded as the omen of a bad harvest. They are followed in their journeys by bears, wolves, and foxes, which prey upon them incessantly, and regard them as the most delicious food. These excursions usually precede a rigorous winter, of which the lemmings seem in some way forewarned. For example, the winter of 1742, remarkable for its severity throughout the circle of Umea, was comparatively mild in that of Lula, although situated farther to

where between 110,000 and 120,000. Botanists are already acquainted with 60,000 species; but of the phanerogamous kinds there are not above 1500 indigenous to Britain. We have, therefore, in this country, nearly seven insects to each phanerogamous plant; so that if it were allowable to regard the relative amount of the two classes in Britain, as representing that amount over the entire surface of the globe, and admitting the existence of only 100,000 phanerogamous species, we should come to the conclusion that there were nearly 700,000 different kinds of insects in the world. How truly 'manifold' are the works of Omnipotent Wisdom!

the north; the lemmings migrated from the former, but remained stationary in the latter district. Whatever may be the motive of these journeys, they are executed with surprising perseverance, and with the universal accord of the whole nation. The *officini murium* pours forth its entire hordes, and for a time, scarcely a remnant is left in their ancient habitations. The greater proportion, however, perish before they reach the sea, and of course few survive to return to their accustomed homes. They do, however, endeavour to return; for the object of their travel to a far country, whatever it may be, is not to found a multiplied or more extended empire. This, indeed, is evident from the comparatively local restrictions of the species, for the true lemming of the Scandinavian Alps does not appear to occur even in Russian Lapland, and the kind which inhabits the countries in the neighbourhood of the White and Polar seas, as far as the mouths of the Obi, is a species of strongly-marked variety, smaller by at least one-third, and of a different aspect and colour. Their migratory propensities are, however, entirely the same, in different countries, for the species which dwells among the northern extremities of the Ural mountains, emigrates sometimes towards Petzora, at other times towards the banks of the Obi, and is followed, as usual, by troops of carnivorous and insatiate foes. The manners of the species are said to present this discrepancy, that the Norwegian lemmings lay up no provisions, and have only a single chamber in their subterranean dwelling places, whereas the lesser kind excavate numerous apartments, and are provident of the winter season by storing up ample magazines of that species of rein-deer moss, called *lichen rangiferinus*.

The immediate cause of those movements, which we class under the head of irregular migration, seems to be the excessive multiplication of the species, and the consequent want of a sufficient nourishment, which naturally leads them to seek elsewhere for a more abundant supply. Periodical migrations, such as those of many birds and fishes, are more probably produced by the desire which these animals experience of returning to their native haunts for the purpose of producing and rearing their young in the places most fitted for their reception and increase. Fishes always spawn in comparatively shallow waters; from which we may infer, that the influence of light and heat is, to a certain extent necessary for the development of the germ of life; and thus, however far they may wander for a time into the depths of 'the blue profound,' they return again to their native shores before the commencement of the breeding season. The fry not only find their nourishment more abundantly in the bays and along the comparatively shallow firths of the sea, or among the sedgy banks and gravelly margins of lakes and rivers; but they are also in such situations less exposed to the attacks of their natural foes, just as the smaller tribes of birds seek protection from hawks among

the branches of trees, or in the denser foliage of the shrubbery.

It is usually about the periods of the equinoxes that the principal migratory movements of birds are performed. At those periods strong winds are apt to prevail, and, no doubt, act their part in transporting these happy aeronauts to their destined homes. In consequence of such movements a regular intercourse is kept up between different countries, and a flux and reflux of feathered life maintained;—the countries situated near the tropics sending their inhabitants, on the approach of summer, into temperate regions, while the latter prepare for their reception by despatching a still greater number towards the polar circles. On the approach of winter again, the hyperborean regions are left nearly desolate by the migration southwards of their winged tribes, while the temperate regions are deprived of many beautiful songsters by a corresponding decrease of temperature, and consequent failure of insect food, by which they are forced once more to venture, without guide or compass, across stormy seas and desert wildernesses. By what unknown and mysterious calendar are they instructed?

'The God of nature is their secret guide.'

White.

Whatever theory of instinct may be finally fixed upon as the most correct and philosophical, it is obvious that we cut rather than untie the gordian knot when we talk of the foresight of the brute creation. We might as well talk of the foresight of a barometer. There can be little doubt that birds, prior to their migratory movements, are influenced by atmospherical changes, or other physical causes, which, however beyond the sphere of our perceptions, are sufficient for their guidance. That they are not possessed of the power of divination may be exemplified by the following instance. The winter of 1822 was so remarkably mild throughout Europe, that primroses came generally into flower by the end of December,—rye was in ear by the middle of March, and vines, in sheltered situations, blossomed about the end of that month—so that an assured and unchecked spring was established at least four or five weeks earlier than usual;—yet neither the cuckoo nor the swallow arrived a single day before their accustomed periods. They are, indeed, beautifully and wisely directed,—'Yea, the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming.'

It is evident, that of all natural agents climate is the most powerful in changing and modifying the external characters of the feathered race; and, therefore, to enable us to acquire such knowledge as may render us competent to distinguish between specific difference and accidental variation, we ought to pay particular attention to the effects produced by local position; in other words, we must study the geographical distribution of the species. The influence of climate upon birds,

and the mutual relations subsisting between the general characters of the plumage of many tribes, and the temperature and other physical qualities of the country in which such tribes are most abundant, although among the more interesting of the general speculations which the science of ornithology admits, have as yet, we believe, but sparingly occupied the attention of naturalists. In fact, ornithology has hitherto met with scarcely any general or philosophical illustration, and may be said to have remained nearly stationary in those respects, during the recent progress of the higher branches of botany and mineralogy, and even of entomology and other more nearly allied departments. Numerous species have been described, and numerous systems of classification (for better or for worse) have been invented; after which ornithologists have too often rested from their labours, mistaking the means for the end, and believing that all was accomplished when only certain necessary steps had been taken, and the way cleared (though but to a limited extent) for the commencement of those more extended and more philosophical inquiries, without which there is little interest, and no dignity, in any science.

Illiger, in his paper on the geography of birds, has indeed treated of the habitation of upwards of 3800 species; but, in the opinion of Humboldt, he has erred in viewing them according to their distribution over the five great divisions of the world—a method, certainly, by no means philosophical, and little fitted for investigating the influence of climate over the development of organized beings; because, as all the continents, with the exception of Europe, extend from the temperate to the equatorial regions, the laws of nature cannot manifest themselves when we group the phenomena according to divisions which are arbitrary, and which depend simply upon the difference of meridians.

A Swiss naturalist, some time ago, endeavoured to illustrate the laws according to which the birds of Europe are distributed over our continent. The country in which a bird produces its young is regarded as its proper one, and all the species which may occasionally occur there, but do not breed, are classed as birds of passage. According to this view, such species as are birds of passage in one country are not so in another, although they equally depart from and return towards it, as the temperature declines or increases. Thus our native species, (in Britain,) in addition to our constant residents, are the swallow, the redstart, the willow wrens, the nightingale, and other *summer* visitants; whilst the fieldfare, redwing, wild swan, &c. which visit us during the *winter* season, are the only true foreigners, in as far as they were born and bred in another country. The proper country of a migratory bird is certainly that in which it has been born and bred; for, although it is forced, by the changes of the season, to sojourn for a great proportion of the year in regions which enjoy an almost perpetual summer, it never ceases to obey the periodical calls of that beautiful instinct, that *amor patriæ*, or by what-

ever other name it may be called, by which it is made, as it were, to discern a renewal of the genial spring in those far distant northern countries where it had its birth. The knowledge of a few general facts seems to have resulted from the investigation now alluded to. The nearer we approach the poles, the more do we find the species proper to those regions, and the fewer are the foreign species which make their appearance. Greenland has not a single bird of passage, that is to say, none which has not been produced in that country; Iceland has only one, which remains during winter, and departs in spring for still more northern countries; Sweden and Norway have several more birds of passage, and they increase in number as we advance towards the centre of Europe. The amount and nature of the species bear a relation to the quality and quantity of the food by which they are sustained. Spitzbergen produces scarcely more than a single herbivorous species; for there the sea presents almost the sole source of nourishment, and all the rocks, and cliffs, and icy caverns, the

‘Earthquake-rifted mountains of bright snow,’

are inhabited by aquatic fowls, ravens, and a few hawks. In the frigid zone a much greater number of marsh birds breed than in any of the warmer countries of Europe. Even in regard to domestic species, each country, according to Schinz, has its peculiar varieties of poultry.

But it is time that we should turn our attention rather more directly to the subjects named at the head of this article. Although we cannot be said to have acquired a perfect knowledge of the ornithology of North America, we yet possess, in the beautiful work of Alexander Wilson, and in the important publications of succeeding writers, such an accurate and ample history of the birds of the United States, as to warrant the belief that no very striking feature of the science remains to be discovered, at least in these districts. It is otherwise, however, in regard to the western coast, and the extended chain of the Rocky Mountains, which, presenting an infinite variety of hill and dale, ‘dingle and bushy dell,’ for the most part well watered, and enjoying, especially among its western slopes and valleys, a long and continuous summer, may be expected to yield, not only several species peculiar to and characteristic of its own localities, but also a considerable variety of the southern birds of passage from Mexico, and the more tropical regions of the new world. It has been long ascertained, in regard to the species of the United States, that the southern migratory birds ascend to much higher latitudes on the western than on the eastern side of the great Alleghany chain of mountains;* and from what we know of the fine climate which characterizes the basin of the Columbia, and other portions of the western territory, we may fairly

* Barton's Discourse on the Principal Desiderata of Natural History, p. 21.

infer that many species from Yucatan, and other peninsular portions of the Isthmus, will be found to spread through Mexico, and even to extend their migrations northwards as far as the Gulph of Georgia, and its neighbouring lakes. Indeed, it is an established fact, that many birds of Mexico, entirely unknown in the Atlantic territories of the United States, are met with in the interior of the country, and especially along the range of the Rocky Mountains, in latitudes of considerable elevation.

There is, indeed, no region out of Europe, of equal extent, of which we possess so ample and correct an ornithological knowledge as we do of the United States. Of the three writers, however, to whom we owe this debt, we are not sure that even one was a native of America.* The first, Alexander Wilson, an emigrant from Paisley, a poet by birth, though a pedlar by profession—one who, realizing the peculiar fancy of Wordsworth—

‘plodded on
Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting storm,
A vagrant merchant bent beneath his load,’

was also the author of the most delightful collection of ornithological biographies with which we are acquainted†. He described the birds of the United States in a manner which had either been previously unattempted, or, if attempted, had signally failed of success; and, detailing the history of their haunts and habits with an accuracy and animation which relieved the subject of its accustomed aridity, he rendered a work of genuine science as interesting to the general student as to the devoted naturalist. His book formed, in fact, a new era in the history of the feathered tribes; and, lightening the subject itself of the opprobrious weight under which it had long laboured, it placed that opprobrium on the shoulders of those who chose to continue their ‘damnable iteration’ of

technical details, to the exclusion of the spirit of life which pervades the beautiful originals. Wilson died as he had lived—in poverty. He appears to have been a man of strong feelings, and of a somewhat morbid, if not irascible, disposition; loving his own pursuits ‘not wisely, but too well;’ and either unable or disinclined to check those asperities of temper which are apt to arise in the minds of men whose feelings and opinions are diametrically opposed to those of the world around them. The day-star of his life, which under happier auspices and a more prudent zeal, might have led to emolument as well as honour, was regarded by almost all by whom he was surrounded as nothing more than a delusive meteor—a sort of ‘Will o’ the Wisp’ which could never lead to good. In truth, he came into the world (particularly the new world) at least half a century too soon. Had he survived to later days, and been aided, as he assuredly would have been, (like the Drummonds and Douglasses now exploring the western wilds,) by the patronage of our public societies and of our private cultivators of science, so as to assure him that the result of his researches would not only be eagerly received and highly prized by enlightened men in all countries, but fairly remunerated, even as a commercial speculation—then his dubious path through the unvisited forest, or over the wide-spread prairie, would have been cheered and enlightened, and his occasional heart-sinkings consoled by the knowledge that his labours would not be altogether in vain. As it was, he lived and died in poverty; and may now be added as another name, and one of the brightest, to that melancholy muster-roll which the ingenious D’Israeli has recorded in his historical catalogue of ‘Unfortunate Naturalists.’ It is some consolation, to those who may be still struggling with the ‘res angusta domi,’ to reflect, that although Linnæus commenced his life, or at least his manhood, by mending his own shoes, he died surrounded by honours, and in the enjoyment of competent, if not abundant, wealth; the companion of princes, and the father of a school of natural history, which, however various may be the opinions of methods and systems, or however great the numerous and undoubted improvements of modern times, afforded the steadiest and most continuous light which has ever directly resulted to zoological science from the labours of a single individual.

A supplement to the work of Alexander Wilson has been published by M. Charles Lucien Bonaparte, an accurate, assiduous, and intelligent naturalist:—

“Peace hath her victories no less renowned
than war;—

and although the most comprehensive circle of ornithological fame would scarcely have sufficed to satisfy the dazzling expectations which at

* In relation to Audubon, the Reviewer might have had his doubts removed, had he read more carefully the auto-biographical sketch prefixed to his work. He there states expressly that he was born in America. See in Museum, vol. XIX. a very interesting article on American Ornithology, from the pen of Professor Wilson. ED. MUS.

† American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States. By Alexander Wilson. 9 vols. 4to. Philadelphia. 1808—14. The descriptive portion of the last volume (the plates of which were prepared prior to Wilson’s death in 1813) was written by Mr. George Ord. More than one subsequent edition of the entire work has been published in America, from the original plates; and we rejoice to see that these pleasant volumes (combined with Bonaparte’s Supplement, and other valuable matter) have been republished in ‘Constable’s Miscellany,’ where the whole, besides being presented in a cheap and profitable form, has been methodically arranged, with notes and additional references, by a highly distinguished naturalist, Professor Jameson.

† American Ornithology, or the Natural History of Birds inhabiting the United States, not given by Wilson: with Figures drawn, engraved, and coloured from nature. By Charles Lucien Bonaparte. 3 vols. 4to. Philadelphia. 1825—28. Only the land birds have been yet published.

one period might have been not unreasonably entertained, even by the youngest and least aspiring relative of Napoleon, yet it is well that one who fills the station of a private gentleman in a respectable and unassuming manner, should seek to associate feelings of a milder and more humanizing character with his immortal name. M. Bonaparte's work is carefully, though somewhat too laboriously, engraved. The plates are done by the same artist who executed Wilson's; and although we cannot agree with M. Bonaparte, that Mr. A. Lawson is the 'first ornithological engraver of our age,' we have no special objection to the high and minutely-finished filling up of the plates, except that it must necessarily increase the price without enhancing the value of the publication—at least in a corresponding degree; for the truth of nature in all large subjects, such as the generality of the feathered tribe, is, in fact, given with better effect by a less laboured manner. When every feather is finished off so as to represent, not the aspect of nature as it appears when the subject is looked at as a whole, but rather the appearance which each individual plumage presents when examined apart, and in disconnection from its neighbours, the result is to produce a degree of flatness of surface, and hardness of outline, which are displeasing in art, principally because they are unknown in nature. However, the work is highly creditable to all connected with it, and forms a most valuable addition to our knowledge of ornithology.

But the most signal publication on American birds is that of Mr. Audubon, which, indeed, far exceeds, in size and splendour, all its predecessors in any department of zoology. The dimensions of this work are such as to enable the author not only to represent the largest birds of the United States, of the size and in the attitudes of living nature, but to figure them in family groups so admirably conceived and executed, as really to form historical pictures of the greatest interest, and of the highest utility to the student of ornithology. In these and other respects, neither his predecessors nor his contemporaries can be named as his equals, either in Europe or America; for we know of no one who has at all in the same degree combined accuracy of individual representation with lively and energetic portraiture of general forms. We know that several of the greatest artists that ever lived were much attached to animal painting, and excelled in that department; and although the professed painter has higher objects in view than to pride himself on the accomplishment of a laboriously detailed copy of individual nature, yet the student of science, who combines the minuter observance of natural objects with the love of whatever is picturesque or beautiful, cannot fail to be frequently offended by the discrepancies exhibited in imaginative works of art, where, the greater difficulties having been overcome, it would have been easy, by condescending to a little common-place inquiry and attention, to avoid errors which are only not glaring because of the igno-

rance of those who witness them. If a painter were to represent a greyhound pointing a covey of moor-game on the side of a highland mountain, the mistake would be thought egregious; and as soon as the instinctive habits and acquired powers of the feathered tribes become as generally known as the sporting propensities of the canine race, then Somerset House shall cease to see lords and ladies afield with hawks upon their wrists, which the naturalist detects as pertaining to the smaller short-winged tribes, and which he consequently knows to be incompetent to achieve the purposes which they are represented as about to accomplish.

Nor is it the illustrative portion of Mr. Audubon's work which is alone deserving of the highest commendation. In addition, and as an explanatory accompaniment to his magnificent volume of illustrations, which now consists of one hundred plates, he has just published a volume of letter-press description, which abounds with amusing historical narratives of the habits of the feathered race, from the blood-thirsty eagle,

'Upborne at evening on resplendent wing,'

which the increasing population of the United States is probably, every year, driving westward from its ancient eyries, to the accomplished and delightful mocking-bird, the acknowledged leader of whatever tuneful band may gladden the silence of the American woods.

We bear in melancholy remembrance the fate of such a man as Le Vaillant, who devoted his life, and exhausted his fortunes, in the completion of his ornithological labours, and then died neglected and in poverty, in the midst of those whose admiring love of science might have consoled, in his hours of sorrow, that 'old man eloquent,' who, in the ardour of his youthful years, had added so much of what was beautiful and unknown to their former stock of knowledge; and who, surviving a lengthened sojourn beneath the burning sun of Africa, and returning unscathed by the fangs of wild beasts, and the poisoned arrows of wilder bushmen, little dreamed, that in the centre of European civilization his hopes should reap such a harvest of affliction, that his grey hairs should rue even the lion's mercy which had spared him in his youth:—

'For homeless, near a thousand homes, he stood;
And near a thousand tables, pined and wanted food.'

But, believing that a far different and brighter destiny awaits our American ornithologist, and, delighting to think that our own pages may be, in some measure, subservient to his success, by extending the knowledge of a publication which necessarily labours under disadvantages from its rather unwieldy dimensions, we shall endeavour to increase the interest which we hope the reader already feels in his favour, by here recording a

brief sketch of his history, and that of his great work, with which, we doubt not, the enthusiastic author is prepared to sink or swim.

Mr. Audubon, it appears, is a citizen of the United States, but of French parentage, if not of French birth also. For twenty years of his manhood, his life was a succession of vicissitudes. He attempted various branches of commerce, all of which proved unsuccessful, chiefly in consequence of his mind being pervaded by a single passion,—the desire of exploring the wilderness of nature, and of endeavouring to express, with his pencil, what he and many other lovers of nature must have often felt to be indeed inexpressible. From his earliest years, the productions of nature, which, in the western world, are impressed with features of singular magnificence, lay scattered around him. He was fortunate in possessing a father who deeply felt and revered the grandeur of the works of omnipotent wisdom, and who took delight in directing his youthful mind to their contemplation.

‘He spake of plants, divine and strange,
That every hour their blossoms change
Ten thousand lovely hues!
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers,
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia spread
High as a cloud, high overhead!
The cypress and her spire,—
Of flowers, that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

And he of green Savannas spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie,
As quietly as spots of sky,
Among the evening clouds.’

No wonder, then, that the love of nature and of nature’s works should in after years, have haunted him like a passion.

‘They soon,’ says Mr. Audubon, in his introductory address, ‘became my playmates; and before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the difference between the azure tints of the sky, and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy with them—not consisting of friendship merely, but bordering on frenzy—must accompany me through life; and now, more than ever, am I persuaded of the power of those early impressions. They laid such hold upon me, that, when removed from the woods, the prairies, and the brooks, or shut up from the view of the wide Atlantic, I experienced none of those pleasures most congenial to my mind. None but aerial companions suited my fancy. No roof seemed so secure to me as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks, to which the dark-winged cormorant and the curlew retired to rest, or to protect themselves from the the fury of the tempest.

‘A vivid pleasure shone upon those days of my early youth, attended with a calmness of feeling that seldom failed to rivet my attention for hours, whilst I gazed with extacy upon the pearly and shining eggs, as they lay embedded in the softest down, or among dried leaves and twigs, or were exposed upon the burning sand or weather-beaten rocks of our Atlantic shores.’

He next describes his initiation in the mysteries of the art of painting:—

‘I grew up, and my wishes grew with my form. These wishes, kind reader, were for the entire possession of all that I saw. I was fervently desirous of becoming acquainted with nature. For many years, however, I was sadly disappointed; and forever, doubtless, I must have desires that cannot be gratified. The moment a bird was dead, however beautiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became blunted; and although the greatest cares were bestowed on endeavours to preserve the appearance of nature, I looked upon its vesture as more than sullied, as requiring constant attention and repeated mendings, while, after all, it could no longer be said to be fresh from the hands of its maker. I wished to possess all the productions of nature, but I wished life with them. This was impossible: then what was to be done? I turned to my father, and made known to him my disappointment and anxiety. He produced a book of *illustrations*. A new life ran in my veins. I turned over the leaves with avidity; and although what I saw was not what I longed for, it gave me a desire to copy nature. To nature I went, and tried to imitate her, as in the days of my childhood I had tried to raise myself from the ground and stand erect before nature had imparted the vigour necessary for the success of such an undertaking.’—Introduction, p. 7.

For many years he felt sorely disappointed when he saw that his own productions were worse than those in the work which his father had exhibited:

‘My pencil gave birth to a family of cripples. So maimed were most of them, that they resembled the mangled corpses on a field of battle compared with the integrity of living men. These difficulties disappointed and irritated me, but never for a moment destroyed the desire of obtaining perfect representations of nature. The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals. To have been torn from the study would have been as death to me. My time was entirely occupied with it. I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually; and for a time, at my request, they made bonfires on the anniversaries of my birth-days.’—p. 8.

At a later period of his life, when his drawings had assumed a more perfect character by a nearer approach to the ease and brilliancy of nature, an accident occurred which might well have damped the ardour even of such an enthusiast as Mr. Audubon. Having occasion to leave the village

of Henderson in Kentucky, where he had resided for several years, and to proceed to Philadelphia on business, he deposited all his long-cherished drawings in a wooden box, and consigned them to the care of a friend. After an absence of several months, one of his earliest pleasures, on returning home, was to open his box—

‘The box was produced and opened;—but reader feel for me—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and had reared a young family amongst the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a few months before, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for many nights, and my days passed like days of oblivion, until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make much better drawings than before; and when a period, not exceeding three years had elapsed, I had my portfolio filled again.’—p. 13.

With such a zealous and unwearied determination not to be baffled, we can scarcely wonder that his efforts were eventually crowned with the most signal success. During his boyhood he was sent for a time to Europe, and at the age of seventeen he returned from France to America. Meanwhile, David, the great French painter, had guided his hand in tracing objects of a large size:—

‘Eyes and noses belonging to giants, and heads of horses represented in ancient sculpture, were my models. These, although fit subjects for men intent on pursuing the higher branches of the art, were immediately laid aside by me. I returned to the woods of the new world with fresh ardour, and commenced a collection of drawings, which I thenceforth continued, and which is now publishing under the title of “The Birds of America.”’

So entire was Mr. Audubon’s devotion to his favorite pursuits, and so much did he love the study of natural history for itself alone, that it was only within these few years, on becoming accidentally acquainted, in Philadelphia, with Charles Lucien Bonaparte, that he began to have any thing in view beyond the simple enjoyment of the sight of nature, and the practice of his art. After visiting Philadelphia and New York, he ascended the Hudson river, and crossing over some of the great lakes, he explored many of the pathless and gloomy forests which border the margins of those magnificent waters.

‘It was in these forests that, for the first time, I communed with myself as to the possible event of my visiting Europe again; and I began to fancy my work under the multiplying efforts of the graver. Happy days, and nights of pleasing dreams! I read over the

catalogue of my collection, and thought how it might be possible for an unconnected and unaided individual like myself to accomplish the grand scheme. Chance, and chance alone, had divided my drawings into three different classes, depending upon the magnitude of the objects which they represented; and although I did not at that time possess all the specimens necessary, I arranged them as well as I could into parcels of five plates, each of which now forms a number of my illustrations. I improved the whole as much as was in my power; and as I daily retired farther from the haunts of man, determined to leave nothing undone, which my labour, my time, or my purse could accomplish.’—p. 11.

The preceding extracts will suffice to show that Mr. Audubon is one of those men who so determinately devote themselves to a single purpose, that life and health being vouchsafed, it is almost impossible for them not to succeed in its attainment. The natural consequence has been, that, from a romantic and unknown woodsman, with as forlorn a hope of European celebrity as could well be imagined, he has now become, and is acknowledged to be, the first ornithological draftsman of his age.

“L’académie,” says Baron Cuvier, in a recent report to the Royal Academy of Sciences, “m’a chargé de lui rendre un compte verbal de l’ouvrage qui lui a été communiqué dans une de ses précédentes séances par M. Audubon, et qui a pour objet les oiseaux de l’Amérique Septentrionale. On peut le caractériser en peu de mots, en disant que c’est le monument le plus magnifique qui ait encore été élevé à l’ornithologie. L’exécution de ces planches, si remarquable par leur grandeur, nous paraît avoir également bien réussi, sous les rapports du dessin, de la gravure, et du coloris. L’histoire des oiseaux des états-unis de Wilson égalait déjà en élégance nos plus beaux ouvrages d’ornithologie. Si celui de M. Audubon se termine, il faudra convenir que ce sera l’Amérique qui, pour la magnificence de l’exécution, aura surpassé l’ancien monde.”

Mr. William Swainson, the author of “Zoological Illustrations,”† and the coadjutor of Dr.

“The Academy,” says Baron Cuvier at a recent meeting of the academy of Sciences, “has commissioned me to make a verbal report upon a work on North American Birds, submitted to it on a former occasion by M. Audubon. It may be described in few words, by saying that it is the most magnificent monument which has hitherto been erected to Ornithology. The execution of the plates, so remarkable for their size, appears to have been equally successful in relation to their design, engraving and colouring. The history of the Birds of the United States by Wilson, had already equalled in elegance our most finished productions on ornithology; when that of Audubon shall have been completed, it must be conceded that in magnificence of execution, America will have surpassed Europe.”

Ed. Mus.]

† First Series, in 3 vols. 8vo., 1820, 1823; Second Series, still in progress.

Richardson in the ornithological department of his North American Zoology, has added his testimony to the surpassing merits of Mr. Audubon's publication:—

'It will depend on the powerful and the wealthy, whether Britain shall have the honor of fostering such a magnificent undertaking. It will be a lasting monument, not only to the memory of its author, but to those who employ their wealth in patronizing genius, and in supporting the national credit. If any publication deserves such a distinction, it is surely this, inasmuch as it exhibits a perfection in the higher attributes of zoological painting never before attempted. To represent the passions and feelings of birds, might until now have been well deemed chimerical. Rarely, indeed, do we see their outward forms represented with any thing like nature. In my estimation, not more than three painters ever lived who could draw a bird. Of these, the lamented Barraband, of whom France may be justly proud, was the chief. He has long passed away; but his mantle has at length been recovered in the forests of America.'

This testimony, so freely accorded, is the more creditable to Mr. Audubon, as Mr. Swainson himself is an ornithological draftsman of the greatest skill, and eminently qualified by fine taste and a long experience to appreciate the relative merits of the painter naturalists. His own illustrations are assuredly remarkable for accuracy and elegance; and, being almost all drawn on stone by himself, they have the additional advantage over the generality of copper etchings, that no third party is interposed between the original draftsman and the public.*

We shall here enter into a brief investigation of the probable amount of the species of birds in North America. The first list, with any pretensions to extent or accuracy, was published by Mr. Jefferson (whose neglect of Alexander Wilson would have induced us to look for him under any other character than that of an ornithologist,) and contained the names of only 109 species.†

* As fine examples of the lithographic art, applied to ornithological representation, we may mention the work entitled "A Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains," by Mr. Gould, of the Zoological Society. We regret the absence of explanatory letter-press in a publication of such interest, both from the novelty of its subjects and the beauty of its execution. We are aware that we are promised the description and historical portion from the pen of Mr. Vigors; but our assurance that in such hands it will be most ably performed, only increases our desire that the corresponding letter-press should accompany the delivery of each fasciculus of the illustrations.

† Notes on Virginia, 1782.—[Mr. Jefferson's neglect may be accounted for from the date of his work referred to, twelve years before Wilson's arrival in the United States, and twice twelve years before he became known as a naturalist.—Ed. Mus.]

It was followed by Mr. William Bartram's, which enumerated 215 different kinds;‡ and notices of some additional species are given by Dr. Belknap,§ Dr. Barton,|| and Dr. Williams.¶ In the twelfth edition of the *Systema Naturæ*, which professed to contain all the birds then known to inhabit the United States (Catesby and Edwards being his principal sources,) Linneus assigns only 193 to North America:—

'It is true,' says M. Bonaparte, "that he was acquainted with several other North American birds, which also inhabit other countries,—those common to Europe especially; but as many of the 193 are merely nominal, we may allow them to counterbalance those omitted. Of the entire number, 103 are land birds, all of which we have verified either as real or nominal, four excepted, of which *Picus arundinaceus* alone (a real species) may have escaped Wilson and ourselves. Of the three remaining, two, *Lanius Canadensis* and *Loxia Canadensis*, are now well known to be South American birds, given as North American by mistake; and the third, *Sylvia trochilus*, of Europe, may have been reckoned as American, on account of the resemblance between it and the female of some American warbler, probably *Sylvia trichus*.'

Since the time of Linneus, several real, and a still greater number of apparent, additions have been made to American ornithology. Wilson described 270 species. In the *Index Ornithologicus* of Latham, not fewer than 464 names are enrolled as indicative of birds native to North America; but so greatly surcharged with nominal species is that lengthened list, that notwithstanding the numerous and well established additional species which have since been described by American and other writers, the actual number of clearly ascertained species did not, a few years ago, amount to 400. "Per ora," says C. L. Bonaparte, writing in 1827, 'si annoverano 396 specie nell' America Settentrionale:' and we may add, that 382 of these occur in the United States. Now the number of birds in Europe may be stated as not less than 395; but as its ornithology is in a more advanced stage than that of North America, and consequently less remains to be effected in the way of further discovery, there can be little doubt, that when the latter country shall have been more thoroughly explored, its feathered tribes will be found considerably to exceed those of Europe. We may mention a single fact, *en passant*, with a view to illustrate the extraordinary zoological riches of more southern climates. In the Cape of Good Hope district alone there are above one hundred more species of birds than are found throughout the whole of Europe, 500 species having been ascertained to inhabit that colo-

‡ Travels through North and South Carolina. 1791.

§ History of New Hampshire. 1791.

|| Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania. 1799.

¶ History of Vermont. 1809.

ny. Great Britain and Ireland produce only 277 different kinds of birds, of which 142 are land birds, and 135 are water birds and waders.

The species of Europe and of North America have been classed under 107 genera, of which 64 are common to both countries; 19 (American) are foreign to Europe, and 24 (European) are equally unknown in America. Thus the genera of Europe, amount to 88, and those of North America to 83.

The land birds of Europe in general exceed the water ones by about 90 species; those of the United States exceed the water birds by towards 50; while, in Great Britain, (a fact to be expected from our insular position, and consequently extended shores, as well as from the number of our smaller islands,) the land birds prevail over the water ones by not more than 7 species. The birds of the continental kingdoms of Europe exceed those of the British empire by nearly 120, while the common grouse or moor-game is the only species of which we can with certainty boast the exclusive possession.

We come now to the work which is placed last in our list, though it is by no means the least important in our estimation. All classes of readers are well acquainted with Dr. Richardson's claims to respect as surgeon and naturalist to two of the most remarkable expeditions which were ever planned and executed by the enterprise of Britons, and with his high merits as the intrepid leader of one of the exploring parties, and a chief actor and sufferer amid scenes of imminent danger and prolonged distress, which are scarcely paralleled in the annals of geographical discovery. In a preceding volume, (Part I., containing the *Quadrupeds*), Dr. Richardson has very amply and accurately exhibited the present state of our knowledge respecting the mammiferous land animals of the northern parts of British America; and the beautiful volume now under consideration forms the second or ornithological portion of his very skilful work. He has, we perceive, availed himself of Mr. Swainson's assistance, both as an author and draftsman; and the result of their combined efforts presents a most important addition to our stock of knowledge.*

From the Monthly Magazine.

A MAY-SONG FOR EMILY.

May's red lips are breath'd apart
By the music of her heart
Which ever gently stealth through,
Like enchanted honey dew,
Falling from some odour tree
In the golden Araby,
And gladness danceth on each stream,
And singing comes in every dream,
Riches flow on bower and sea,
But I am poor in wanting thee,

* A review of Dr. Richardson's work having been already inserted in the present volume, we have omitted any further notice of it here.

Ed. Mus.

Oh! beloved Emily!
Pleasant May, I love thee well,
When within my silent cell,
In the quiet shadow sitting,
Thy mild beaming eye is flitting
O'er the page of poets old,
Touching the pale scroll with gold.

I sit alone in summer eves,
Hiding my head among the leaves
Of some thick-branching laurel tree,
When the air is warm with glee,
Watching the sunlight to and fro
Upon the foliage come and go;
Or bending back, with listening ear,
Amid the glimmering silence near:
The bird along the green boughs springing
Now hushing in the gloom, now singing;
Or, careless of sweet sounds, I fold
The beauty of my dreams about
Some gentle face beloved of old,
From time's dark shadow looking out.
And to that shady harbour green,
Where stranger face is seldom seen,
Sweet May, thy lowtoned footstep cometh
While the wild bee faintly hummeth,
In the lily's silver bell,—
Oh, then, sweet May, I love thee well!

Thou dewy-footed creature, sorrow
From thy face a light doth borrow;
The weary pilgrim sinks to sleep,
The mourner's heart forgets to weep!
Then why by thee am I forgot?
And why dost thou regard me not?
Thy love is pour'd on bower and tree,—
Then hear my pray'r and bring with thee,
My beloved Emily!

From the British Critic.

MIRABEAU AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

ALL the world is exclaiming that this is one of the most interesting and instructive volumes which has ever been presented to their notice. Whig and Tory—Conservative and Radical—all join in the general chorus of encomium. Even the revolutionary press has had the candour to invite the public attention to it, although it teaches some lessons that might well cause the Genius of Revolution to cower "like a guilty thing," and to skrink back to its native darkness. It is, however, impossible to be surprised at this unanimity of praise. In the first place, the period to which the volume relates is one of intense and tremendous interest: secondly, the principal figure in the group which it exhibits was among the most extraordinary specimens of human nature which the world has ever looked upon: thirdly, the artist who has executed those vigorous sketches is a person eminent alike for his talents and his virtues: and, lastly, the volume derives an unspeakable charm, even from its unfinished character;

* *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau et sur les deux premières Assemblées Législatives.* Par Etienne Dumont, de Genève. London. Bull. 1539 8vo. pp. 342.

for it rather resembles a collection of masterly fragments than a complete work; and the mind is consequently relieved from the weariness, which is apt to steal over flesh and spirit, in toiling through a formal treatise or a regular and solemn history.

A word or two respecting the author, before we proceed to the book itself. Mr. Dumont was a native of Geneva. His original profession was the church, and when very young he succeeded in fixing his reputation as a powerful preacher. In 1783 he visited Petersburg, where certain individuals of his family were then established; and, during a residence of eighteen months, acquired the regard of all who knew him, by the activity of his mind and the elevation of his principles. In 1785, he left Petersburg for London, where he became attached to Lord Shelburne, then prime minister. His first connexion with that nobleman was in the character of tutor to his son; and in that office, he speedily entitled himself to the confidence and friendship of his patron. It was at this period that he became acquainted with Fox, and Sheridan, and Lord Holland, and many other of the most illustrious men in England; of whom Sir S. Romilly seems to have stood foremost in his esteem and admiration.

It was in 1788 that he first became personally known to Mirabeau, during a short residence at Paris with Sir S. Romilly, already his intimate friend. On his return from that excursion, he formed an intimacy with the renowned Jeremy Bentham, with whose speculations he was so deeply captivated, that he devoted the greater portion of his life to the labour of interpreting to mankind the somewhat oracular utterances of that Lycophron of Jurisprudence.

In 1789, Mr. Dumont was tempted back to Paris, by the return of Mr. Necker to the administration; an event which held out some prospect of the restoration of her lost independence to the Republic of Geneva. When once he was in the French capital, he found that events were in progress there, of such stupendous interest, that he was unable to deny himself the pleasure of hovering near their line of march. He speedily renewed his connection with Mirabeau, and became his secret and confidential auxiliary, both in the composition of his writings and the advancement of his projects. But the office of *doer* (*faiseur*) to that turbulent politician, threatened at last to force him into a painful and rather inglorious notoriety; and, for this reason, he returned, after some time, to England; and plunged once more into the enchanting labyrinth of Mr. Bentham's meditations.

In 1814, the restoration of Geneva recalled him to his country, which, from that time to the hour of his death, he never quitted for any considerable interval. He there merited the gratitude of his countrymen by the dedication of his talents to their interests; and won the attachment of all to whom he was known by the goodness of his heart, the energy of his benevolence, and the superiority of his attainments and abilities. His

death took place in 1829, during an excursion of pleasure in the north of Italy.

Previously to the appearance of this work, Mr. Dumont had been principally known as the apostle of Mr. Bentham. It so happens, however, that the missionary has departed this world before the prophet;* but it appears that he has left behind him various writings in manuscript, dictated, not by a love of literary renown, but chiefly by his zealous desire to put the world in complete possession of the discoveries and revelations of his venerated master. Of these compositions, no part is, at present, (according to the judgment of the editor, Mr. Duval,) in a condition to be presented to the public. It has therefore been thought advisable to select from his posthumous works the present volume, for immediate publication; both, because it was less in need of revision than the rest, and because it exhibits the powers of the deceased as an original writer. Mr. Dumont appears before us now—not as the interpreter of Jeremy Bentham—but as the sagacious and philosophic observer of great events, and over-ruling characters. In his other writings, his own labours are so mixed up with those which it was his purpose to illustrate, that it would be impossible to separate his fame, as a *Publicist*, from that of his great original. But here, he steps forward in a character which raises our regret that a larger portion of his time was not devoted to some more independent walk of literature.

We now hasten to the volume before us. It consists entirely of Reminiscences. The author is incessantly regretting that he omitted while he was on the spot, to detain and perpetuate a multitude of fleeting facts and circumstances, highly interesting in themselves, but, apparently, of slight importance, as they were hurrying onward in the tumultuous procession of mighty events. Had he but preserved minute and written notices of every thing that was passing before his eyes, he might have enriched the world with a representation of those fearful times, which would have united all the charms both of picturesque and philosophical interest. As it is—he complains—he has little to offer but a collection of confused remembrances. He sat down to his work at the impotency of his friends; and soon found himself engaged in the task of recalling the lineaments of a fierce and vexatious dream, which had long passed away—but which, fortunately, had left traces too deep to be ever obliterated from his memory. His narrative begins with the year 1789, the period at which he visited Paris together with his friend Duroverai, ancient Procurator-General of Geneva, for the purpose of deriving advantage to his country from Mr. Necker's re-establishment in the ministry: but before his plunge into the midst of affairs, he introduces a few brief notices respecting the previous life and habits of Mirabeau. It ap-

* Mr. Bentham died since the above was written.—Ed.

pears that this strange man had been in London in 1784, and had there become intimate with Romilly. At that time his only trade was literature; his pen was the only instrument he had, whereby to work his way in the world, or even to win his daily bread. But never was adventurer more indefatigable, more enterprising, or less fastidious. Nothing came amiss to him. No matter whether he knew anything of his subject or not; to work he went. To study a thing, and to write upon it, were, with him, one and the same process; and nothing could be more surprising than the dimensions to which all literary projects would suddenly swell, the moment he laid his hand upon them. He got acquainted with a geographer—and, immediately, the outline of a Universal Geography was spread out before his mental vision. If any one had proposed to him the elements of a Chinese Grammar, the design would instantly have expanded into a comprehensive treatise on that language. A sufficient *honorarium* would easily have engaged him in the compilation of an Encyclopædia; and if he did but little of what he undertook, by his own personal labour, he had a wonderful, and almost magic facility, in appropriating the labours of other men. Though his patience of mere drudgery was small, his activity was immense. He was incessant in his inquiries among people who could furnish him with information. He was wonderfully sagacious in *unearthing* hidden talents. Where he did not work himself, he contrived to make other people work with a vengeance. He could surround himself with under-labourers, whom he brought into subservience by the arts of flattery, by professions of personal friendship, and by an appeal to all the motives of public spirit. The men thus employed were the carpenters, the hod-bearers, and the masons; but Mirabeau alone was the architect. His conversation was a perfect whetstone, which gave the keenest edge to the tools he employed. Nothing was ever lost by him. Anecdotes—conversations—thoughts—all were carefully laid up in his capacious repository. He made the reading and the studies of his friends completely his own; and he managed so to use his most recent acquisitions, as to give the impression that he had never been without them. And by these means it was that any work which he undertook advanced, under his hands, with astonishing rapidity towards its completion. It was as if one could see a tree growing visibly, day by day, and almost hour by hour, to its full dimensions. By these accomplishments and fascinations he secured the services of Mr. Dumont. No sooner did he find that this gentleman might be made useful to him, than he began to say all manner of handsome things of his friends, and, above all, to talk to him about Geneva. "This," says Mr. Dumont, "was a sort of *Ranz des Vaches* to me!—and thus it was that I was first mollified, and then subjugated."

In 1788, when Dumont and Romilly arrived in Paris, the personal character of Count Mira-

beau was at the lowest possible discount. His litigations with his own family—his familiarity with the inside of prisons—his licentious manners—his abductions of women—all these were too much even for the accommodating morals of the good city of Paris. His name was pronounced with scorn in all respectable families. Romilly began to be ashamed of him, and had resolved to have nothing to do with him. But Mirabeau was not to be shaken off. He was not a man of punctilio. He found out their lodging! and one day a carriage was heard rolling to the door. Romilly retired to his chamber; and, immediately after, Count Mirabeau was announced. He immediately began to converse with Dumont about Geneva—the mother of so many distinguished men!—and to protest that he never should be happy until he could be instrumental to the restoration of her liberties. There was no resisting this. Two hours glided away like a single moment; and, in the eyes of Dumont, every thing interesting in Paris was concentrated in the person of Count Mirabeau! "With whom, in the name of wonder," said Romilly, issuing from his imprisonment, when the visitor was gone—"with whom is it that you have been conversing this tedious length of time?"—"It is one you are well acquainted with, and, surely, you must have overheard an Eloge, of which you were the subject, and which might make a superb funeral oration."—"What Mirabeau?"—"Even Mirabeau—and I am this day going to dine with him!" The Count himself soon returned, and carried of the pliant Genevan and the saturnine Englishman in triumph. All prejudice vanished. The triumvirate were perpetually together; the *belle saison* was diversified with parties of pleasure; they dined together at the Bois de Boulogne—at St. Cloud—at Vincennes; at which last place, a part of the entertainment of the day was a visit to the dungeon in which the Count once had the honour to be incarcerated for three years!

The colloquial fascinations of this extraordinary man, appear to have been of the very highest order. He broke down all the conventional impediments by which men are kept at a convenient distance from each other. He came, at once, into contact with his companions. And yet, under the disguise of an abrupt and blunt familiarity, he would conceal the most consummate artifices of flattery and politeness. Nothing could be more animating than the transition, from the flat and smooth surface of commonplace society, to the sharpness and roughness of the coin, fresh from the mintage of Mirabeau. He was then, too, full of curious anecdotes, gathered in his residence at Berlin, where he had resided a short time; and had signalized his return by the publication of a work on the Prussian Monarchy in eight volumes, in which every thing was collected which related to the administration of the kingdom. The ministers of Prussia must have been thunderstruck to see themselves furnished with more ample materials than

they could find in the Bureaux of their own respective departments; and this, too, by a man who was only a few months among them, and had done nothing, to all appearance, but show himself in society. But, as usual, Mirabeau was only the architect. The joinery and masonry were executed by Major Mauvillon, an officer whose serviceable, but unknown talents, the Count had honoured with his confidence, and, moreover, with all the drudgery of the compilation!

The reputation of Mirabeau as a writer was at this time rapidly advancing. There was scarcely a subject of much popular interest which he did not turn into fame and profit. Romilly had addressed a letter to a friend on the horrors of the Salpêtrière and Bicêtre. Mirabeau soon got hold of it. To translate and publish it was the affair of a single day; and that it might form a little volume, he joined with it the version of an anonymous pamphlet on the administration of penal law in England. The whole was announced as a translation from the English by Count M., but the public insisted on giving him full credit for the original authorship. The sale was accordingly rapid, and the profit covered his expenses for a whole month! He published on banking—on stock-jobbing—on the order of Cincinnatus, &c. &c. He published—but if all the writers had claimed their share, there would have been left for Mirabeau little, but the skilful combination—the bold touches—the biting epigrams—and the occasional flashes of masculine eloquence, very different from that of the French Academy! At one time the underlings began to rebel. But it was all in vain. The Count's reputation was now too firmly established to be assailed by the murmur of the operatives. Besides, they had, after all, but little reason to complain. But for his parental offices, their obscure labours would never have seen the sun; or, if they had, they would, probably, have perished almost as soon as born, for want of the principle of life and vigour which he alone could impart to them.

During these two months Dumont lived more, than during whole years of the rest of his life. Just before his departure, Mirabeau put into his hand a list of literary articles, with which he gravely expected his friend to furnish him soon after his arrival in England. Their number was no less than eighteen! This was an instance of his insatiable avarice of materials for future reproduction. He would have desired no better—says Mr. Dumont—than to be the *Bureau d'adresse* of the whole universe. So much for his mere intellectual powers, as hitherto developed and displayed. His moral peculiarities were scarcely less perplexing and anomalous. If we may trust the author of these memoirs, he was the votary of vice, and the idolater of virtue. He was one of the most profligate men of his age; but, nevertheless, he had a decided predilection for men of rigorous principles, and of manners directly opposite to his own. Whether this is to be ascribed to his love of contrast—to a relish for antithesis,

extended even to morals—or whether it was the effect of a certain elevation of mind, it may not be very easy to decide. His friend is disposed to ascribe it to the more noble cause. He fancied that he could discern in Mirabeau, through the disguise of his vices, a vigour and dignity of character, which plainly distinguished him from all those featureless persons—those mere shadows and apparitions—which then flitted about in Parisian society: in short, that his virtues were his own, and his defects borrowed or adopted from other men. At the same time he confesses, that the exalted feelings of honour, which were so active within him, were impulses rather than principles; and that there was nothing in him uniform or sustained. His movements, (if we may venture to supply an illustration,) were like those of the kangaroo. It seemed as if his mind was incapable of the ordinary paces of mortal men, and could only go forward by prodigious leaps and bounds. In addition to all this irregularity, his passions were absolutely terrific. He burned with pride. He was devoured by jealousy. His aberrations were so wild and impetuous, that he often lost all knowledge or recollection of himself.

In 1789 Dumont returned to Paris. His recollections of all he saw and heard at that period present him with nothing but a chaos of confused opinions. Necker was the divinity of the moment. Sieyès, at that time little known, was, nevertheless, the prompter of all who were impatient to speak on public affairs. Rabaud de St. Etienne and Target were at least on a level with Sieyès in reputation. La Fayette, with his head full of America, was thought to be ambitious of becoming the Washington of France. The house of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld was the point of union for all the nobility who were favourable to popular measures, and the abandonment of privileges. Those of the noblesse who were desirous of preserving the ancient constitution of the States-General, formed the aristocratic party, and were the objects of outrageous invective. Still, though the noise was loud, the individuals who made it were comparatively few. The great body of the nation, even at Paris, looked forward to the States-General merely as an instrument of the diminution of taxes. The creditors of the states considered them solely as a rampart against bankruptcy: they had often suffered bitterly from the breach of the public faith; the deficit made them tremble; and they were glad of any hopeful expedient for placing the finance of the country on a footing of stability. In other respects, the diversity of views was endless. The Noblesse had, within their own pale, an Aristocracy and a Democracy—so had the Church—and so likewise had the Tiers-Etat. "It is impossible," says Mr. Dumont, "to paint the confusion of ideas—the derangement of imaginations—the downright right burlesques of popular notion—the fears—the hopes—the passions of all parties." Any one would have imagined, (as the Count de Laraguais observed,) that he was looking on the world

the day after the creation; that hostile and divided colonies were adjusting their allotments, just as if nothing had ever existed before them; and that the past was to go for nothing in making arrangements for the future!

The French names introduced above will remind the reader that this picture represents the state of things at the commencement of the French revolution. If those names had been omitted, he might have been in danger of fancying that he was reading a description of certain matters much more recent, and much nearer home!

When the States General were opened, the first thing they did was to quarrel about the verification of their powers. The *Tiers-Etat* insisted that it should be done in common; the two Orders that it should be done separately. The question was trifling in appearance; but, in its tendency, of immense importance. The *Tiers-Etat* was resolved, that they and the two orders should form one general Assembly, in which their own preponderance was certain, and the influence of all other parties would be inevitably swamped. Upon this object, therefore, they fixed from the very outset. This was a prey which nothing could rend from their jaws; and the nobility and clergy incurred contempt as well as hatred by their powerless efforts to take it from them.

Mr. Dumont very justly remarks, that the omission to settle this question, before the actual assembling of the States, was one of the most fatal blunders of the ministry. If the King had decided for the union of the Orders, he would have secured the *Tiers-Etat*; had he pronounced for the separation of the chambers, he would have lost the *Tiers-Etat* indeed, but he would have gained the Nobles and the Church. But whatever might have been his decision, it would have been obeyed; for no one would have thought of commencing the session of the States by an act of resistance to the King, who was then regarded as the provisional legislator. He left the question undecided, and thus threw open the lists to the combatants, with the certain issue that the royal authority would become the spoil of the conqueror. The interval of inaction occasioned by this controversy, was, beyond measure, pernicious. The flames of party spirit grew fiercer every moment. The third Estate advanced daily from strength to strength; and at last felt themselves powerful enough to send a peremptory summons to the two Orders, and, on their refusal, to constitute themselves a National Assembly. The germs of confusion were prodigally scattered, and rapidly took root, during this miserable *interregnum*. The epoch, says Mr. Dumont, is one which is worthy of the deepest attention of the historian. Alas! for the ignorance or inadvertence of the man! Had he not learned, or had he forgotten, that history is of no more value than Moore's Almanac, and that the annals of past times are fit only to repose with the reveries of Albumazar or Messalahah?

Before we proceed to Count Mirabeau, it may

be as well to introduce here some description of his personal appearance. He was of a large, robust figure. His features were strongly and coarsely marked, and his face actually riddled with the small pox. But he was proud of his very deformity. He imagined that there was something irresistibly commanding in it. "People do not know," he would say, "the power of my ugliness." His toilet was, evermore, an affair of the gravest importance. His head of hair was enormous, and was always most scientifically arranged, so as formidably to augment the volume of head; and, when thus prepared and fitted out, Olympian Pericles was not worthy to be compared to him. "Whenever I shake my terrific locks," he said, "there lies not the mortal that would dare to interrupt me." He would studiously place himself before a large mirror while he was speaking, in order that he might have the satisfaction of contemplating the majestic dignity of his own demeanour—throwing back his head, and squaring his shoulders in the attitude of defiance. He seemed to derive an additional inspiration from the sight of his own image. Nay, he was elevated and enchanted with the very sound of his own name, and would often frame imaginary dialogues, in which he himself was always introduced, as a speaker, with these words: "Le Comte de Mirabeau vous repondra," &c. &c.

Such was the curious mortal who was soon to appear as the mightiest orator of France. His first appearance in the great national club was any thing but gratifying. When the *appel nominal* was made, his name was, positively, received with yells and hootings. The explosion of insult and contempt was such as would have destroyed any man but Mirabeau. Such was his infamous celebrity, that, in the Assembly, they spoke openly of quashing his election, when they came to the verification of their powers. He attempted to speak on three occasions, but the murmurs were so loud and general that even he was silenced. However, if he could not get a hearing there, he knew that he was sure of one elsewhere; and so he, incontinently, published a journal, under the title of the *States-General*, in which he mercilessly caricatured the whole Assembly—compared the deputies to a pack of schoolboys, gibbeted Necker, the Necker, the idol of the nation—and overwhelmed the government and the legislators with a volley of epigrams. The anonymous sheets were soon suppressed by authority; but this only made matters worse. Mirabeau was rather animated than dejected by this arbitrary proceeding, and, instantly, came forth, in person, with a letter to his constituents. He thus placed himself in a position perfectly unsailable; for who would dare to question the right of a representative to render an account to the people of the public proceedings of their Assembly?

His exasperation, at this period, was absolutely furious. He protested that he was the victim of a sort of *ostracism* against talents!—but

he vowed that he would throw a weight into the balance which should make his persecutors feel how light they were. Dumont spared no pains to lower these inflammatory symptoms. He had influence enough to persuade him to re-cast entirely the draft he had prepared of the letter to his constituents, and to give it a tone of greater moderation; and he wrung from him a promise that he would abstain from forcing himself upon the Assembly—that he would suffer all the half-talents and half-reputations to find their level—and would wait for some occasion of speaking, which might be worthy of his powers. Soon after this, he was introduced to Necker, with a view to his admission to office. From this conference he came forth with no feelings of *idolatry*. He said that it would be doing great wrong to the minister to suspect him either of malice of heart, or depth of understanding. The interview, however, was not wholly fruitless. It opened to him the glimpse of an embassy to Constantinople. He was delighted with the proposal at the time. It not only gratified his self-importance, but it awakened, in a moment, his passion for gigantic literary adventure. The very thought of the “turbaned Turks” raised up in his mind the project of an—*Ottoman Encyclopedia*! But the subsequent turn of affairs, and the vast ascendancy of Mirabeau, soon raised him far above an embassy, and placed him in a condition to dictate stipulations rather than to receive them.

It should be noticed, that his first triumph in the Assembly had taken place previously to this conference. The following was the occasion of it. A note, written with a pencil, had been handed over to Mirabeau from Duroverai, who was seated in the hall, as a stranger, during a debate. This attracted the notice of a Mr. M. . . . , then one of the most terrible fulminators in the Assembly. He immediately denounced the insolence of the exile—the refugee—the pensionary of England—who had dared to intrude himself into their deliberations. The cry was instantly heard,—“Where is he? who is he? he must be made known!” Fifty voices were clamouring at the same moment. But the voice of Mirabeau was more powerful and penetrating than all. It might be said, with prosaic truth, that he, *ὁ γένος αὐτοῦ ἄνθρωπος* *ὁ γένος ἀλλοτρίου* *ἄνθρωπος*.* He declared that he rose for the purpose of pointing out to them the stranger they were looking for, and denouncing him to the Assembly. And then, after a few preliminary sentences, he pointed to Duroverai, and proceeded—

“This stranger, this proscribed exile, this refugee, this pensionary of the king of England, is one of the most estimable citizens now living upon earth. Never had liberty a defender more enlightened, more laborious, or more nobly disinterested. Well has he merited the hatred of aristocrats!—and, at this moment,

he is involved in the proscription which aristocrats have caused to issue forth from the destroyers of the liberty of his country. And then, his pension from England!—what is it but a sort of civic crown, placed on his brows by the hand of a generous people, who seem to have been smitten with the sacred love of freedom by the tutelary genius of the human race? This is the stranger—this the exile—whom I have heard denounced by the voice of Frenchmen! The time has been, when the unfortunate could embrace the altar, and find there an inviolable refuge from the fury of the wicked and the merciless. This very hall has been consecrated to liberty in the name of the French people. Will you then endure that the martyr of liberty should receive an outrage, or an insult, within its walls?”†

The effect of this glorious burst was perfectly electrical. The hall echoed with acclamations of applause. Nothing of similar elevation and dignity had been heard in “the tumultuous prelusions of the commons.” It was a new sensation. It was the triumph of that eloquence whose magic pervades all great assemblies. In a moment after, Duroverai was surrounded and thronged by deputies impatient to atone for the affront he had endured. Poor Dumont, who was present, and had been frozen with terror when he saw his countryman threatened with exposure, was now almost beside himself with transport. He saw in the occurrence a pledge of the restoration of his country. He hailed the establishment of Mirabeau's ascendancy, which—as he hoped (good easy man!)—would be beyond measure beneficial to the cause of rational liberty. “And if,” he exclaims, “if Mirabeau *had* always served the public in the same spirit in which he now served his friend—if he had always put forth the same noble courage, and the same generous zeal to silence the calumnies which perpetually disgraced the tribune—he might have been the saviour of France!”

It is impossible, here, to resist the temptation to introduce a circumstance which occurred about this period, and which beautifully indicated the genuine humanity and patriotism that impelled the choice spirits of that tempestuous time. The Bishop of Aix was deputed by the Clergy to the Commons to propose a conference. He appeared, accordingly; and having made a pathetic representation of the miseries of the rural population, he seconded his eloquence by the production of a fraction of course black bread, “that beasts would cough at,” and which, nevertheless, was the sole diet to which the poor were now reduced. He then besought the Commons to send some of their deputies to confer with those of the Clergy and Nobles, on the means of assuaging these calamities. The Commons, however, were inflexibly resolved to decline any proceeding which should seem to recognise, for a moment, the existence of the two Orders as a separate assembly; and yet they were

* The passage is given at greater length by Mr. Dumont; but the above are the *points* of it.

Museum.—Vol. XXI.

† Could vociferate as loud as fifty others. *Iliad*. Lib. V. 786.—Ed. Mus.

unwilling to compromise themselves, in the eyes of the people, by the direct repulse of so charitable a proposal. To manage this matter, required some address. But it was accomplished with signal success by a deputy who, after expressing his sympathy with the distresses of the indigent, spoke as follows:

"Go," said he to the Prelate, "go back to your colleagues; and if they are impatient to relieve the sufferings of the people, return with them to join the friends of the people, in this hall. Tell them not to retard our operations with their studied artifices of delay: or rather, ye ministers of religion,—worthy imitators of your Master—renounce the luxury that surrounds you; resume the modesty of your origin; dismiss the insolent lacqueys that attend you; sell your superb equipages; and convert these worthless superfluities into sustenance for the poor."

This was admirably adapted to the passions of the moment; and the speaker was rewarded, not with loud applause, but with a deep and awful murmur, still more animating. And who—(does the reader imagine)—was this friend of his suffering species—this apostle of humanity, that cried out, "*To what purpose is this waste?*"—It was one who was well worthy to rank with the original author of that exclamation—it was one who, in three short years, was to deluge Paris with blood, and whose name was to make all France tremble from one end of it to the other—it was the execrable and fiend-like Robespierre. Surely we may venture to exclaim, *He that hath ears to hear let him hear!*

But the instruction that rushes upon us, in these pages, is bewildering by its abundance. We have, here, a short but interesting notice of Sieyès—reserved, abstracted, and inflexible; one whom it was scarcely possible to bring within the precincts of familiarity; who spoke his thought once, and when he had dropped his word, appeared careless whether any one was minded to pick it up. If objection was made, he answered not; and scarcely any thing could provoke him to discussion. As a writer, his reputation was great. He was the oracle of the *Tiers-Etat*—the most formidable enemy of privileges—and the bitterest scorner of the actual order of society.

"I had believed," says Dumont, with singular naïveté, "that this friend of liberty must love the English. Here, at least, I thought myself on sure ground with him. But to my surprise I found, that the whole constitution of England appeared to him no better than a mere quackery, contrived for the purpose of imposing upon the people. I spoke to him of the modifications peculiar to this system—of its reciprocal compromises—its disguised restraints—the mutual dependence, concealed indeed, but not less real, of the three branches which constitute the legislature. I could easily perceive that he listened to all this with sentiments of piety; and that all influence of the Crown was, in his judgment, just so much venality—all opposition to it, merely a farcical intrigue

of the antechamber (*manège d'antichambre*). The only thing he admired in England, was the trial by jury; and even this he egregiously misunderstood; and, like all other Frenchmen, formed the most false conceptions of it. In a word, it was clear that he regarded the English as mere *children* in the art of government and constitution-making; and he believed that he, himself, was able to provide France with a much superior scheme."

Politics, indeed, formed a science which he was persuaded that he had completely mastered; the surest sign, says Dumont, of his profound ignorance. But where is the spirit of Sieyès now? Is it in the paradise of folly?—in the region of "transitory things—abortive, monstrous, and unkindly mixed?" Alas! Alas! it would seem as if it were wandering over Europe with a fresh commission of mischief; and had recently visited the land of political "*childhood*," for the *benevolent* purpose of teaching it the art of making constitutions.

And here, too, we have the Bishop of Chartres, a very different character from his Grand-Vicar Sieyès; an amiable, benevolent, unsuspicious, Christian man. He was honestly persuaded that the *Tiers-Etat* could have no other earthly object but to reform abuses, and to do good. Pure in his intentions, a total stranger to intrigue, he followed only his conscience, and acted in strict conformity to his sense of duty. His religion, like his politics, was sincere but tolerant, and he rejoiced to see the Protestants relieved from all restraint. He foresaw that great sacrifices would be exacted of the Clergy, but he never dreamed that they would be the victims of the revolution. Shortly after, the goods of the Church were declared the property of the nation. At that period, Dumont found him one day in tears, dismissing his domestics, reducing his hospitable establishment, and selling his more precious effects for the payment of his debts. His regrets were not for himself personally. But his self-accusation was bitter for suffering himself to be deceived, and for having embraced the interests of the *Tiers-Etat*, which had violated, in the season of its strength, all the engagements it had taken in the day of its weakness. Melancholy, indeed, it was, for such a man to have contributed to the success of a party so iniquitous! But never did there live a human being with less cause for self-reproach.

But we must return to Mirabeau. A month had now passed, and the two orders still refused to assemble in the same hall with the *Tiers-Etat*. Their firmness obtained for them the name of *aristocrats*. The word was soon found to exert a magical power to their disadvantage; and Dumont bitterly regrets that they did not counterwork the spell, by coining a good nick-name for the opposite party; which, in the absence of any such symbol of disparagement, became gradually identified with the whole French nation: so that the people saw nothing but the *aristocrats* on one side, and the *nation* on the other. The effect of

the contrast was tremendous: and the good people of Paris, so *flaccid* (flasque) in their ordinary state, was rapidly filled out, like a balloon, with inflammable gas. While the public mind was in this fiery condition, the charm was wound up by the mighty enchantment of two more words. The *Tiers-Etat* declared itself the *National Assembly*; and thus, virtually, proclaimed, that the King, the Nobility, and the Clergy, were to be nothing!

The part played by Mirabeau during the discussions which preceded the adoption of this title, threatened to shake his popularity to pieces. Dumont, and the other confidential friends of the Count, had constantly before their eyes the English constitution, from which they had learned, that a legislative body in two branches was far preferable to a single assembly without regulation or control. They succeeded in possessing the great orator with the same conviction; and he accordingly proposed that the Commons should organize themselves under the title of Deputies of the French People. He was listened to without impatience: but when the proposition was supported by Malouet, who was known for a ministerial man, the storm began to howl. Dumont was in the gallery: and being provoked by the absurdities which he heard vented in such profusion, employed himself, on the spot, in hastily writing his thoughts on the subject, in the shape of an address to those friends of liberty who thought themselves degraded by the title proposed by Mirabeau. That same day he dined with the Count, and exhibited to him his sketch of an address. To Mirabeau it appeared so triumphant, that in spite of all remonstrances, he was determined, as he said, to launch the red-hot bolt at their heads at the very next meeting. A speech was immediately got up, with Dumont's address, by way of peroration. The only difficulty was, now, to get a hearing for it. But Mirabeau was so powerful in the galleries, that the Assembly did not dare to silence him. The exordium, and the argumentative part, met with only a doubtful reception. Then came the peroration, which was uttered by Mirabeau with his most appalling thunders. But it only brought down a still more terrific tempest. The Hall echoed with sounds of fury, till the commotion became universal. In the midst of the uproar, Mirabeau stood erect and immovable; while Dumont was in the gallery, ready to sink into the earth, in his dismay at the horrid failure of the experiment. When the tumult began to subside, the orator resumed, with a grave and solemn voice; and said, "Mr. President, I consign to your desk this paper, which has raised such murmurs, and has been so ill-understood. I am willing to be judged, as to its merits, by the friends of liberty." Having uttered these words, he left the Assembly in the midst of the most outrageous menaces and imprecations. Dumont was almost afraid to go near him. But his apprehensions were entirely groundless. Mirabeau was perfectly satisfied with what he had done; and, about an hour afterwards, his friend found him triumphantly reading his discourse to

a knot of Marseillais, who had collected round him, and who were all but falling into fits with admiration of it!—His courage, however, as Dumont remarks, was only the courage of the moment. The motion for adopting the title of National Assembly, was carried by a majority of almost 500 to 80; and among those 80 Mirabeau was not found. He kept away, and did not vote upon the question; and he thus escaped appearing on the list of "traitors sold to the aristocracy." In spite of all this, however, his popularity at the Palais Royal did not wane, while the name of Malouet, Mounier, and others, was pronounced with execrations.

The audacity of this usurpation both confounded and enraged the nobility. The time, they said, was now come for the King to place himself at the head of his troops, to arrest the leaders of the sedition, and to disperse the Assembly. It was in the state of parties, at this moment, that Mr. Dumont thinks we are to seek for the germ and principle of the events that soon followed in rapid succession. The vigour of the Court evaporated in the pompous imbecility of the Royal Session or Bed of Justice, which annulled the offensive decree of the Commons, but did not ordain the reunion of the Orders. For the three or four days previous to this solemnity, the Deputies were excluded from the hall,—a measure which only drove them first to the Tennis Court, (where they pronounced the famous oath, that they would never separate until the Constitution was complete)—and the next day, to the Church of St. Louis, where they were joined by a rather doubtful majority of the Clergy, who came to unite themselves to the *Tiers-Etat*. This union took place in the midst of embraces, and tears, and plaudits, and transports—all very much in the French manner. The *dévotement* of the clergy was extolled to the skies:—in the course of a short time not an ecclesiastic could show himself in public without being brutally insulted!

On the day of the *Séance Royale* Dumont was at the palace, and saw the magnificent procession defile. His description of it is short, but singularly impressive. The ministers of the King made their appearance. They wore an air of studied composure; but their emotion pierced through the disguise. The bearing of the Comte d'Artois was full of pride. The King appeared sorrowful and pensive. The multitude was immense, and the stillness profound. When the King entered his carriage there was the roll of drums, and the flourish of trumpets—but not a note of applause—*no vive le roi*. Fear alone restrained the murmurs of the crowd. *Non tumultus, non quies; sed quale magni metus, aut magna iræ silentium erat.* The vast procession then began to move: all the royal household, the guards, the officers, the cavalry. They approached the hall, where the three Orders together were waiting in mute indignation, and distrust of each other. Never were passions more violent, or more conflicting, shut up within the same en-

closure. The whole ceremonial was similar to that of the States General. But the one was a national festivity; the other was as gloomy as a gorgeous funeral.

When the *Séance* was over, the king retired, together with the nobility and the clergy. The *Tiers-Etat* were then left alone to ruminate upon the effects of the decree which they had passed so lightly. They found themselves placed under the necessity of trampling upon the crown, or retracing their own steps. In the midst of their silent consternation, a messenger arrived from the king, and summoned them to retire. And then it was that Mirabeau pronounced the words which have formed an epoch in the Revolution. "Go," said he "and tell your master that we are here by the power of the people, and that nothing but the bayonet shall drive us from our post." These memorable words rallied, in an instant, the drooping courage of the Assembly; and before the king had well reached his palace, the Royal Session was a nullity!

It may appear as strange, as it was lamentable, that Mirabeau should have thus thrown his torch into the combustible heap, which otherwise, perhaps, might not have burst into such fatal explosion. Mr. Dumont accounts for it in this manner. The Royal Session was concerted at the suggestion of Duroverai, purely in order to save appearances. The plan was, that the king should reverse the decree of the Assembly, but at the same time should order the reunion of the Three Estates, which was now become inevitable. This measure would thus be the act of the king, and not the result of a decree of the *Tiers-Etat*; the nobility would be saved from humiliation, and the nation possibly from civil war. The Count of Artois, however, succeeded in defeating that part of the plan, which, in the view of Necker, was its very essence. It was resolved to reverse the decree, but not to order the reunion. All this, together with the exclusion of the deputies from their hall for several days, produced a general belief that the States were to be dissolved; and Mirabeau who, unfortunately had not been apprized of the original design, was the dupe of the general delusion. At the crisis, therefore, he threw himself, with his whole weight, headlong into the popular scale, and let loose the elements of confusion, beyond the possibility of recall. When he afterwards learned the real origin of the *Séance Royale*, he fell into a paroxysm of rage. "So"—said he—"Duroverai did not think me worthy of being consulted! I know he considers me merely as a madman with certain lucid intervals. But I could have told him beforehand the consequence of his precious measure. It is not upon an elastic people like the French that these stupid forms can be played off. And this M. Necker!—what a man to be trusted with measures such as these. One might as well apply a cautery to a wooden leg as to give advice to him, which he is in no condition to follow." Then, heating himself with the prospect of all the perils which must ensue from this rash expedient,

he added, in a prophetic spirit, "This is the way that kings are brought to the scaffold."

It is the firm persuasion of Dumont that, up to this time, the deputies acted with very little of concerted design. The utmost that can be said, is, that there might be the beginnings of something like organization among the Bretons. The "*Club Breton*" was certainly formidable by its union, and was probably practised upon by the minority of the *noblesse*: "but never," says Dumont, "shall we have a complete history of the Revolution, until some one of that party shall have given his faithful memoirs of it to the world." Sieyès himself revolted against the desperate character of their proceedings. On his return from one of their secret meetings he said to Dumont, "I will have nothing more to do with the people. Their politics are those of a den of conspirators. They propose the most desperate enterprizes as if they were common expedients." With characters of this description it is certain that Mirabeau had no connection. His wild, irregular, untractable temper made him very unfit to be the member of a confederacy. He had not sufficient steadiness and coherency of mind to win the confidence of his companions, and therefore was disqualified for becoming their leader: and he had too much pride, and too much force of character, for any inferior post. He, therefore, remained totally independent of all parties, wrapped up solely in his own personal ambition, envious to excess of all rising credit in the assembly—"epigrammatic in general, but flatterer in detail,"—separated from his colleagues by his disdain of some, and his jealousy of others. Dumont saw him frequently; and is satisfied that Mirabeau had not the slightest concern in the movements of the capital. He further expresses his distinct conviction, that it is a great error to ascribe the Revolution to the machinations of secret agitators. It is ridiculous, he says, to attribute to conspiracy an impulse so sudden and so vast. The whole mass of society was, somehow or other, in a state of morbid and feverish irritation. A cry in the Palais Royal—an accidental movement—a mere nothing—was then sufficient to cause a general commotion. In this condition one tumult produced another tumult. The symptoms of one day were aggravated to fierce exasperation by the next. One deep called to another, till the stormy deluge burst over the whole face of the kingdom. In a word, the people of France were in a state which resembled that described in the Caliph Vathek. The football was thrown down. A few began to kick it. The by-standers were driven, by some strange but irresistible impulse, to join in sport. The pursuers of the game swelled rapidly to an enormous multitude. On they swept together, till they found themselves upon the edge of a precipice: and the whole herd rushed violently down into destruction.

It is one very curious feature of the time, as described by Dumont, that the creditors of the state were, of all others, the most ardent parti-

rans of the States-General. They foresaw that bankruptcy, and, with it, their own ruin, must be the inevitable consequence of the dissolution of that body. They were in decided opposition to the court, because they were persuaded that, if once relieved from the domination of the Assembly, the king would have nothing to do but to pass a sponge over the debt, in order to extricate himself from the deficit, and secure a considerable surplus revenue. This would, of course, enable him to mitigate the imposts, and, so, to propitiate the whole nation; who, thenceforth, would think nothing more of the States, the constitution, and the sovereignty of the people, and, least of all, of the distresses of the creditors. In the midst of all these agitations, appeared *Mirabeau's* celebrated Address to the King for the dismissal of the troops. By this time, perhaps, the reader will hardly be surprised to learn that *Mirabeau's* address was, substantially, the composition of *M. Dumont*. The author was full of the subject, and, as he honestly confesses, animated by the flatteries and caresses of his principal—(who was drunk with the glory of his own recent triumphs)—and completed his task with extraordinary rapidity. The count was as fondly attached to this production as if every syllable of it had been his own. He was, more especially, lavish in his praise of its happy combination of temperance and vigour. "My own style," said he, "easily assumes the tone of strength. I can readily find words that burn. But the moment I attempt 'the club and oily art,' I am sure to become tame and insipid: and the rapidness of my own compound gives me a pain in the stomach." He would not listen to a word of criticism upon this, or on any other performance, on which his own name had been stamped. His self-love embraced his adopted children with so much cordiality, that his bowels yearned towards them with truly parental emotion. "Whenever I worked for *Mirabeau*," says *M. Dumont*, "I felt something like the satisfaction of an obscure individual, whose children had been changed at nurse, and introduced into a great family; although conscious that he was their father, he would be compelled to treat them with profound respect. This was my case. When once my progeny was adopted by *Mirabeau*, he would defend them even against their parent: nay, he would even allow me to praise them, and would consider my admiration as a mark of esteem and friendship for himself." At length, however, *Dumont's* satisfaction with this obscure and unambitious agency, gradually subsided. It began to be whispered that he and *Duroverai* were the *operatives* of *Mirabeau*. The Count himself led a life of perpetual agitation and discursion. His occupation in the Assembly and its committee was almost incessant: and yet his appetite for pleasure never seemed to desert him, and he always appeared to have time to throw away upon his indulgencies. The world refused to believe that a man, thus distracted between public business and personal gratification, could be the author of all the writings that were perpe-

tually coming forth in his name; and they were perfectly right. In fact, there was a multitude of workmen in constant employ to build up the fabric of his reputation; and when once *Dumont* found that he was numbered among the gang, by all the pamphleteers of the day, he ceased to feel any pleasure in his occupation: and it was this circumstance which eventually determined him to quit France and to return to England.

Soon after this, *Dumont* engaged with *Mirabeau* and *Duroverai* in conducting a Journal by the title of the *Courier de Provence*. There was something rather low and sordid in this affair,—from which the parties promised themselves "mountains of gold." But the history of it is, altogether, sufficiently laughable. *Mirabeau*, of course, intrigued with the wife of the publisher, who was a vixen and a cheat. He was irritated and disgusted with her scandalous dishonesty, and said to her one day, "Madame le Jay, if there were no such thing as probity in the world, it really would be necessary to invent it, if it were only to make our fortune by it." But *Madame le Jay* had another system of ethics. She contrived to swallow up all the profits, and to set *messieurs les auteurs* at defiance. *Mirabeau*, who was her paramour, was in no condition to use very high language with her; and, besides, he was absolutely confounded by her effrontery and her cunning. He vowed that it was more easy to manage the whole National Assembly than one woman when she had made up her mind upon any thing: and, as for proceeding at law, the whole bar would turn pale in her presence before they would convict her: for he defied the most *tortuous* attorney to approach her in subtlety of invention. It was even as he said. The lady was too many for them all. She pocketed the money, and they were obliged to pocket the vexation, and to contrive some better arrangements for the future conduct of their Journal.

The freedom of this publication was extreme. *Sieyes* complained bitterly of the license of its criticism on his own productions: and *Mirabeau* was obliged to beg that there might be a mitigation of hostilities. "I conjure you," he said, "not to embroil me with that man; his vanity is implacable." The assembly were not quite so sensible as the Reverend *Graná Vicar*. On reverting, since, to some of the articles, *Dumont* was astonished at the hardihood with which the proceedings of that body were canvassed. But their haughty omnipotence disdained to notice these liberties, although the censures were extended to every department of their labours. The want of connection and order in the operations of finance; the practice of laying down general principles, without considering questions of detail; insidious anticipation of important decisions; the total overthrow of the ancient executive power, without first providing any other institutions to fill their place; the conversion of the assembly into a bureau for receiving accusations; its absorption of all the functions of the executive ministry; the wretched defects of its interior police;

—all these were exposed to the public with a boldness which might well surprise the authors themselves, when reviewing it in calmer times: and it exhibited, in truth, a glorious picture of incoherence, disorder, and wild precipitation. After all, however, Dumont confesses that the work was generally very middling, and often miserably bad. The rapidity of the whirlwind which carried the assembly forward, allowed observers no time for study or meditation. To represent their proceedings must have been like attempting to exhibit on canvass the progress of a deluge, which is every instant changing the face of the country, and before which all traces of ancient fabrics, and all signs of human habitation, are constantly disappearing.

The Assembly was at last complete. The majority of the *noblesse* and the minority of the clergy had united themselves with the commons. But still the winds which had been let loose, were sweeping onward in their career of ruin through the country. In this emergency, Dumont, who was then the Great Address-maker, set to work, and produced an address from the National Assembly to the people. It had immense applause, and no success. It is not, he remarks, with phrases that insurrections are to be arrested; and the Assembly was in no condition to employ any stronger instrument. *They were so fearful of offending the people, that they regarded as a snare, all motions tending to the suppression of disorder, or the censure of popular excesses. By the people they had triumphed; it was therefore impossible for them to be severe against the people. They protested, indeed, that they were filled with affliction and displeasure by the atrocities of the brigands, who had insulted the nobles, and burned down their châteaux: but, in secret, they rejoiced at a reign of terror which they considered as necessary. They, accordingly, dispensed compliments to authority, and encouragement to license.* The language of respect for the executive power was still conceived in the most approved and established forms; but they could scarcely disguise the satisfaction with which they saw the ministers revealing their own feebleness and *nothingness*. "If you were strong enough to make yourselves respected, you would likewise be strong enough to make us tremble." This was the sentiment which pervaded at least the whole of the *Côté Gauche*; and it made the hands which held the reins of government powerless as the grasp of infancy. Of truth, there is nothing new under the sun, or ever will be! It has sometimes been said that individuals seldom grow wiser by experience. It is greatly to be feared that nations seldom grow wiser either by experience, or by example. But, however this may be, we apprehend that the above representation must, at the present day, stir up some fearful *searchings of heart* in the bosoms of men who have not utterly lost all aspirations after wisdom. They, who now can contemplate such pictures without emotion, must surely be duller

"than the fat weed
That rots itself, at ease, on Lethe's wharf."

About this period Burke's celebrated work on the French Revolution came out. Its effect in England was prodigious. Germany was more sluggish. It had suffered more severely under feudal oppressions; and therefore still fixed its admiring regards on the labours of the French Assembly, as the beau-ideal of legislation. Nevertheless, Dumont allows it to be possible, that the illustrious author of this work, by awakening governments and proprietors to the danger of the *New Political Religion*, may have been the Saviour of Europe. In France, of course, it was, at the time, very much like *the sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal*; for the faculties of the whole nation were then absorbed by the Assembly's famous declaration of the *Rights of Man*.

The idea of such a declaration was purely American. The time devoted to the preparation of it is remembered by Dumont as a period of *mortal ennui*. Empty verbal disputes—metaphysical jargon—insolent swaggering—the Assembly transformed into a sort of political Sorbonne—the apprentices in legislation trying their hand on all manner of wretched puerilities. After casting aside a number of models, a committee of five was appointed;—Mirabeau was one; and with his usual generosity he first took the whole labour upon himself, and then—distributed it among his friends. So to work they went,—Dumont, Duroverai, Claviere—digesting, disputing, adding one word, and blotting out four, and producing, at last, their beautiful piece of veneration, their precious mosaic, of the Rights of Man, which never had any existence.

Dumont, as he went on, became every hour sorely alive to the ridiculous nature of the task. Every step he took presented him with a more comprehensive and distinct apocalypse of this Limbo of Nonsense. It is quite amusing to see the caustic, and almost testy, humour, with which he, here *shows up* its absurdities. Only think—says he—of rights existing previous to laws or constitutions! And then—the gibberish of, "men are born free and equal!" Free!—they are not born free: they are born in a state of abject feebleness and dependence. Equal!—when were they equal?—where?—how?—How can they ever be equal? The whole world is a congeries of inequalities. The whole scheme of the rights of man is a manifest and monstrous lie. It would require volumes to give any reasonable or intelligible import to this equality which is here to be declared broadly, and without qualification or exception. Dumont succeeded in impressing the other four sages with his own misgivings. Mirabeau had even the courage to produce this heresy in the assembly when he presented the *projet*. "I plainly tell you"—he said—"that any declaration of rights anterior to a constitution will always be as worthless as the last year's almanack. But having thus shot his bolt, he did no more. He had launched his happy phrase and was content. He had not the faculty of diving into a subject. No one so quick in seizing its striking points. But he developed nothing. He was totally deficient in one great de

partment of his vocation, the art, or at least the practice, of refutation. He was a great orator, but no debater. However, he had said quite enough to excite astonishment and rage. "Who is this?"—it was asked—"who dares to abuse his ascendant, by cramming down our throats the *pour* and the *contre* at his pleasure? Are we to be the sport of his eternal contradictions?" He might have blown the murmurers to atoms, if he had chosen; but there was no keeping him steady to his gun.—And so, the work of transcendental philosophy went on. The modern rivals of Prometheus continued their natural mysteries; and the shapeless, but terrific monster, the Rights of Man, started into life, to make night and day hideous, and to fill the world with prodigies of massacre and pillage.

But if much time was lost in this portentous preparation, ample redemption was made in the nocturnal session of the 4th of August. Never, since the structure of Pandemonium, was so much work done in so short time. One would imagine, indeed, that a race of "drugging goblins" had been employed upon the task; for no mortal power seemed equal to it. What would have taken ordinary men a whole year to meditate and arrange, was proposed, argued, voted, and resolved by acclamation. It is difficult to say how many decrees were made in that one stupendous night: the abolition of feudal rights—the abolition of tithes—the abolition of provincial privileges,—three things which alone involved a whole system of jurisprudence and policy,—together with ten or a dozen other enormous matters—all were despatched in less time than is devoted to the first reading of a single bill of any importance, by the slow-paced, thick-winded legislators of England. Nay—roads, railways, bridges, and gas-lights, have been treated with infinitely more ceremony in the British Parliament as hitherto constituted than the rights, usages, and institutions of a thousand years were treated by this new-born giant of the revolution. Dumont was witness of these incredible operations. It seemed to him as if some inscrutable infatuation had seized upon the Assembly. They were smitten with a sudden passion for ruining themselves and all the rest of the world. Every one had some new sacrifice to offer—some fresh oblation to take place upon the altar of their country—some costly spoil wherewithal to decorate their temple of liberty. All invidious privileges—all burdens onerous to the people—were early renounced. The men were drunk with the new wine of patrotic fanaticism. The austere Genius of legislation assumed the frantic demeanor of a bacchanal. All were dizzy with the swiftness of the general movement: and some actually wept for joy at the glorious spectacle of concession outstripping the pace of demand. It is true that this fever of magnanimity was not quite universal. There were some who would vastly have preferred not to be ruined! But finding that they were ruined by the generosity of their col-

leagues, they were resolved to suffer in good company; and, therefore, they swelled the glories of the night by other noble sacrifices, which could cost them nothing.—And what was the object of all this superb immolation? In what was this paroxysm of insane prodigality to end?—"In reducing to a political unity a monarchy which was formed, successively, of an aggregate of many states, of which each had preserved certain ancient rights, certain peculiar privileges, thus exhibiting a constitution of anomalies;—and all this was to be dashed in pieces, at a blow, in order that it might be moulded anew into a fabric of rectilinear symmetry and uniformity!"

The morning which followed this revolutionary debauch, brought with it sobriety, and qualmishness, and heart-sickness, and miserable languor. Mirabeau and Sieyès, indeed, were not present at the scene of intemperance. But they were filled with utter disgust at the result. "*Voilà bien nos Français*"—said Mirabeau—"they take a month to dispute about syllables, and only a single night to overthrow the ancient order of the monarchy." The Reverend Grand Vicar was more especially indignant at the abolition of tithes, and was resolved to tell the Assembly his mind. At the next session he accordingly made them a speech full of force, and admirable reasoning, in order to show that to abolish tithes without an indemnity, would be to pillage the clergy of their property, only to enrich the proprietors of the land: and he finished with the memorable words—"They desire to be free, but they know not how to be just." But it was all to no purpose. Neither argument nor antithesis would do. They saw in the speaker only a priest who was unable to strip himself of his personal interest, and they almost refused him a hearing. Yes—the very Sieyès to whom, a month or two before, the whole assembly rose, as one man, when he entered the hall—that very Sieyès now had a narrow escape from being positively hissed and hooted down! Dumont saw him the next day. He was boiling with wrath at the iniquity and brutish stupidity of the Assembly. He never forgave it: and one day, was pouring out his "splendid bile" in conversation with Mirabeau; the orator replied—"my dear Abbé, *You have unchained the bull, and now you gravely complain that he makes use of his horn.*"—They were both, however, agreed on one thing; namely, that a single assembly must be without check and regulator; and that the session of the 4th of August demonstrated to what extremities of madness such an assembly might be whirled, by the eloquence of fear, and the contagious enthusiasm of the moment.

And, after all, did the decrees of the 4th of August put an end to outrage and brigandage? On the contrary, they did literally nothing but show the people their strength, and convince them that their worst excesses against the noblesse would certainly remain unpunished, and perhaps might be rewarded. Always be it remembered, says Dumont, "that what is done through fear,

never answers its purpose. *They, whom you think to disarm by your concessions, only redouble their confidence and audacity.*"

The first great constitutional question which he debated in the assembly was that of the Absolute Veto. We say *debated*, because we presume that none can be misled by the phrase. Every one knows pretty well that a *debate* in France is, in general, the most wearisome of all sublunary things; and this, precisely in proportion to the difficulty and importance of the subject. It is, in fact, the reading of a succession of pamphlets, totally unconnected with each other; of discourses prepared in the study, which refute objections that have *not* been made, and which leave unrefuted objections which *have* been made. The effect of this system is, that the discussion always remains stationary. There is abundance of movement, but none of it progressive. There is no *getting on*. Nothing—as Dumont observes—but a *passionate* interest in the subject, could hold out against the murderous *ennui* of such a method of *debating*. But to come to Mirabeau. It so happened in the *debate* on the Veto, he got himself into a scrape, inexpressibly ridiculous. In an evil hour, he ventured to go without the aid of his tried and faithful friends and advisers. He had fallen into the hands of the Marquis de Caesaux—a man whose brain seemed to be made of wool—a most tedious, mystical, and unintelligible personage—but, who contrived, nevertheless, to fascinate, and, what was worse, to indoctrinate Mirabeau. He said not a syllable to Dumont and the others, of his new Apocalyptic Mentor; but only told them that he had thoroughly prepared himself. His appearance in the Tribune was like life from the dead to his auditory, who were nearly destroyed by a long succession of most execrable speeches. But who shall describe his condition, when he began to give utterance to the composition before him? He had scarcely, be it observed, cast a glance over the material which his *familiar* had provided for him—so that, to his utter dismay, he suddenly found himself in a labyrinth of involved reasoning, long periods, embarrassed constructions, all rendered more perplexing by a collection of the oddest words imaginable; and, this, too, without the power of extricating himself; for in the plenitude of his reliance upon his provider, he had omitted to prepare himself by meditation or research. Dumont was present, and detected the hand of the Marquis, before Mirabeau had uttered three sentences. Of the rest of the audience, the more intelligent contrived to find out that he was *for* the Veto; which alone was sufficient to raise loud murmurs against him. All could feel that he was doling out the most intolerable fustian, and this made the tumult nearly uncontrollable. In vain did he endeavour to burst from his trammels, and be himself. In vain did he sally out into all sorts of digressions, and *let off* a multitude of brilliant and crackling common-places against despotism. He was compelled to come

down again into the wilderness of his manuscript; and this was always a signal for the renewal of the uproar. In spite of his courage and self-possession, which, on such occasions, never wholly deserted him, he was scarcely able to finish his discourse; and when he came down, he confessed that, as he advanced with this reading in the tribune, he felt himself covered all over with a cold sweat, and that he should certainly have thrown his manuscript away, but that he had unfortunately left himself so "heavenously unprovided" with other matter, that he could not venture to do without it! But neither good nor evil ever come unmixed. He lost the good will of those who could understand him, by supporting the Absolute Veto: and, by them his obscurity was supposed to be designed, with a view to secure himself a safe retreat into the opposite opinion, should he find it expedient to change: but, fortunately, he was quite unintelligible in the galleries; and so, they very indulgently took it for granted that he must be one of the most inflexible antagonists of the obnoxious prerogative.—And this was the way in which great constitutional questions were disposed of in this august assembly!—As for the *veto*,—the people were in a state of frantic terror about it. They knew as much of what it meant, as the Irish peasantry ever knew of what is meant by *emancipation*. Their ignorance invested it with unspeakable horrors. They seemed to think it was a monster ready to devour every thing. They once surrounded Mirabeau's carriage, with loud supplications that he would deliver them from the *veto*: and such was their impotency that he was compelled to dismiss them with "a somewhat patrician politeness." However, he finally, left the *veto* to its own fate. He voted neither for nor against it. He, once more, kept out of the way; and thus, a second time, escaped appearing on the list of traitors: and he affected to mask this cowardice under the disguise of contempt for the assembly!

It has been a matter of dispute whether, or not, Mirabeau was implicated in the atrocious events of the 5th and 6th of October; and Dumont is unable to clear up the doubt. All he can say is, that, if Mirabeau had any connexion with the Duke of Orleans (to whom this insurrection has been imputed)—he never entrusted Dumont with the secret. He certainly was, at this time, a good deal with two very suspicious characters, both of whom were supposed to be agents of the Duke. The one was Camille Desmoulins the procureur General de la Lanterne—who afterwards affirmed that Dumont was an emissary of Pitt, and placed about Mirabeau to lead him astray. The other was La Clos, of whom Mirabeau himself said that in point of morals no blame ought to be imputed to the man, for that he really had lost all *taste* for morality, and was no longer sensible of the difference between good and evil! Another suspicious circumstance was, that Mirabeau had cooked up a volume against Royalty, out of the writings of Milton, in whose works, it

is true, might easily be found some of the very best ingredients for a drastic compound of Republicanism. This work accidentally fell into the hands of Dumont, who burned the whole impression, and thus, perhaps, saved his friend either from destruction or from public infamy. What was the Count's object in this compilation, Dumont is unable to conjecture, with any approach to certainty. He conceives it possible, however, that he might choose to have such a battery, in readiness to open on any great and critical occasion—such, for instance, as the flight of the King: in which case he might discharge his grape-shot at the rear of fugitive royalty—propose the Duke of Orleans for Lieutenant General of the kingdom—and become his prime minister. But all this is merely surmise: and Dumont intimates that Lafayette is one of the very few persons now living who are completely in possession of the secret of these occurrences. Indeed the whole conduct of the orator at this time is sufficiently inexplicable: or explicable only on the supposition that he was on the watch for some occasion that might minister to the honour and glory of Count Mirabeau: in a word, that he resembled the sea-gull that rides undisturbed on the boiling ocean,

"And trims his feathers, and looks round for sprats!"

Most assuredly, there was no principle of high-minded and disinterested generosity at the bottom of his proceedings: for, in the stormy session of the assembly which followed the *fete* given to the military at Versailles, Mirabeau threw himself into the midst of the tumult, and thundered out, that he was prepared to denounce by name the principal actors in those sacrilegious orgies, provided that a decree should first be passed, that the person of the King alone was sacred and inviolable. This single sentence appeared to point directly at the Queen. It made the *côté droite* tremble: nay, the very democrats themselves turned pale at it, fearing that it might hurry them into violent and perilous extremities.

On one great occasion, indeed, he gave his full support to the ministry, and this very occasion it was that elevated him to the summit of his renown, and established him as the greatest orator, or rather as the only orator, in France. Necker was at this time almost at his wits' end. To use the language of M. Dumont, he had to keep a vast and complicated machine in motion, with a mere thread of water, which was, every moment, on the point of drying up. He was, therefore, compelled to resort to a loan, as the only expedient to save the wheels of government from stoppage: and Mirabeau engaged to be the advocate of this project. The political butchers were for modifying the plan, in order to save the honour of the Assembly, whose dignity, they said, would be compromised by the unqualified adoption of any ministerial measure. No one knew better than Mirabeau that this august body was always sure to spoil and mangle every thing on which it

laid its hand. He, therefore, put forth all his powers, to persuade the Assembly to receive the project, just as it was, without one title of alteration. Nothing could be more splendid and magnificent than his success. He told them to their face, that the failure of the former loan was solely their work: that they had so mutilated and disfigured the plan as to render its success impossible. He described to them the national revenue as on the very point of exhaustion, and the public credit as tottering to its ruin. He then painted to them the endless calamities which must rush in through the breach of the public faith, and showed them the gulf of bankruptcy yawning before their feet. The picture he presented to them was executed with amazing power and sublimity. It was, indeed, as Dumont observes, what might be called one of the common places of eloquence: but it was a common place, which, in his hands, expanded itself into all the grandeur of the most original conception, as it might have done in those of Cicero or Bossuet. The audience fancied they saw the frightful abyss before them; and heard the groans of the victims it was devouring.

"The triumph," says Dumont, "was as complete as it was possible for it to be. Not a syllable—not a breath—was heard in reply. The Assembly was subjugated by that irresistible power which seizes on a multitude as if it were one man; and the ministerial project was received, untouched and unchanged, with the most entire confidence. From that moment Mirabeau stood alone; he had no rival; others were good speakers, he only was eloquent; and the effect was the more overpowering, because this speech was a sudden reply: it could not possibly have been prepared, it was the produce of the moment, and it proved that he was in possession of resources incomparably superior to any thing which had ever been supplied to him by his confidential auxiliaries.

A specimen of this celebrated burst of oratory is given us in a note. We will endeavour to convey some faint notion of it to the English reader.

"Our respect for the public faith, our horror for that word of infamy, a bankrupt nation—is already guaranteed by solemn pledges and declarations. If it were not so, I then would drag to light, without shrinking, those secret motives, (motives alas! concealed, perhaps, even from ourselves,) which now are tempting us madly to recoil from a great act of self-devotion—an act, which, however, must be wholly worthless, unless it be executed without hesitation or reserve. There may be men among us, who are seduced by the fear of sacrifices, and the terror of imposts, into familiarity with the notion of a breach of the public engagements. To such men I would say,—what, then, is national bankruptcy itself? Is it not, of all imposts the most inhuman, the most iniquitous, the most disastrous?

Listen, my friends, I implore you, to one word—one single word. Two ages of robbery and pillage have dug out the gulf, in which the realm of France is now on the point of be-

ing swallowed. It is ours to fill up this frightful abyss. Well then—look upon this list of the proprietors of France. Fix upon the most opulent of their number, and thus, mercifully reduce the multitude of sacrifices. Only make your choice: for surely, it needs must be, that some should suffer rather than the people should perish. Behold—here are two thousand of our Notables: the possessions of these men are, alone, sufficient to fill the chasm which is yawning before your feet. Why, then, a moment's hesitation? Seize, this instant, on your victims; smite them down without mercy, and plunge them into the abyss. It is done—and the gulf is about to close its jaws again. What! do ye start back with horror? Irresolute and faint-hearted men! do ye recoil and shudder at this needful and righteous immolation?"

This, it must be confessed, is a strain of awful and tremendous irony. Whether it would exactly do for the British parliament may, perhaps, be questioned. But we can imagine nothing better adapted to agitate and to command a Parisian Assembly.

It happened that Molé, the first actor of the théâtre François, was present at the delivery of this speech. He was deeply struck with the astounding force of Mirabeau—with the sublimity of his voice—with his power of dramatic painting: and it occurred to him that the man who could make that speech, was even worthy to be the greatest of actors? He accordingly said to Mirabeau, in a pathetic accent, "Oh, Monsieur le Comte, what an incomparable discourse; and how admirable the tone in which it was pronounced. O heaven! how false have you been to your true vocation!" The man himself could not help smiling at the turn of this encomium. But Mirabeau was not only satisfied with it—he was highly flattered. And what more intoxicating compliment could be paid by an idolater of his profession?

A few days after this, it was resolved that there should be an address from the Assembly to the French people, in order to forward the measures of the ministry; and the mighty orator was employed to draw it up. As usual, he turned the matter over—not to the Marquis of Cascaux—but to the faithful and indefatigable Dumont, who completed it in the three days. It was extremely well received; but its effect, he says, was very similar to that of a sermon,—it was applauded, and forgotten.

The next measure in which the Count ranged himself on the side of the crown, was the proposal for proclaiming *Martial Law*. The popular license was then becoming intolerable. A handful of mutineers was sufficient to make the governor of a citadel tremble. *Every act of personal defence was a capital crime; and the clamours of the populace were much more formidable than the battery of an enemy.* Mirabeau had long said that this dictatorship of the rabble ought to be sternly put down; and Dumont thinks that he was the very first to propose martial law.

The suggestion, of course, was vehemently opposed. But it is a very remarkable, and almost an unaccountable thing, that his resistance to plebeian insolence on this occasion did not lose him a single shade of his popularity. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more signal proof of the ascendancy, which his great powers had established for him over the public mind. It is a curious circumstance, that two of our own countrymen were applied to for their advice in the preparation of this measure. During the discussions, the English model was often appealed to, and always with the most egregious misconception of it. There were, however, then two English advocates at Versailles, with whom Dumont was acquainted, and he was solicited to obtain from them a written exposition of martial law in England. These gentlemen very wisely declined the office; and the fact is mentioned by Dumont to illustrate the contrast between the national reserve and caution of the English character, and that eternal impatience to come forward and to meddle, which is so universally characteristic of the French. This is a subject on which he has expressed himself more largely in another place (c. viii.), where he sums up his judgement by affirming his belief, that if he were to stop any hundred persons at random in the streets of London, and as many in the streets of Paris, and were to propose to them to take upon themselves the government of the country, ninety-nine out of the Parisian hundred would accept it, and ninety-nine out of the English hundred would refuse it.

It is unquestionable that Mirabeau was now approximating more and more closely to the court. Our limits will not allow us space to mark out the exact trajectory in which he was then moving. It must be sufficient to say that he had a project, on which he sounded Dumont, for the removal of the king from his present virtual captivity, to Metz, or to some other position in which he could exert a perfect free agency, and perhaps overawe the democratic party in France. The scheme however was abandoned, principally in consequence of the sluggishness and irresolution of the King, who always sunk into apathy the moment the assaults of the Assembly were intermitted. The Count was likewise disposed to comparatively moderate views with respect to the Clergy, who now seemed to be placed almost beyond the pale of the French nation. He embraced the views of the Bishop of Autun,* that the Clergy ought not to be turned out to utter destitution, but that their property should be sold for the redemption of the debt, and a fixed salary substituted in its place. On this subject Dumont had little communication with him, and therefore had no opportunity of inculcating his own views, which were always formed with reference to England, where, he observes, it is one sacred principle of all reforms that they never should be made at the smallest expense to living persons: for what sort of reformers, he

* Talleyrand.

erehains, are those, who know no other expedient but that of immolating some in order to better the condition of the rest?

The connexion of Mirabeau with the court, was now pretty clearly indicated by the change in his mode of living. He migrated to the Chaussée d'Antin; he furnished his house in a style of fastidious luxury; he exhibited, in short, the suspicious spectacle of a "Tribune of the people emulating the splendour of Lucullus." The truth is, that he was receiving 20,000 francs a month from the Count d'Artois, under the pretence of assistance towards the liquidation of his debts. The debts, nevertheless, were left unpaid,—all, at least, except the most pressing ones,—and Mirabeau became the centre of a brilliant assemblage both of rank and talent. This pension was however soon discontinued: for the Count was a very untractable counsellor, and complained that they wanted to make him useless, by insisting on the sacrifice of his popularity, which was the grand instrument of his success. Still his costly establishment was kept up, and eventually enlarged; so that his connexion with the wealthy and the powerful could not be doubtful. In the month of March following Dumont quitted Paris. His more intimate knowledge of the Count did not augment his esteem for him. He was satisfied, indeed, that Mirabeau was attached to the King, and willing to defend the monarchy against the jacobins. But there was too great a mixture in his motives to be endured by the simple integrity of the Genevan, who was disgusted with his ostentatious mode of life, and by the indelicate and unscrupulous means by which it was supported. Besides, the name of Dumont was beginning to be openly associated with that of Mirabeau, as one of his numerous under-labourers. There was a manifest disposition in many quarters to strip the gorgeous creature of his borrowed plumage; an operation which, of course, brought forward the claims of the original owners: and Dumont did not choose to appear in the character of agent or compiler to a man whose personal character was so immeasurably below his public renown.

Before he quitted Paris, he saw his friend in a situation entirely new, that of President of the Assembly, and never was the chair so admirably filled. It called forth powers which no one ever dreamed of his possessing. He introduced an order and a precision into the proceedings, of which, till then, people had no conception. With a word he cleared the question of every thing unessential; with a word he appeased tumult and confusion. He showed the most judicious respect to the whole body,—he managed the parties in it with incomparable skill,—his answers to the various deputations which appeared at the bar, whether prepared or extemporaneous, were always remarkable for their gracefulness and dignity, and were satisfactory even when they conveyed a refusal:—in a word, his activity, his impartiality, his presence of mind were such, as wonderfully to exalt his reputation in a post

which had been a fatal quicksand to most of his predecessors. He had the singular address to make himself appear the first man in the Assembly, although he could no longer ascend the tribune, and might therefore be thought to have lost his most brilliant prerogative. His enemies joined in the choice, in hopes of his extinction; instead of which, he blazed out with more splendour than ever.

But the career of this extraordinary being was now drawing to a close. His health was sinking under the joint operation of various causes—a life of incessant hurry and agitation, which left him no interval of repose from seven in the morning till 10 or 11 at night—the fierce and burning corrosion of violent passions—the more chronic fever of an impatient and irritable spirit;—and, lastly, the artificial heat supplied by frequent imprudencies of a luxurious table. He said, that if he were a believer in slow poisons, he should fancy that some pernicious drug had been given him. At last, the inflammation of his system produced ophthalmia; and when he was President of the Assembly he was compelled to apply leeches to his neck in the interval between the morning and the evening sittings. When Dumont took leave of him, his emotion was greater than he had ever seen him betray. He said, that probably they should never meet again; and then, he added, in a prophetic tone, (which savoured, nevertheless, of his usual egotism)—

"When I am gone my value will be perceived. The evils which I have laboured to arrest, will then rush over the whole of France. That faction which trembled before me, will then be left without control. I have nothing before my eyes but visions of evil. Ah, my friend, how truly did we judge when we wished to hinder the commons from declaring themselves the National Assembly? Here is the origin of all the mischief. Ever since they succeeded in this, they have shown themselves unworthy of their victory. *They have chosen to govern the King, instead of governing by the King. But very soon it will be neither he nor they that will govern. A vile faction will tyrannize over all, and cover the whole kingdom with horrors.*"

At the time when these terrible presentiments were uttered, Dumont believed that they were chiefly prompted by his hatred for certain individuals whose influence was then almost predominant. The honest man of Geneva could not imagine that the leaders of the jacobinical gang had wickedness enough to accomplish such dire vaticinations. But France and Europe soon felt that the dying man was indeed a prophet. In three months after delivering this dismal burden, Mirabeau was no more.

In the remainder of this work will be found many interesting traits of the character and private life of this individual. They are such as tempt us, most powerfully, to an extension of this article. We have done our best to resist the seduction; but we are not wholly proof against it,

and are unable to forbear soliciting the patient attention of our readers to some farther particulars. There never was, perhaps, a more curious compound of greatness and littleness than was exhibited in the life of this strange mortal. He was gifted with powers to control the destinies of an empire, and yet he was capable of things which would disgrace a swindler or a fortune hunter. He was master of expedients which might have excited the mortal envy of Ferdinand Count Fathom. For instance: he addressed a young lady with a view to matrimony. The parents of the damsel discouraged his attentions, and a rival appeared, dangerous enough to stimulate his vanity and to awaken his ingenuity. In this emergency, nothing could be more masterly than the result of his deliberations. One evening, a carriage was seen to convey the Count to a spot near to the door of the lady, and there it remained for several hours. This phenomenon, of course, raised the curiosity of the neighbourhood; and the spies of the rival reported that the Count Mirabeau had been seen to enter the house of his mistress, and that he had remained there all night. The success of this contrivance was quite as complete as any of the subsequent political triumphs of the orator. The lady, from that moment, was out of the market; the rival incontinently sounded a retreat; and the parents were but too happy to hush the matter up by a speedy marriage! But the fates are sometimes grievously blind to the most transcendent merit! In this instance they were not propitiated even by the powers displayed by Mirabeau. The match turned out miserably unpropitious. It was soon broken by mutual infidelities; and a final separation was the consequence.

His disposition to fatten upon literary pillage, displayed itself even at this period of his life. He would begin an address to the idol of his heart with the following words—"Listen, my beloved friend; I am about to pour my own soul into yours." And this *transfusion* of his soul turned out to be nothing more than the transcription of an article from the *Mercure de France*, or from the last new romance. Again—before his public life commenced he had many an hour of weary solitude, in which "his imagination devoured itself." And what did he do to allay these unnatural cravings, but compose an amatory work (*un ouvrage erotique*) which was neither more or less than a compound of all that was impure, in all the authors of antiquity!

It was astonishing (says Dumont) to see a man like Mirabeau emerge from all this mire of obscenity. Astonishing, in truth, it was: so astonishing, that there is only one thing more wonderful; and that is, that having emerged into a region where his energies might have been the salvation of a kingdom, he should think, without loathing, upon scenes of his original degradation; and still more, that he should endure to act them over again. But human nature is, in the beginning, the middle, and the end of it, an

enigma. We have only to think of poor old Sheridan—and there, alas! is an end of all speculation on the matter. If the heart is corrupt and unclean, what are the most commanding powers of intellect or imagination but the whitening of the sepulchre? It must be allowed, however, that Mirabeau was deeply sensible that his loss of character was to him a tremendous and irreparable damage. Dumont has seen him weep burning tears of regret for it. "Most cruelly," he exclaimed, "do I expiate the errors of my youth." But these tears did not flow from the pure source of awakened moral sensibility, but from the bitter fountain of disappointed ambition. He felt conscious that if his reputation for virtue had been equal to his renown for talent, all France might have been at his feet. The wonder is, that when he became known, he made no magnanimous efforts for his own redemption. What can be said of a man who, while he was wielding "the fierce democratic" of France, could condescend to intrigue with the scolding and cheating wife of an obscure bookseller?

But let us turn away from his moral character to his merely mental faculties. With all his powers, we can scarcely conceive it probable that, such as he actually was, he could even have made much deep or permanent impression in the British Parliament. Occasional bursts of powerful rhetoric do not answer there. They do nothing for a man but fix the eyes of the public upon him in expectation of greater and more useful things: and if he disappoints that expectation, there is an end of him. Now Mirabeau would, infallibly, have disappointed this expectation. It has been stated above that he was no debater. He was only a great political electrician. This did very well in France, where people are fond of electrical shocks. But Englishmen have no notion of being galvanised, and made to kick and sprawl to no purpose. They have no objection to occasional excitement, but they do not, like Frenchmen, live upon excitement. That Mirabeau had mental talents, which might have qualified him for a debater, may be very possible; but it is extremely questionable whether his temperament would ever have endured the necessary training. He had great activity, but very little industry. He could, whenever he chose it, get up the information necessary for a great occasion with surprising quickness; but he had nothing like sustained and habitual diligence. He never knew what it was to be constantly accumulating a capital of valuable intelligence and accomplishment. He was never in a condition to endure a run upon his mind; and without this substantial fund, a man is at any moment liable to stop payment, or at least to be reduced to the humiliating necessity of a reliance upon the help and credit of his neighbours. Mirabeau was perpetually on the brink of this sort of insolvency; and, occasionally, he fell into it. In his own country this did not ruin him; but it would very soon have done for him here. With us, it rarely happens that the fate of a great measure turns upon a fine speech.

The gift of utterance is only one of many faculties by which the public man has to win his way to the confidence of his hearers. If Mirabeau had been, in England, only the same sort of person that he was in France, we should never have heard of him as the *unique* and only orator, the solitary example of supreme eloquence in his generation. His admirer, Dumont, confesses that he was decidedly inferior to the *athletes* of the Parliament of England. Nay, Mirabeau himself was aware of his own defect, for he said on one occasion, when he had failed to make an impression, "I perceive that, in order to speak extemporaneously on a subject with any effect, it is necessary to begin by knowing it." Obvious as this may appear to us, it is, we believe, a discovery yet to be made with our volatile neighbours.

But though so thoroughly French himself, he had, nevertheless, a mighty contempt for some of the peculiarities of Frenchmen. He utterly disdained that "false heat" which he described as "the thunder and tempest of the opera." He never lost the senatorial gravity and composure. Even his dignity, however, had something about it which we should deem almost laughable;—the air of pretension—the attitude of pompous grandeur—the head thrown back—the chest dilated—the shoulders squared!—All this on the floor of St. Stephens would only make people stare; and, perhaps, inquire who was the honourable member's dancing master? On the other hand, he had some redeeming qualities which might have partly overpowered the bad effect of his ostentatious bearing. His self-possession was marvellous. We have already seen that it was sufficient to bear him up in the midst of the bewilderment in which he was entangled by the absurdities of the Marquis of Caseaux. It sometimes displayed itself in a manner still more extraordinary. In the very midst of his most animated harangues, he could receive and peruse a succession of seraps in pencil, handed to him by his friends; and whenever they were worth using, he could introduce their contents with surprising effect into his speech; so that Garat used to compare him to a mountebank, who could tear a piece of paper into twenty pieces, swallow the fragments, and then reproduce them whole.

Mirabeau died insolvent. He had been the pensionary of Monsieur and the King, and may possibly have received the wages of other employers. But the accounts of his venality were probably much exaggerated. "I know not how it is," he would say, "that I am such a beggar, having all the Kings, and all their treasures, at my command." It does not appear that his mercenary habits brought with them any sense of degradation. "Pride," as Dumont observes, "was, to him, in the place of integrity." The price paid for him only elated his self-importance. "A man like me," said he, "may accept a hundred thousand crowns; but a hundred thousand crowns cannot purchase a man like me." He affected to consider the money he received purely as an instrument, without which he could not do

his work; and it must be admitted that he never appears to have entertained the thought of raising a fortune out of his pay. The splendour and luxury of his style were, doubtless, very much to his taste; but it is also true that, in a certain measure, they were necessary for the establishment and extension of his influence. He considered himself, in short, not as the pensionary, but merely as the banker and agent of the King.

It is the opinion of Dumont that, if he had lived, he would have curbed, and even have crushed the Jacobins, and given to France a constitution fit for rational beings. To us this appears extremely doubtful. He might have accomplished this, if steadiness, high principle, and self-devotion; could, by miracle, have been infused into his nature. There would then have been "a combination and a form indeed—to give the world assurance of a statesman." But alas this must, surely, have been as impossible as to erase the ravages of the small pox from his countenance. His death, however, was, beyond all doubt, a deplorable loss to France. It was the extinction of all hope or chance of salvation. It was the signal which let slip the hell-hounds of massacre and confusion. His decease was as the breath of life to the Jacobinical faction. Robespierre, Petion, and a multitude of other obscene birds, who hid themselves from the lightnings of his eye, then took wing; and the whole land was covered with their hideous ravin.

His greatest quality, in the judgment of Dumont was political sagacity. In this he appears to have left all immeasurably behind him. In 1782 he spoke of the assembling of the States General as a thing that must infallibly come to pass, and foretold that he himself should be a deputy, although, at that time, he was but a needy adventurer in literature. No one penetrated, as he did, into all the consequences of the *Séance Royale*, or saw through all the motions and designs of the popular party. On the breach between them and the Crown, he exclaimed, "You will now have nothing but massacre and butchery—you will not even have the execrable honour of a civil war." And when his death was approaching, he said to Talleyrand, "I carry with me the last shreds of the monarchy."

He was so incessantly tossed about by the waves of political life—and brought into perpetual contact with such a multitude of various characters and interests—that, in a comparatively short time, his experience became immense; and the effect was, that language failed him, in his attempt, to describe the many-coloured results of his observation. He was obliged to coin a phraseology for himself, to exhibit the shades and gradations of talent and quality, vice and virtue, which were constantly present to his mental perception. Nothing like *pretension* could escape the search of his penetrating discernment: but he had also an eye for every thing that was truly great and good. "There was in him"—to use the exact words of Dumont—"an enthusiasm for what was fair and noble, which his personal

vices never could degrade. The mirror might be soiled and tarnished for a time, but it always resumed its lustre. If his actions and his words were at variance with each other, it was not from falsehood or hypocrisy, but from mere inconsistency (*inconséquence*). His reason enabled him to soar; his passions made his flight devious and unsteady." He was, in a word, a Colossus, made up of gold, and clay, and materials of every sort. "There was in him much good, much evil, much of every thing. It was impossible to know him, without being forcibly taken with him. He was a man whose energy qualified him to fill a vast sphere." It was greatly to be lamented that the elements with which "he filled his sphere" were of such a miscellaneous and conflicting nature; or that he was removed before he had an opportunity of establishing the final predominance of the salutary principals.

One chapter of this most interesting volume is devoted to anecdotes, bon mots, and traits of private character. We could transcribe them with delight; but this must not be. One of his sayings, however, we cannot forbear to record. He was of opinion that the world had, hitherto, been governed by illusions, but that these were now passed away. "Mankind"—he said—"had long been looking through a magic lantern; but now the glass is broken." The justness of this image: we cannot stop to examine: but one would imagine that, whether right or wrong, these words of Mirabeau had become the oracle of our own time and country. We seem to be heartily tired of *our* toy! and Heaven only knows how long it may be, before its glittering fragments are at our feet. We are "putting away childish things." It remains to be seen whether the pursuits and achievements of our manhood are a whit more rational, or more useful, than those of our infancy.

Like Lord Byron, Mirabeau, with all his faults, had the power of strongly attaching all who were in his service. He had a valet by the name of Teutch, whose office, of course, it was, to assist at the decoration of his person. With Mirabeau, the mysteries of the toilet were often exceedingly solemn and protracted; and he occasionally relieved their tediousness by bestowing kicks and cuffs on his faithful lacquey. These little attentions, at last, became quite a necessary of life to Teutch; but it once happened that, for some considerable time, they were intermitted, in consequence of his master's absorption in public cares; and poor Teutch was in despair. Mirabeau observed his dejection, and inquired the cause. "Of late *Monsieur* has entirely neglected me," was the reply: and *Monsieur* was, positively, obliged to knock the man down, in order to satisfy him that he still retained his place in his master's confidence and good will. This renewal of kindness reconciled Teutch to life; and he lay sprawling on the floor in transports of delight and convulsions of laughter. The real despair of this poor fellow, when his master died, is not to be described!

The agonies endured by Mirabeau, in his last illness, were dreadful. The fatal malady was an inflammation in the bowels. To the last, he appears to have preserved a sense of his own high importance. His *exit* was that of a great actor on the national theatre. Talleyrand said that he *dramatised his death*. It is further most remarkable that one ruling peculiarity was strong in him to his last hour. After a paroxysm of torment, he called for his papers, and selected from them one which contained a discourse on *Testaments*. This he put into the hands of Talleyrand, and said—"There—these are the last thoughts which the world will have of mine. I make you the depositary of them. You will read them when I am no more. This is my legacy to the Assembly." Will it be believed?—these last words and thoughts of *Mirabeau*, were—to Dumont's certain knowledge—no other than a treatise composed wholly by Mr. *Reybaz*, drawn up with the greatest care, but in a style and manner to which that of Mirabeau had not the slightest resemblance. The pangs of dissolution could not extinguish the itch of literary approbation, in one, whose affluence of personal renown exceeded the collective wealth of all the men whom he had ever laid under contribution!

To revert, for one moment only, to his political views and designs. It is stated confidently; by Dumont, that his connexion with the court, in the last six months of his life, had no other object than his advancement of the administration. His success in this point was necessary to enable him to reverse the most pernicious decrees of the Assembly. Some have attributed to him, at this period, the project of a counter-revolution; but Mr. Dumont professes his ignorance of any such design, though his hatred and contempt for the Assembly, indeed, render it probable enough.

"I am persuaded"—he adds—"that he wished to establish the royal authority; but, I am also persuaded, that he was anxious for a constitution similar to that of England; and that he never would have entered into any plan, which had not a national representation for its basis, *A nobility, however, was, in his estimation, indispensable, because he regarded it as essential to the monarchy*: and he, assuredly, would have revoked the decree by which it had been abolished. His personal ambition was, to efface, by his administration, the glory of all former ministers. He felt himself strong enough to attract to himself men of the most distinguished capacity. It was his desire, as he said, to surround himself with a *glory of talents*—(*une auréole de talents*)—the brightness of which should dazzle all Europe."

We cannot take leave of this most interesting volume without noticing one opinion entertained by Dumont, which, though it may not be altogether peculiar to himself, he has stated with greater confidence than, perhaps, any writer on these events;—and that is, that, although some change might have been inevitable, the Revolution might have been averted or arrested by a monarch of a

different character. People have debated—he says—interminably, on the causes of the revolution; whereas, in his apprehension of the matter, there was only *one* efficient and overruling cause, viz. *the character of the King*. Place a king of a character firm and decided in the situation of Louis XVI., and the Revolution would never have taken place. His whole reign did nothing but bring it on. In Dumont's opinion, there was not a period during the whole of the first Assembly in which, if he could but have changed his character, he might not have re-established his authority, and formed a mixed constitution more firm than the parliamentary and aristocratic monarchy of France. He ruined all by his weakness, his indecision, his half-measures, his half-counsels, and his want of foresight. All the subordinate causes did but assist in developing this grand and primary cause. When the prince is feeble, the courtiers become intriguers, the factious insolent, the people audacious, honest men timid; the most faithful servants are discouraged, men of capacity are then repelled, and the best designs have no result. A monarch distinguished by energy and dignity, would have drawn round him all those who were, actually, against him. The Lafayette, the Lameths, the Mirabeaus, the Sieyes', would never have dreamed of the game they played against the King; and, in working on a different plan, would have appeared to be different men. Again—speaking of the dreadful 10th of August, 1793—Dumont adverts to it as one of those emergencies, in which, if Louis could suddenly have been inspired with firmness and vigour, he might have reconquered his throne, and destroyed anarchy. The whole mass of the French people were then weary of the excesses of the Jacobins; and the attempt of the 10th of June had excited general indignation. If the King had acted with vigour—if he had repulsed force by force—if he had seized the first moment of certain victory, to treat the Jacobins and Girondins as enemies, who, having a hundred times violated the constitution, could never have appealed to the constitution in their defence—if he had shut up the clubs of the Jacobins and Cordeliers, dissolved the Assembly, and seized the factious,—that very day would have restored his authority. But this weak prince—continues Dumont—never reflected that the safety of his kingdom depended on his own safety; and he preferred exposing himself to certain death, to giving orders for his own defence!

We state this opinion to the reader simply as we find it. It will, of course, be received with the same qualification which must be applied to all human judgments on probabilities and contingencies. Its value, however, must be considerable, delivered as it is by a man who had such facilities of watching the progress of events, and of ascertaining the state of public feeling and opinion.

At any rate, it is one additional and useful testimony to the soundness of the general maxim, that, on great and critical occasions, *every thing may be gained by energy and courage—while every*

thing may be, and probably will be, lost by feebleness and vacillation. But the worst of it is, that this, like many other inestimable truths, is too often laid up among the treasures of wisdom, to be approved—admired—and neglected!

In presenting to our readers the above selections from the work of Mr. Dumont, we must protest against the supposition that it has been our design to offer them a substitute for the volume itself. We have been able to present to them, in this paper, but a *small portion* indeed of the instruction and entertainment afforded us by Mr. Dumont: and our object has been, not to extinguish, but to stimulate their curiosity, which nothing *ought* to satisfy but the possession of his work. It is of no small importance, in days like these, to be made acquainted with the sentiments of one who has long been known as the devoted and intelligent friend of the human race, the worshipper of rational freedom, and the strenuous champion of *truly* liberal institutions, but, at the same time, as the decided adversary to all destructive empiricism. Let it be remembered that this virtuous and able man was a close spectator of what he here describes: nay—it may truly be said that he was more than a spectator; he was sometimes an actor; he wrought with his own hand, in the midst of the fire. After an interval of many years, he sits down to record the mature result of his experience and his reflections; and, surely, the most *liberal* may receive, without suspicion, the testimony of one who was a decided admirer of the grand principles of the French Revolution, though he scorned its follies and detested its excesses. Without presuming to pledge ourselves for the exact value of every opinion or sentiment he has uttered, we may, at least, venture to pronounce thus much—that none among us can rise from the perusal of this little work, without a more ardent attachment to the institutions which our forefathers have left us; none—that is—except those who are in the very gall of revolutionary bitterness, and the very bond of radical iniquity; none, except those who are fondly bent upon destroying the noble work, or, we might rather say, the sacred *growth* of centuries. The sound of the tempest causes the child to cling more closely to the bosom of its parent; and it is to be hoped that even a picture of its terrors may produce a similar effect on all Englishmen who yet preserve any remnant of a truly filial heart.

We have felt very strongly impelled to extend this article by a selection of passages, from the work before us, which might almost be produced as predictions, or as commentaries, applicable to events which have recently passed, or are actually passing, before our eyes—passages which, if they had been written by Dumont within these two years, might, in some quarters, be bitterly resented, as disguised censures of the hardihood of our experiments on the British Constitution. But we have been withheld by the recollection of our limited space, and by our unwillingness to tax unreasonably the patience of our readers. And, after all, it is perhaps quite as well that we should

forbear. They who will consult the book for themselves will easily perceive that our aid would be quite superfluous. It would be a downright insult upon their sagacity and common sense, to suppose that the assistance of a monitor or an expounder could be needful. The application of many parts of this work to the occurrences of the present day is quite obvious enough to force itself on the attention of all, who read with any higher view than merely to fill up the tedious vacancy of unoccupied hours. We, therefore, are disposed to content ourselves with, once more, urgently soliciting of our readers to enrich their libraries with this volume. Abundant as it is in wisdom and information, its dimensions are extremely moderate. It does not number 350 pages. It consequently has nothing in it to overpower the patience, or alarm the frugality, of those who may desire to possess it. And, if any further recommendation could be wanting, it will be found in the sketches which the work exhibits of various other distinguished actors in the terrible drama of the Revolution, in addition to its finished portrait of Mirabeau.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

LANDERS' VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES ON THE NIGER.*

THESE volumes record perhaps the most important geographical discovery of the present age; effected, too, with very limited means, and by individuals from whom such an achievement could little have been expected. The question as to the termination of the Niger has, for upwards of forty years, excited an interest beyond any other connected with the knowledge of the earth. The inquiry was long prosecuted without the idea that any practical benefit could possibly result from its solution. But to acquire and to complete the knowledge of any of the grand phenomena of nature, is to man an object of natural and enlightened ambition, the attainment of which forms a just ground of national glory. Britain, therefore, acted in conformity to a noble and liberal spirit when she adventured, in successive African expeditions, a portion of her treasure, and the lives of some of her citizens. These sacrifices, as to the main object, were for some time made in vain. Park, when he was directly on the route which would have led to the grand discovery, met his premature and tragic fate. Denham and Clapperton made most important discoveries, and threw light on many almost unknown regions of interior Africa; but they left the grand mystery covered with as thick a veil as ever. They proved, indeed, the errors of the theories previously accredited, but without finding any

thing beyond vague rumours to substitute in their place.

In reviewing the narrative of Clapperton's last expedition,* we have occasion to introduce to the reader Richard Lander, acting in the humble capacity of servant to that enterprising traveller. We have seen him, after fulfilling in an exemplary manner the duties of that situation, and closing his master's eyes, become himself inspired with a similar spirit, and make a considerable progress towards the solution of the grand problem. The interposition, well or ill founded, of the King of Zegzeg, arrested his efforts; but his spirit was still unsubdued; and on his return to England, he tendered his services to Government for a fresh expedition. They were accepted, on terms which certainly afforded ample security against this great enterprise being undertaken from mercenary motives. He was to be furnished with the means of proceeding on his journey; his wife was to receive a moderate aliment during his absence; and, in the event of the mission being satisfactorily performed, he was to be allowed a gratuity of *one hundred pounds*. This was not a splendid donation from a great nation to one who, in pursuit of one of its favourite objects, was to brave all the perils of death and captivity. We are aware that in this instance Government has laudably exceeded its agreement, especially in the case of John Lander, who was permitted, indeed, to accompany his brother, but under the express stipulation of looking for no reward whatever. Yet we are misinformed if, on the whole; the bounty of Britain to those who thus have exalted the glory of her name, has not been distributed on principles of very rigid parsimony.

The narrative of this very important voyage is simple, in some respects defective, yet on the whole extremely interesting. Journals were kept by both brothers; but that of Richard was lost at an advanced period of the expedition, during a conflict with the natives, and is consequently wanting for two-thirds of the route. Happily, this loss, which would have been otherwise irreparable, has been supplied by the journal of John, which is now given to the public, with only one very odd, and indeed ridiculous alteration, being put in Richard's name, and made to appear as his journal. This is said to be in compliance with usage; but really we know not the precedents upon which it is founded; nor can we see either its propriety or advantage, especially after John had been expressly stated as the writer. The journals, in other respects, are published exactly as composed on the spot; a practice not very usual, but which, in this instance, has certainly had a happy effect. We are thus not only made acquainted with the incidents of the journey, but receive a much more lively impression of the successive feelings, emotions, and anticipations of the travellers, than could have been communicated by any narrative referring as to a passed series

* *Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger; with a Narrative of a Voyage down that River to its Termination.* By Richard and John Lander. 3 vols. 12mo. (Family Library.) London: 1832.

* See Museum, Vol. XIV. p. 506.

of events. We not only hear their story, but, as it were, actually accompany them. The style of John, who, as already stated, writes most of the narrative, is singular, but by no means devoid of merit. It displays some poetical imagery, but is too often employed in delineating the general features of nature, rather than those appropriate to Africa. The description of manners and incidents is lively, though apt to run into exaggeration. Altogether the narrative never ceases to be very entertaining.

In consequence of the attractions possessed by these volumes, and of the very accessible form under which, in preference to the costly and ponderous quarto, their enterprising publisher has presented them, there will, perhaps, be very few of our readers to whom the incidents of this remarkable voyage will not be tolerably familiar. To enter, therefore, into a detailed summary of them would unnecessarily swell our pages. We shall rather endeavour to perform, in our travellers' stead, a task which they have forborne to attempt. Out of their varied and scattered notices, communicated as objects and information occurred, we shall study to combine a general view of the condition and aspect, the political and social institutions, of the extensive regions through which they travelled,—to collect, in a word, into one view the grand results of the expedition. We shall also say something as to the openings afforded to commercial enterprise by the new light thus thrown upon the river communications to Africa. Nor will it be uninteresting to connect the newly discovered countries with those formerly known, and to inquire if their existence was at all anticipated by those who formerly observed and delineated the interior regions of this continent. We shall not here derive any aid from the Introduction, written by a friend of the authors', in a modest and perspicuous style, but with a very slender knowledge of the subject; the writer showing himself even ignorant of the course of the Niger before it enters Bambarra.

The travellers, on their way to the river, proceeded through the kingdom of Eyoo or Yarriba, in a route nearly coinciding with that which Clapperton had followed. They made, however, a few deviations, one of which brought them to Bohoo, a city half a century ago the capital of Eyoo, which covers still a greater extent of ground, and is situated in a still finer country, than the present metropolis. Generally, the whole territory appears one of the most fertile and beautiful in Africa, perhaps in the world. It is also well cultivated, and consequently very populous; yet the inhabitants are decidedly less improved in the arts and social life than those of the Fellata countries, or even than some entirely native tribes. Cotton cloth, the usual staple of Central Africa, is fabricated, yet not in so varied or skilful a manner as in Nyffe; nor are the mansions so spacious and ornamented as those seen by the English visitors at the capital of Ashantee. "Irregular and badly built clay walls, ragged-looking thatched roofs, and floors of mud polished

with cow-dung, form the habitations of the chief part of the inhabitants of Yarriba, compared to which a common English barn is a palace." The superior accommodation of the chief consists merely in the greater number of these hovels, and of the court-yards which enclose them, tenanted by the multitude of his servants and wives. There are few horses and cattle, unless among the Fellata settlers; but sheep, goats, pigs, and poultry reared in vast numbers, and being regarded as domestic favourites, occupy the interior of the court-yards, and even of the huts.

A rude state of feeling characterizing a barbarous society, seems indicated by the severe tasks imposed on the female sex; whose heads, instead of wagons and packhorses, form the chief vehicle for conveying merchandise from place to place. The travellers saw with surprise loads requiring the toil of three men to place on the head of the bearers, who yet carried them with ease and cheerfulness very great distances; but the fact is, that this is the direction in which, when the weights are skilfully poised, the human frame can exert its greatest strength. This severe toil was far from impairing the powers of speech in the Yarriban ladies, whose excessive garrulity caused to the travellers sufferings still more exquisite than those of which Clapperton so bitterly complains. Yet their voices were exerted usually in good humour, at least so far as they were concerned; but as they were lodged as fellow-travellers in continuous huts of the same court-yard, their incessant clatter, with the screams of children, and of various domestic animals crowded into the same precincts, occasioned a confusion of sounds so loud and incessant, as rendered it hopeless to expect a moment's repose. Foremost in noise and toil, as already mentioned by Clapperton, are the royal wives of Yarriba: who, as soon as their charms begin to wane, are turned out upon the road, where they must not only support themselves by toil, but, from their scanty and laborious earnings, contribute to the maintenance of their royal partner. Their only privilege is, that on their quality being certified by cloth of a peculiar colour wrapped round their merchandise, they are exempted from the numerous tolls levied on the road. It may here be observed, that the terms toll and turnpike used by our author, convey erroneous impressions. The payments are mere local transit duties, by no means applied to the formation and repair of the roads,—that duty being solely intrusted to the feet of the passenger. The highways of Yarriba are mere rude tracks, often filled with pools or swamps, or trees lying across, or large nests of white ants.

The travellers' instructions had been to proceed by the most direct route to the Niger, and endeavour to descend its stream; treating as altogether secondary the object of reaching Youri, and inquiring after the papers of Park. They seem, however, to have felt a strong inclination for this last undertaking; and on the King of Eyoo's favourite eunuch expressing a doubt if his master would consent to their proposed voyage

down the river, they resolved simply to request from him the means of conveyance to Youri. They thus involved themselves, perhaps unnecessarily, in an additional circuit of 300 miles, which led to a premature exhaustion of their stock of needles, tin-plates, metal buttons, and other commodities, by the presentation of which they were to make their way through Africa. Thus, however, they have been enabled to furnish a material addition to our stock of information.

The route led from Eyeco to Kiama, which, even in the approach, presented a complete change of scene. Instead of smiling plains and cultivated hills, it consisted of a huge track of mountain-forest, crowded with wild animals of every description, and infested with numerous bands of robbers. Kiama belongs to the kingdom, or rather cluster of states, called Borgoo. The former mission had understood the latter to comprise also Boussa and Wawa. This is now stated to be a mistake; and indeed these countries resemble much more the fertile plain of Eyeco. Borgoo, on the contrary, though diversified by beautiful and fertile valleys, is generally mountainous and rugged, tenanted by a people bold and brave, warm both in friendship and enmity, and often addicted to lawless and predatory exploits. The narrative enumerates, as belonging to Borgoo, eight different states, among which Niki takes the lead. Its capital is described as one of the largest cities in Central Africa, and the sovereign as having seventy other towns dependant upon him; which, however, if we may believe the report made to the travellers, pay no other tribute besides one beautiful maiden during the lifetime of each of their chiefs. The other tribes are generally very poor, with the exception of Loogoo, enriched by the trade between Gonjah and the interior. Pundi has shaken off entirely the yoke of Niki; but has used its newly-attained liberty only to devote itself to a system of plunder, which renders it the terror of all the surrounding states.

The countries of Boussa and Wawa, which our travellers choose to call Wowow, (but really we cannot follow them in their new and often strange nomenclature,) are already well known from the description of Clapperton. They seem to be of nearly the same character with Eyeco; almost equally fertile, and somewhat more diligently cultivated. At Boussa, the travellers embarked, and ascended the Niger to Youri. That river, for part of the way, presented a broad and spacious expanse; but to a great extent it was broken by rocks into narrow channels, of difficult navigation, and which could not be passed with safety even by large canoes. It is noticed as a remarkable circumstance, that the Niger, a little above and a little below Boussa, forms a magnificent body of water, several miles in breadth; while close to that city it is a mere stone-throw across, and of no extraordinary depth. Hence an inference is drawn, that the river finds its way down by subterraneous channels; but we are more inclined to think that careful inquiry would discover branches separating and reuniting.

Youri is a very large city; its walls being supposed to enclose a circuit of twenty or thirty miles. This space, however, as usual in Africa, forms quite an enclosed district: in which clusters of huts are separated from each other by pasture grounds and corn fields. The land, both within and without the city, is of exuberant fertility, especially in rice of excellent quality. It appears indeed more fruitful than that of Yarriba, though by no means so agreeable; the soil being alluvial, in many places swampy and liable to inundation. The writers could form no positive conjecture as to the population, but it appeared to them very great; and indeed the general complaints of poverty in so fertile a district indicated a considerable redundancy. The cultivators were chiefly a peaceable, industrious, half servile tribe, called the Cumbrie, who suffer often scandalous oppression from the king's servants; yet the diligence with which their fields are cultivated, shows that, on the whole, they must be pretty secure of enjoying the fruits of their industry. Almost in every field, the travellers, as they sailed along, saw platforms, on which a party, sometimes a whole family, employed various sounds and missiles in scaring away the birds which threatened to devour the copious harvests.

This cluster of Negro kingdoms, extending upward from the coast to Youri, presents some remarkable social and political aspects, which we have not yet, perhaps, materials fully to appreciate. The most striking circumstance appears to be the completely despotic power which the monarchs exercise, without either overawing their subjects by a standing army, or dazzling their eyes by much of outward pomp and state. The mansion, usual dress, ordinary attire, and daily habits of the prince, differ little from those of his meanest subject. The Sultan of Youri affects a style somewhat beyond his neighbours; yet the small open square in which he received the mission, is compared to a clean English farm-yard, where he was seated on a piece of plain carpeting, with a pillow on each side, and a neat brass pan in front. His audience of leave was given in an apartment of some extent, but unswept and dirty, with swallows flying about, and a number of naked girls and boys, with dirty calabashes, passing and repassing. The King of Wawa, to give them their state reception, planted himself in a niche of the city wall. Monarchs and subjects seem to be on an exceedingly familiar footing. The people of Eyeco flocked in crowds to see the presents that had been made to their king, which were shown them, and they displayed theirs in return. The king of Boussa exhibited himself at one time addressing his subjects in a long exhortation as to the performance of their duties; at another time he sought to attract their admiration, by a display of his skill in dancing, which, from his advanced age, was necessarily small. The king of Wawa far excelled him in this accomplishment; and the eagerness with which he solicited a visit, with a threat of war in the event of

refusal, was suspected to arise mainly from a desire to display this superiority. No means, however, of enforcing public authority, or deciding on public measures, seem to reside any where unless with the king, or his chiefs. At Jenna, a large town of Eyeo, a short interval between the death of one chief and the appointment of another, was attended with complete anarchy, and caused even a decrease in the population. Yet there seems something very vague and loose in this supreme jurisdiction. The different cities of Eyeo, are described as almost at constant war; we suspect with each other; as they seem scarcely within reach of any other enemy. Their wars indeed are far from bloody. Men to sell as slaves are the objects; surprise and stratagem the means. The great state of Youri had carried on a campaign of four months, without the loss of more than half a dozen combatants.

The financial systems of the African cabinets are by no means well known. We can trace no regular source of revenue, except the tolls or duties levied from the ambulatory mercantile bodies, and the presents made to the sovereign by chiefs or distinguished strangers. It is from this last source, perhaps, that he derives his almost innumerable wives, who rank nearly as slaves. The daily habits of life, even of the greatest princes, are so extremely simple, that very limited funds must be sufficient to defray them; and their treasure consists almost wholly of splendid and glittering rarities, which are piled together, and exhibited as a subject of pride to distinguished visitors. This store they were ever ready to augment by the most petty traffic; and though downright robbery was never perpetrated by these potentates, there was no meanness to which they did not readily stoop. The sovereign of Youri, the greatest and proudest, was the one who made the most barefaced attempts at imposition; and there was no prince by whom, after quitting him, they did not find that they had been egregiously cheated. The mean artifices to which these sovereigns had recourse for very paltry acquisitions, seem to indicate, that the whole of their possessions was of somewhat slender amount.

The dreadful system of human sacrifice appears to prevail in the Pagan districts to a greater extent than Captain Clapperton's relation had made us fully aware of. The travellers hastened to leave Badagry on account of preparations making to immolate there no less than three hundred victims. On the death of any great monarch or chief, a number of his favourite wives or servants must follow him to the grave. This custom, in its origin, was probably inspired by the wild enthusiastic attachment with which chieftains in a rude social state are often regarded. But this motive has entirely ceased; and the victims meet their doom only in compliance with the imperative voice of the public, and with all the horror which it naturally inspires. Truly calamitous was the condition of youthful and

vigorous chiefs holding their lives by the precarious tenure of that of old men on the verge of the grave; and the eager and feverish anxiety with which they inquired after the health of him on whose life theirs was suspended, proved how very little they felt disposed to comply with this cruel necessity. A striking scene was presented at Jenna, where, on the death of a chief, two of his wives, doomed to death, had fled and concealed themselves; but, during Landers' stay, one of them was discovered, and compelled to promise that, in compliance with national custom, she would swallow poison. Her grave was digging, and the other preparations making for her funeral; but she repeatedly shrunk in agony from the fatal moment; her slaves and household, who seem to have been strongly attached to her, broke forth into the bitterest lamentations; and long trains of mourners, from different quarters of the city, came to sympathize with her. At length a party was formed for absolving her from the impious obligation, and allowing her to live; but an insurrection among the people was apprehended, if such an innovation were attempted. In the Journal, opposite, anticipations are successively expressed as to the issue; and the travellers took their departure before the affair was decided.

The Mussulman religion, even independent of Fellata conquest, has been extensively diffused through the countries along the Niger. At Boussa, Wawa, and Kiama, it is established, though not in all its plenitude. The sovereign, in the latter city, while he made open profession of this faith had the gates and walls of his residence adorned with various uncouth forms of fetiches, or guardian powers. Yet this profession has introduced neither that fierce intollerant spirit, nor those habits of gloomy seclusion, which so remarkably distinguish it in Turkey and Barbary. It seems scarcely to have imposed a check on the extravagant gait generally prevailing among native Africans. On the Mussulman Sabbath, and other great festivals, the religious ceremonies were followed up by a horse-race, at which the dark African beauties were seen with unveiled, faces, and in their most splendid attire. This mitigated Mahomedanism seems to have been in almost every respect an improvement. It has banished human sacrifice, and introduced some of those better moral ideas, which the founder of that faith drew from the Christian fountain. Even the culpable license which it allows to polygamy, is a great mitigation of that monstrous monopoly of the sex, which custom permits the Negro sovereigns and chiefs to practise.

The political state of Central Africa, even during the short interval since Clapperton's last visit, had undergone very extensive changes. The empire of the Fellatas, which had established so wide and uncontrolled a dominion over that region, was falling to pieces on every side. Not only did Guber continue its successful resistance,

but Cassina (here strangely spelt Cataheeah,) which at no distant period was the ruling state in all these countries, had also thrown off the yoke. Supported by Bornou, the people had rallied under Doncassa, their hereditary prince, and emancipated a great portion of their territory. The fertile little kingdom of Zegzeg had followed the example. Yet while the Fellatas were thus losing their sway in these central regions, they were indemnifying themselves by extensive acquisitions to the westward. They were complete masters of Nyffe, (which, under our travellers' new nomenclature, has become *Nouffie*,) alternately setting up and deposing the rival brothers, Magia and Ederessa; while Rabba, the largest city, was under the government of Mallam Dendo, appointed by the Fellata sovereign. This people had even migrated in great numbers across the Niger into Eyec, and founded Alorie; which, being augmented by numerous refugee slaves from different quarters, had become a greater city than the capital itself. While the travellers sailed along Nyffe, a Fellata expedition was understood to be in full preparation to cross the Niger, and attack the kingdom of Yarriba; and their success was confidently anticipated. It was indeed the boast of that warlike people, that the sea alone would bound their conquests. So far as the Fellatas are migrants or settlers, they decidedly improve the social state of the countries which they occupy. They are a more active, more intelligent, and every way a superior people to the Negro inhabitants. The travellers mention with particular approbation, as indeed Clapperton had before done, the manners and deportment of the Fellata shepherdesses, whose society formed a complete relief from the stunning loquacity of the females of Yarriba. Their attire is elegant and simple; their address modest, respectful, and engaging; purity and kindness seemed to reign in their domestic intercourse. They appeared to realize in a great degree the idea which poetry attaches to their simple occupation. Yet the Fellatas wage war with all that cruelty, violence, and rapine, which is common among barbarous tribes. Denham has painted the desolation which they produced in Bornou; and Nyffe also has been cruelly oppressed by their ravages. Several cities, in hopes of escaping them, had transferred their site from the eastern to the western bank of the Niger; but the plundering bands had penetrated across. Cruel evils therefore, it is to be feared, await the peaceful territory of Yarriba, should it be overrun by these conquerors.

Diligent inquiry was made after the journals of Park, or any thing valuable that might have belonged to that great traveller; but there were found only a few insignificant books and scraps of writing, to which the natives attached a superstitious value as fetiches. The promise transmitted to Clapperton by the King of Youri, that, on repairing to the capital, he would receive the journals, proved only a scandalous trick of that great monarch to procure a visit, and a portion

of the rich presents with which the traveller was understood to come provided.

The Niger is completely navigable from Bousa to a fruitful and finely wooded island called Patashie; but thence to Lever, a distance of about twenty miles, the channel is so full of rocks and sand-banks, as to render the progress very difficult. From Lever all the way down to the ocean the Niger is a broad and noble stream, varying from one to six, but most commonly between two and three miles in breadth. The banks in some places were flat and marshy, but elsewhere presented the most pleasing aspect; being described as "embellished with mighty trees and elegant shrubs, which were clad in thick and luxuriant foliage, some of lively green, others of darker hues; and little birds were singing merrily among the branches. Magnificent festoons of creeping plants always green, hung from the tops of the tallest trees, and drooping to the water's edge, pleasing and grateful to the eye, and seemed to be fit abodes for the Naiads of the river." Farther down, the Niger is bordered by lofty mountains, part, seemingly of the great chain which crosses Africa in this latitude, but which has not been able to arrest the course of this mighty river. These eminences are described as gloomy and romantic, fringed with stunted shrubs, which overhang immense precipices; their recesses only tenanted by wild beasts and birds of prey. Even in mid-channel, a rocky islet called Mount Kesa, rises to the height of about 300 feet; and its steep sides, fringed with magnificent trees, make a majestic appearance. According to the superstitious ideas of the natives, its lofty cliffs are the abode of a benevolent genius.

At the small island of Belee, there appeared a neat ornamented canoe, with the sound of music, bringing no less a personage than 'the King of the Dark Water,' who accompanied them down to his island-domain. This domain was Zagoshi, one of the most remarkable spots in all Africa. It is about fifteen miles long, and three broad, in the midst of the Niger, whose broad channel on each side, separates it from the continent. The surface, scarcely raised above the level of the waters, consists of mud, frequently overflowed, and so soft, that even in the floors of the huts a slender cane could be thrust almost to any depth. Yet the island throughout is well cultivated and highly productive; and its manufactures display, in a pre-eminent degree, the general superiority of those of Nyffe. The productions of its looms are valued by neighbouring princes and chiefs beyond all others in Africa. Wooden vessels, mats, shoes, horse accoutrements, and instruments of agriculture, are also made in great variety. The travellers, in walking out, saw groups busily plying their trades in the open air. The shipping interest also of Zagoshi, if we may apply this term to canoes on the Niger, is very extensive. The 'Dark Water' King himself owns six hundred by which force he is secured against invasion

and exempted from those revolutions which have desolated all the neighbouring regions.

From Zagoshi, the travellers descried, on the eastern shore, Rabba, the largest and most flourishing city of the fine country of Nyffe. The surrounding territory abounds in the most valuable grains, in horned cattle of remarkable size, and in horses, which are much admired for their strength and beauty; the inhabitants excel those of Zagoshi in making mats and sandals, but are inferior in other branches of manufacture.

The Niger, below Zagoshi and Rabba, flows for upwards of 120 miles almost due east; presenting through all this reach a magnificent body of water, at one place nearly eight miles wide. The shores are generally well cultivated and inhabited, and at one point two very large cities appeared on the opposite banks. In one place only it was bordered by lofty and rugged hills of varied form. Towards the end of this reach, the Niger receives a tributary of considerable magnitude, the Coodonia, which Lander had formerly crossed in his way southward to the Shary near the cluster of flourishing villages called Cutup. About twenty miles lower, Egga, a very large town, is built close to the river, in a situation so low, that a great part of it is inundated during the wet season. The inhabitants drive a brisk trade up and down the river; and some, like the Chinese, have no residence but in large roofed canoes on the water. The symptoms of an approach to the sea, here first began to be visible by the appearance of Portuguese cloths brought up from Benin. The curiosity to see white men, of whom probably the people had heard much, and with great exaggeration, appears to have been very intense. The chief declared they were strange looking people, and well worth seeing; and they were obliged to exhibit themselves to the whole circle of his wives and friends. Their doors were besieged by such multitudes, that they could obtain exercise only by walking backward and forward like wild beasts in a cage. Supernatural powers were without hesitation ascribed to them; and the natives crowded round them with little presents to be exchanged for success in war, a good fishery, safety from the crocodiles, and every other good which their circumstances rendered desirable.

Egga is the boundary town of Nyffe, and closes on the south that range of flourishing and comparatively well governed kingdoms, which here extend along both banks of the Niger. Half the population is Mohammedan. The travellers were here assured, that if they attempted to descend the river to the sea, they would find its shores bordered by states of an entirely different character; each town governed by its own chief, with little or no dependence on any other; the people inured to no pacific and orderly habits—fierce and lawless—among whom both their lives and property would be in the utmost peril. They were exhorted to return and regain the sea by the route they had come; and when they courageously determined not thus to abandon the grand object of their expedition, were warned at least not to

stop at any town, but to pass hastily during the night. Such, it seems, was the practice by which the canoes of Egga studied their own safety. Their servants were entertained with similar accounts from the people of the town, and were with difficulty prevailed upon to accompany the expedition farther.

These sinister predictions were not at first fulfilled. They passed along a very fine shore covered with numerous villages. At one of them, indeed, the people started to arms; but this proved to be from alarm only, without any violence or plunder; and an explanation being given through one of the villagers that understood the Houssa language, every thing was amicably adjusted. Kacunda, where the party next stopped, formed a cluster of three large villages, under the absolute sway of a single chief, and though independent of Nyffe, contained as peaceable, industrious and friendly a people as any within that country; but they gave warnings equally formidable of dangers to be encountered in the voyage downwards.

The Niger, at this point, ceases to flow eastward, and takes a direction to the N.N.E., which its main branch pursues till it reaches the sea. About forty miles below Kacunda, occurs an important geographical feature, the influx of the Tshadda, which, from information obtained both above and below, was judged to be the same river which Lander had nearly reached in his former journey southward from Zegzeg. At the junction it was a noble stream, three or four miles in breadth, and covered with numerous canoes. In attempting to navigate it for a short space, they ascertained, by the strong opposing current, that it was a tributary entering the Niger,—not, as had been represented at Sackatoo, a branch from that stream. At the union of these two great waters, they saw a large city, but, agreeably to advice, avoided landing, or holding any communication with the inhabitants; they learned elsewhere that it was named Cuttumcurafie, and was the seat of a very extensive trade.

The next spot the travellers reached, was the theatre of the most eventful transaction that had occurred in the course of their long peregrination. After a continued and generally rapid run of fifty miles from Kacunda, they came to a convenient landing-place, and found a spot cleared as for a market, where they began to repose from their fatigues. Some of the servants straggling for firewood lighted upon a village, where they found only women, who showed symptoms of terror at the sight of strangers, and ran to give the alarm to their male relatives in the fields; but no serious anxiety was felt, till one of the party exclaimed, "War is coming! oh, war is coming;" and they soon saw a fierce and numerous band, variously armed, advancing against them with every symptom of furious hostility. The Landers, independent of their aversion to bloodshed, soon saw the numbers of the assailants to be such as left no hope in combat, and resolved to depend wholly upon pacific overtures. Throwing down their pistols, they walked composedly towards the leader

of the party. His movements for sometime seemed most alarming; but just as he had drawn his bow, and seemed about to pull the fatal cord, another rushed forward and stayed his arm. "At that instant we stood before him, and immediately held forth our hands; all of them trembled like aspen leaves; the chief looked up full in our faces, kneeling on the ground; light seemed to flash from his dark rolling eyes; his body was convulsed all over, as though he were enduring the utmost torture, and with a timorous yet undefinable expression of countenance, in which all the passions of our nature were strangely blended, he drooped his head, eagerly grasped our proffered hands, and burst into tears. This was a sign of friendship, harmony followed, and war and bloodshed were thought of no more." All their subsequent intercourse was amicable. An interpreter being afterwards found, the chief stated, that on the first tidings that a strange people, speaking an unknown language, had occupied the market place, he had conceived them to be enemies from the opposite side of the river, watching the opportunity of making a midnight attack on the village, and carrying off the inhabitants as slaves; but when he saw them approach unarmed, in such peaceful and friendly guise, his heart fainted within him, and he imagined they were children of heaven, dropped down from the skies. "And now," said he, "white men, all I ask is your forgiveness." Thus it was from alarm, not any project of violence, that the natives had been induced to assume so menacing an attitude. This deadly panic, inspired by the appearance of strangers, indicates the fierce and predatory spirit of the surrounding tribes.

After a farther navigation of upwards of fifty miles, they reached Damuggoo, where they found a more friendly chief than they had yet met with. He not only showed the greatest kindness, but sent a canoe, with a party of his people to guide and protect them down to the sea. Yet he was an absolute, and even tyrannical prince. When the travellers complained of being harassed by the multitudes whom curiosity attracted round them, he very coolly desired them to strike off their heads,—a license of which they of course declined to avail themselves. The indications of an approach to the shore, and of intercourse with Europe, here thickened. The scanty clothing of the natives consisted of Manchester cottons; and the travellers received presents of rum, a liquor which they had not seen for a very long period.

The voyage began now to assume more than ever a critical character. After a day's navigation, they saw a stream flowing in from the eastward, which appears by the map to be a branch previously separated from the Niger; and soon after another issued from it to the westward, which was said to reach Benin. At the junction of this last with the Niger stood Kirree, a large market-town, with numerous canoes ranged in front. They passed the place; but a little farther down, met a fleet of about fifty armed canoes, having each a six-pounder lashed to the stem,

and the crews provided with musketry. Notwithstanding this formidable equipment, the travellers were delighted to discover a profuse, almost fantastic display of European flags of various colours, among which the British union flag was conspicuous; also dresses of European cloth, with representations of chairs, tables, decanters, glasses, and similar objects. The pleasing anticipations thus inspired, however, were most completely disappointed. As the two brothers came up separately, they were successively attacked, their canoes emptied of every article of property, themselves roughly treated, and their lives even put in danger. They made their way, however, to the town of Kirree, where their cause was embraced by their companions from Damuggoo, by various well-dressed females; and by several Mollams, or Mahommedan doctors. There was a great assemblage in the market-place, and, after a warm discussion, with some risk of coming to blows, an equitable decision was pronounced. The captain, who had been foremost in these deeds of violence, was ordered to be put to death, and all the plundered property to be restored. Unfortunately, during this dreadful scuffle, a great part of it had disappeared, among which was the entire journal of Richard Lander. It was likewise decided, as the King of Kirree happened to be absent, that the strangers should be conveyed down the river, and placed at the disposal of Obie, king of the Eboue country. Although it was an Eboue vessel from which the wrong had been sustained, the travellers considered this arrangement auspicious, as one which carried them forward towards their destination. Indeed, though the outrage sustained upon this occasion realized the most formidable of the warnings they had received, yet the redress with which it was so speedily followed, did not indicate the total anarchy which had been represented as prevailing in these districts.

In sailing down from Kirree to Eboue, the travellers found a complete change from the beautiful and smiling aspect which nature had presented on the upper shores of the Niger. The country became almost throughout an alluvial swamp, covered with vast entangled forests, which concealed the villages; and it might have appeared almost a desert, but for the numbers of people coming down to the river. Grain no longer grew on the fields, nor were cattle feeding on the meadows. The subsistence of the inhabitants was derived solely from the produce of the trees, and from roots,—the banana, the plantain, the yam, and from the fish caught in the river. The palm tree, however, afforded not only a refreshing juice, but the material of an extensive trade in palm oil.

After a navigation of about seventy miles downward from Kirree, they came to Eboue, which seems to be the chief emporium of the intercourse between Europe and this part of interior Africa. The Delta of the Niger had already commenced at Kirree, whence the branch had been seen going off towards Benin; but it was not till they reached Eboue that it began to separate into those numerous channels, which intersect the country

in every direction, and enter the Atlantic by so many estuaries. Immediately above Eboe, one runs to the westward, and also, it is said, towards Benin; but from the departure we think the termination likely to be farther south, perhaps in the river of Warce. At the same point, another branch was seen flowing to the south-east; apparently towards Old Calabar and the Rio del Rey. But the largest and most important is that which separates at some distance below Eboe, and forms the river of Bonny; which may claim perhaps to be considered as the main stream of the Niger. Bonny accordingly is the maritime emporium for slaves and palm oil; and carries on a constant and active intercourse with Eboe. This latter place, called commonly the Eboe country, is of great extent, and presents a scene of busy industry. The habitations are superior to those in the interior towns, being formed of yellow clay plastered over, thatched with palm leaves, and surrounded by well fenced enclosures of fine trees. Yet the character of the people is bad,—even atrocious. It forms, indeed, a striking and painful observation, that, in proportion as the travellers descended the river, and came among people habituated to European intercourse, they found them always decidedly worse; and the pleasing impression produced by the view of the fabrics, robes, and ensigns of their native country, was followed by the sad experience of violence and treachery. The citizens of Eboe spent their lives in savage dissoluteness, carousing the whole night, and in their cups quarrelling with such violence, that the travellers at first imagined some one was put to death amid cruel tortures, till they heard the same wild tumult nightly repeated.

Obie, King of the Eboe country, bore a bad reputation, and notwithstanding the smiling good humour with which he at first received them, they soon found that he was only negotiating how to turn them to the best account. That a large sum could be extorted for their ransom, seems to have been distinctly understood; and the traders from Brass and Bonny eagerly contended for the agency in a transaction which they expected to be lucrative. Obie demanded the enormous amount of twenty bars, (each equal to one slave, or a cask of palm oil,) and moreover judged it prudent to detain them at Eboe till commodities of that value were sent up from the coast. This was a very alarming decision, involving the certainty of a long delay, besides extreme doubt if any English captain would come forward with so enormous a price. Happily a certain royal personage, King Boy of Brass-town, then on a visit to Obie, his father-in-law, resolved to hazard a speculation on their persons. He undertook to pay down the twenty bars, and convey them to the coast, on condition of receiving a *book*, or bill, for thirty-five bars, realizing the difference as profit to himself. This they considered heavenly news, notwithstanding the augmentation thus made to the enormous ransom; but they trusted, when they had once reached the coast, that by

some means or other they would find their way on board of an English vessel.

The Brass river, called by the Portuguese Nun, flows in a direction nearly south-west from Eboe, and enters the Atlantic at Cape Formosa. At a short distance from the sea it separates into two, the first and second rivers. The ground having become continually lower and lower, is here almost a complete swamp; for which reason, perhaps, Brass-town is not built upon either of the streams, but on a creek considerably eastward, which has, however, channels of ready communication with them. It is a miserable place, half sunk in mud, in the midst of immense swamps, which are covered with impenetrable thickets of mangrove. It is composed of two towns, or rather large villages, separated by a small inlet, which, when the tide recedes, leaves the bottom covered with black mud. Yet over each of these towns reigns a personage entitling himself king; over one, King Jacket—over the other, King Forday, father to their conductor, King Boy. Captain Lake, of the English brig Thomas, then lying at the mouth of the river, peremptorily refused payment of the enormous amount which the travellers had stipulated for themselves; yet by a series of transactions, which are here amusingly detailed, both brothers were successively conveyed on board, and Boy outwitted, though the British government has since redeemed the honour of its *employés*, by transmitting the stipulated price.

It had been truly mortifying to observe, that the natives, in proportion as their aspect and attire showed symptoms of intercourse with Europeans, became always more barbarous and lawless. But it is more mortifying still to find Europeans, nay British seamen, frequenting this coast, display a barbarism deeper than that of the fiercest tribes of Africa. Independently of the most brutal language, it may be mentioned as a specimen of Lake's proceedings, that while the travellers' party were lying in bed, he sometimes caused them, by way of frolic, to be deluged with buckets of cold water. Another captain, while his men lay unable to stir from illness, whitewashed them all, and thus caused one to lose the sight of an eye. Lake, however, fell into the hands of another still worse than himself, belonging to a most ferocious band of pirates who infest these shores, and by whom it is supposed he was made 'to walk the plank'—a murderous operation practised among these marauders. A plank is laid across the deck, projecting considerably into the sea; the victim, by threats of force, is made to walk to the outer edge, when his weight bears down the wood, and he is plunged into the waves. This ferocity seems to have been generated under the dark influence of the slave trade, the habits induced by which still remain, even though it has been superseded by a more legitimate traffic.

The travellers, in embarking on the Atlantic, had solved the greatest problem in African, and even modern geography;—one which had exercised the ingenuity and conjecture of so many

learned inquirers, and in the efforts to solve which so many brave and distinguished adventurers had perished. This discovery divested the Niger of that singular and mysterious character, which had been one chief cause of the interest it had excited—when seen rolling its ample flood from the sea towards vast unknown regions in the interior. The circuit by which it reaches the Atlantic assimilates its character to that of ordinary rivers, without any much more remarkable windings than are found in others of similar length. It displays, however, a magnitude considerably greater than had been suggested by any former observation.

We can now trace very distinctly the entire line of this great river. Its source, though not actually visited, seems ascertained by Laing to exist in the high country of Kissi, about 200 miles in the interior from Sierra Leone. Thence it rolls through Fouta Jallo and Kankan, where Caillie describes himself to have found it already a rapid and considerable stream. At Bammakoo, having received the tributary from Sankari in Manding, which Park mistook for the main river, it begins its course over the fine plain of Bambarra, where it forms a noble stream; and in passing Sego, the capital, has been considered as equalling the Thames at Westminster. Thence it pursues a north-westerly course, and flowing through the lake Dibbie, reaches Timbuctoo. Its course from that city to Youri has not yet been delineated; but the fact that Park navigated down from one place to the other, fully establishes the continuity. During this reach the Niger makes a great change of direction from north-east to almost due south. From Youri to the sea, it was navigated by the present travellers, and was found following generally a southern direction, though making in one part a rapid bend to the east, whence it gradually returns. If we measure two distances, one from the source to Timbuctoo, and the other from that city to the sea, we shall have nearly 2000 miles, which may be considered as the direct course; and the various windings must raise the whole line of the stream to upwards of 3000 miles. For several hundred miles of its lower course, it forms a broad and magnificent expanse, resembling an inland sea. The Niger must after all yield very considerably to the Missouri and Orellana, those stupendous rivers of the new world. But it appears at least as great as any of those which water the old continents. There can rank with it only the Nile, and the Yangtse-kiang, or Great River of China. But the upper course of neither is yet very fully ascertained; and the Nile can compete only in length of course, not in the magnitude of its stream, or the fertility of the regions which it waters. There is one feature in which the Niger may defy competition from any river, either of the old or new world. This is the grandeur of its Delta. Along the whole coast, from the river of Formosa or Benin to that of Old Calabar, about 300 miles in length, there open into the Atlantic its successive estuaries, which navigators have scarcely been

able to number. Taking this coast as the base of the triangle or Delta, and its vertex at Kirree, about 173 miles inland, where the Formosa branch separates, we have a space of upwards of 25,000 square miles, equal to the half of England. Had this Delta, like that of the Nile, been subject only to temporary inundations, leaving behind a layer of fertilizing slime, it would have formed the most fruitful region on earth, and might have been almost the granary of a continent. But, unfortunately, the Niger rolls down its waters in such excessive abundance, as to convert the whole into a huge and dreary swamp, covered with dense forests of mangrove, and other trees of spreading and luxuriant foliage. The equatorial sun, with its fiercest rays, cannot penetrate these dark recesses; it only exhales from them pestilential vapours, which render this coast the theatre of more fatal epidemic diseases than any other, even of Western Africa. That human industry will one day level these forests, drain these swamps, and cover this soil with luxuriant harvests, we may confidently anticipate; but many ages must probably elapse before man, in Africa, can achieve such a victory over nature.

The Niger, besides its own ample stream, has a number of tributaries, equal perhaps in magnitude and importance to those of any other river on the globe; with the exception of the united streams of the Mississippi and Missouri. At no great distance above the point where the Delta commences, the Tshadda, nearly equal in magnitude to itself, enters it; after watering large and fruitful kingdoms, of which the names only, and of these but a very few, have reached us. On this river an extensive commerce and active navigation is said to prevail; the existence of which is farther confirmed by the great importance attached to Fonda, and other cities situated at or near the junction. It would have been deeply interesting, and have given a new importance to the river communications of Africa, could we have believed, what was positively asserted by very creditable witnesses, that vessels by its channel sailed to and from the lake Tchad, and thus held intercourse with the kingdoms of Leggun and Bornou. It seems certain that the names Tshadda, Shary, and Tchad, are one and the same. But the identity of the two first as rivers is what we are precluded from all possibility of believing, by the circumstance that the Shary of Loggun and Bornou, which Major Menham saw and sailed upon, was found by him falling into lake Tchad, while the Tshadda of Lander fell into the Niger; consequently they are distinct streams, flowing in opposite directions. It is very probable indeed that their fountains may be in the same mountain chain, and at no great distance; and even that some of their branches may approach very near, so that merchants may, by an easy portage, convey commodities between them. Nay, it is not quite impossible that they may be united by some connecting channel, as the Amazons and the Oronooko are: but this seems scarcely probable.

At no great distance above the Tshadda, enters

the Coodonia, a smaller river, but which Lander had seen flowing through a very fertile and highly cultivated country. Considerably higher is the Cubbie, a large stream from the country and city of that name; and higher still the Quarrama, which has passed by Zirmie and Sackatoo. Between this point and Timbuctoo, we have no means of knowing whether any or what rivers fall into the Niger. The tributary which passes that city is of no great importance; but at the eastern boundary of Bambarra, Park describes the influx from the south of two great streams, the Maniana and Nimma; and it seems very doubtful if Caillie was not mistaken in supposing the latter to be a mere branch of the Niger. The higher tributaries, descending from the mountains, swell the stream, without themselves affording any important navigation.

We arrive now at the important question, what prospects this great interior communication opens to British commerce. Its branches in Africa, since the abolition of that dark one, which Britain has so justly proscribed, have been limited; and high authorities have even doubted if they could admit of any great extension. But it must be observed that the intercourse has hitherto been almost exclusively with the coast; the territory along which is comparatively unproductive, and its inhabitants idle and miserable. It has always been found, in proportion as travellers penetrated inland, that they came to a superior region and people; that, contrary to what takes place in other continents, all the large cities, all the valuable and prosperous branches of industry, were at a distance from the sea. This has been imputed, and not without some reason, to the demoralizing influence of the European slave trade. But there is besides a physical cause which must have a powerful influence. A much greater extent of the surface of Africa than of any other continent is situated between the tropics, and even immediately under the line. Sterility is there produced by the scorching rays of the sun, to which the coasts, from their low level, are peculiarly liable, and by which many tracts are rendered parched and arid. Others, by the same low situation, are exposed to the inundation of the great rivers, which, swelled by the violent tropical rains, spread often into wide pestilential swamps. But the interior territory becoming always more elevated, enjoys a more temperate climate, and is diversified by hills and mountain ranges, the streams from which supply copious moisture, without deluging the territory with any permanent inundation. The countries rendered accessible by the Niger and its tributaries are undoubtedly the most productive and industrious in all Africa; and their population, notwithstanding the difficulty of forming any precise estimate, can scarcely be rated at less than twenty-five millions. It seems impossible that British enterprise can find access to such a region, without drawing from it very considerable results.

The two questions which call for consideration

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are—the articles of British produce, for which a vent may be found in this quarter of the world; and the commodities which may be procured in exchange.

Under the first head, we may at once refer to that manufacture in which Britain most excels, and has carried to the greatest extent. Cotton fabrics are alone suited to the climate of Central Africa, and in fact clothe her entire population. It is true, they are manufactured with skill within the country itself; but the example of India, where Manchester and Paisley have supplanted in their native seats the superb muslins and calicoes of Dacca and Masulipatam, leaves little doubt that the less brilliant products of the African loom would be unable to withstand the competition. There is even no need of recurring to so distant an illustration. Manchester clothes Bonny and Eboc: at Kiama, more than two hundred miles inland, her robes, of coarse and gaudy patterns, formed the favourite ornament of the Negro damsels, though their moderate original cost had been raised by a long land carriage to an almost ruinous height. The navigation of the Niger seems hitherto to have been little instrumental in diffusing commodities through the interior. The communication is almost entirely between city and city: the chief of Damuggo did not know the existence of Eyeo or Youri. It was only at Egga, the limit of the more improved and industrious districts, that European commodities began to appear. Besides cotton stuffs, arms, it is to be feared, would be a prominent article; but not to mention their use in hunting, perhaps the exchange of the European for the African mode of warfare would on the whole, rather advance civilization. Jewels, toys, every gaudy and glittering object is suited to the rude taste of the African chiefs; and as they have not yet learned to distinguish the real value of these commodities, high prices might for some time be obtained, though experience and competition would doubtless open their eyes.

The returns claim our next attention, and form rather a more difficult subject. At the head of the exports we placed manufactured cottons, and at the head of the imports we are disposed to place the raw material. This is produced abundantly, and, if we may trust the report of travellers, of excellent quality, over the whole of tropical Africa. European commerce seems never to have reached the cotton-growing districts, which are all considerably in the interior. The demand in Britain is immense, the annual imports being valued at nearly eight millions sterling. This demand, too, would be augmented, if Africa, like India and the United States, after supplying the raw material, took back the manufactured produce. Indigo, moreover, the most valuable of dyeing stuffs, and which Britain imports sometimes to the value of upwards of £1,000,000, is produced in these countries plentifully, and it is said, also of excellent quality. Hides and skins and some gold, would be the only important ad-

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ditional articles; for palm oil, at present the most extensive one, being produced in the countries near the coast, is probably furnished to the full extent of the demand.

After considering what are likely to be the objects of the trade on the Niger, the mode of conducting it presents another question equally important and difficult. The obstacles are indeed such that, according to the ordinary resources of river navigation, they appear altogether insuperable. The pestilential atmosphere along the shores of this delta and its lower estuaries,—the violent and turbulent character of the native tribes, who would doubtless regard the British as rivals and enemies,—could scarcely be surmounted unless by some peculiar agency. This, however, seems to be found in steam, which gives such an entirely new character and power to river navigation. Propelled by it, the vessel could be carried in one day and night from the ocean to the head of the delta, and thus pass swiftly through the region of pestilence; it could also penetrate and leave behind it hostile fleets of armed canoes. Practical skill and experience must decide, whether the steam vessels should be brought direct from England, or be stationed on the coast, where the goods brought out by sailing vessels could be transferred into them. The first of these plans, if practicable, would avoid the coast of transshipment, and the dangers to health incurred during such an operation on a coast, every spot of which is insalubrious. It may be worth suggesting, whether the Formosa or Benin branch might not be the most advantageous for ascending the river. The navigator would thus at once reach the head of the delta, above Kirree, avoiding the dangerous bar at the mouth of the Brass river, and the fierce rivalry of the natives, which would be encountered both there, and still more in the Bonny channel. It may be presumed, however, that the trade can never be carried on with facility, or to any great extent, without a station on the Niger itself, where a dépôt of European and African goods could be formed; and whence smaller vessels might ascend the inferior rivers, or those parts of the great stream of which the navigation is difficult or obstructed. There would be an obvious convenience in endeavouring to obtain by purchase one of the numerous islands by which the channel is in one place diversified. The only danger might be, of their being rendered unhealthy by a low and damp situation; in which case a salubrious and defensible position might be found on one of the heights by which a great extent of the river-course is bordered.

It remains only that we inquire what connexion can be traced between these new discoveries, and our previous knowledge of Africa; whether any, and what anticipations have been formed by ancient writers of that lower course of the Niger which has now for the first time been navigated by Europeans. These will, we believe, be found extremely limited. Ptolemy, who delineates the river as entirely inland, and

without any branch flowing to the southward, evidently had no idea of this termination. The case may be somewhat different with regard to the Arabian writers, who describe their 'Nile of the Negroes' as flowing westward, and falling into the Atlantic. We have endeavoured to show, in a former article, (June 1826,) that their settlements were all in the territory now called Houssa; and that their Nile was not the Niger of Park, but a compound of the streams flowing along that plain, particularly the Quarrama, or Zirmie. It may be supposed that this last stream, joined to the part of the Niger navigated by Lander, formed their Nile, and that they thus erred only by supposing a tributary to be the main branch. But the great imperfection of their knowledge is clearly proved by their ignorance of all the details now observed by our travellers; and more particularly by the statement, that from Tocur (Sackatoo) to Ulil, where the great river fell into the sea, was only eighteen days' journey, which cannot be rated so high as 300 miles; while the real distance to the Gulf of Benin does not fall short of 700. There may, however, be room to believe, that they might receive a general intimation of the termination of the Niger in the Atlantic, and might suppose the remotest city in that direction of which they obtained distinct intelligence, to be at the point of its entrance; as Sultan Bello supposed Rakah and Fundah to be seaports at the mouth of the river. The names of Youri bears some resemblance to that of Ulil; *r* and *l* being readily convertible. But the pits in which the salt of Ulil is said by Edrisi to have been found, and the desert along which it was conveyed, suggest the western salt mines, and seem to prove that Ulil was Walet, and that the Lake Dibble, in that imperfect state of knowledge, was confounded with the Atlantic.

The only writer who discovers a distinct knowledge of any part of the Niger navigated by the present travellers, is Leo Africanus. He describes it as flowing between Guber (which is still well known as a country of Houssa, and appears then to have been its ruling state) and Gago, whose fruitful territory, rude habitations, the innumerable host of the royal wives, and its situation 400 miles south from Timbuctoo, clearly establish to be Eyeo. But he fails altogether to trace it farther, or follow its progress downwards to the Gulf of Benin. On the contrary, he represents it as flowing in a westerly direction from Timbuctoo to Ghinea (Jenné), and thence to the ocean. This impression he evidently derived from the Portuguese, who early began to consider the Senegal and Gambia as the estuaries of the Niger.

This last opinion continued to be prevalent among modern Europeans; hence the only attempts made to reach the Niger, were by the English from the Gambia, and the French from the Senegal. They proved abortive; and Delisle and D'Anville obtained positive information, that these rivers had no connexion with the Niger

which rose in the interior, and flowed eastward to Timbuctoo. Yet they never could fully overcome the general prepossession to the contrary, and had themselves no correct idea as to its termination. Reichard, a German writer, had the merit of starting, and Mr. McQueen of warmly supporting the hypothesis, which has now been so happily verified, and affords the main key to the geography of interior Africa.

Notwithstanding the great importance of this discovery, it has by no means completed even the outline of our knowledge respecting the central regions of this continent. The Tshadda, with all the countries on its banks, which there is every reason to believe are fertile and populous, remains entirely unexplored. There is a large blank in the course of the Niger between Timbuctoo and Youri. We say nothing of the regions south of the equator, which, unless from the recent observations of M. Donville, are almost entirely untouched by discovery.

From the Monthly Magazine.

NOTES ON AMERICA.

Malaria of South Carolina—Slaves and Slave Owners—A Farmer and his Family—Southern States—Curious Examples of the state of Morals—Specimen of an Emigrating Party—Negro Conversation, &c.

The low country of South Carolina is infested during the summer and autumn by a malaria of the most dreadful and poisonous description. It is said to arise from the clearing away of the woods, and from insufficient draining. The district in the vicinity of Charleston was formerly well wooded, and under the "Old Dominion," many very handsome and lordly mansions reared the heads in the midst of the pine forests. Some of these still remain, but present a deserted and melancholy appearance. A few negroes and a squalid overseer are often their only occupants; as even during the winter months, when a residence in the low districts would be unattended with danger, the income of the proprietors is, in general, too limited to admit of a country as well as a town establishment. The vast avenues of oak, elm, and sycamore-trees are choked up by dirt and brambles. The leaves are all shrivelled like faded lavender, and are gathered in large quantities to be used for stuffing mattresses, sofas, &c. Unlike the Roman malaria, the thick and watery atmosphere of this country, instead of stimulating appears to deaden vegetation. The magnolia alone grows to a great size, and with unrivalled beauty—offering a striking and delicious contrast to the heart-sickening desolation around.

The withered and blighted appearance of the trees, which has just been mentioned, is a sure indication of the prevalence of an atmosphere deleterious in the extreme; and the stranger who should venture to pass the night within the range

of its influence would scarcely survive to tell the story of his travels. I am unable to give a medical description of this country fever, by which name it is distinguished from the other scourge of the Southern States,—the yellow pestilence; but, I believe it may be termed a fever and ague of the most appalling kind, accompanied by sickness and vomiting. The few who struggle through its attacks are miserably decrepid for the remnant of their days; and in personal appearance, resemble the eight or ten favoured individuals who have been lucky enough to return from Fernando Po.

In these low districts the slaves are not unfrequently treated with great inhumanity. Degraded as the condition of their brethren in the cities may be, yet it is in many respects very superior to that of the wretched field negroes. The greatest misfortune, perhaps, that can befall a human being, is to become the property of a small planter or shopkeeper in the interior of the Southern States, and at some distance from a town of any size. The master is generally lazy, ignorant, and tyrannical, and his slaves suffer accordingly. It is asserted on the other hand, that the slaves are stupid, insolent, and incorrigibly slothful, and this cannot be denied; for how, in the name of all that is merciful, can a willing and cheerful obedience be expected from a poor suffering wretch who "must envy every sparrow that he sees?" I recollect one night that a negro was summoned to hold a torch-light of dried pine in the stable, whilst the driver of the coach was employed in harnessing the horses. Though repeatedly ordered to hold the torch upright, he persisted in leaning it against the wall, which might have been set on fire in three minutes. At length the driver seized him by the hair, and struck his face violently against a rough projecting log. The poor creature was instantly covered with the blood which gushed from his lacerated cheeks, but he held the light straight enough afterwards. "That's the way to manage them niggers," said the brutal driver, with exultation; and his mode of management, as far as I observed, is the one very generally adopted by those of his class in the interior of the low country.

But in those districts where the climate is tolerable, and the gentry reside upon their estates, the situation of the slave is materially improved. A South Carolinian gentlemen of property and education, and there are many such, is the kind and indulgent protector, not the harsh task-master of his negroes. Proprietors of this class have adopted many excellent regulations for ensuring the health and comfort of the black population on their estates. Among these I will mention one, which has been found to be of great service. A planter informed me that he presented his overseer with five dollars for each additional negro, not purchased during the year, whom he found upon his estate on Christmas day. It thus became the man's interest, as well as his duty, to provide for the well-being of all—to take especial care that

the pregnant women were not over-worked, nor their infants neglected. To detail all the admirable methods by which this gentleman had succeeded in alleviating the evils of slavery, would be a long, but not unpleasing task. They were worthy of the humane and high-minded Col. Huger, well known on the continent, and in America, as the gallant and enterprising friend and deliverer of La Fayette.

The domestic life and habits of the Southern gentry very much resemble those of our West Indian proprietors. But the Americans are more actively engaged in politics, field sports, and horse racing. In Virginia, especially, great attention is paid to the breed of horses, and there is scarcely a town or village of two thousand inhabitants which does not possess a well appointed race course. The hospitality of a planter of the highest and best class to travellers of all nations, who come well introduced, knows no bounds, and his house, horses, negroes, guns, boats, &c. &c. are at your service for as long a period as you may feel disposed to remain his visiter, and you may travel far and wide without meeting with so hearty a friend or so polished a gentleman. You will find him well acquainted with the policy and literature of modern Europe, and though probably a republican from principle, he is too well bred and too liberal to annoy you with those dissertations on the abuses of kingly governments, which so often offend the ears of the admirers of monarchies during their progress through the United States.

On one subject, however, the Southern planter is peculiarly sensitive. I allude, of course, to the everlasting one of slavery. How fixed and resolute he is in the determination to perpetuate this curse of his country, may be gathered from the nature of the laws which have been passed in several of the slaveholding States, for the government of the black population for the last few years. Emancipation under any circumstances, is vigorously interdicted. It is a crime to teach a negro to read or write. Any free black who shall presume to enter the slave states, is liable first to be imprisoned, and then sold to pay the expenses of his maintenance in jail. No exception is made in favour of the subjects of a foreign government, and although the United States district judge, pronounced this statute to be contrary to the law of nations, and calculated to bring the Americans into collision with every other civilized people on the face of the earth, still his dictum was disregarded, and British subjects have more than once been imprisoned under this atrocious enactment. Every possible exertion is made to clear the country of free coloured people. Hence, the colonization society and the settlement of Liberia, of which so much has lately been said, are encouraged and patronized by Southerners, who, doubtless, feel under weighty obligations to the philanthropists of the north for their assistance in the removal of so pregnant a source of alarm and danger. Human ingenuity, indeed, could not have effected a more sagacious

and effective mode than this, for rivetting the chains of oppression more firmly on those who are left behind. In the course of a few years there will not be a free black to be found in the Carolinas or in Georgia. Of course, all attempts to reason in favour of the natural and inherent rights of man, with the promoters and authors of such laws as these, must be worse than fruitless. The principle strenuously insisted and acted upon throughout the Southern States is simply this. The blacks must be retained in extreme ignorance and degradation, or we cannot be safe. On other subjects you may converse with a well educated planter with pleasure and profit, but the discussion of this all-important one only produces irritation and disgust.

I believe that America is the only country in the world where the best informed, as well as the most polished men and women, are *invariably* to be found among the highest classes. *There*, however, beyond all question, such is the fact, and in the interior of the Southern States, I am sorry to say that the *only* tolerably good society is to be met with among the aristocratical and wealthy planters, who are in the habit of frequenting the Atlantic cities. With every disposition to exhibit the American character in favourable colours whenever it can be done with truth, yet I cannot say much of the middling and lower orders in the South. They are a coarse and immoral people, often uncivil, and seldom hospitable. During a journey of upwards of 1500 miles in North and South Carolina, I was generally obliged to pay extravagantly for wretched fare, and worse attendance. This, however, was not always the case, and I recollect, on one occasion more particularly, being most hospitably entertained by one of the small farmers or planters, who had lately come into possession of a small sum of money, and who had stored his cabin with finery, which he was anxious to exhibit to a stranger from the old country.

I was travelling on the road to Columbia, and had called at his house to ascertain the distance to that pretty little town. He made numerous inquiries as to my route, &c. and when I mentioned that I had that day dined with a gentleman of fortune who resided in the neighbourhood, he became so enamoured of my company, as to insist upon my spending the night at his place: so, not without the hope of amusement, I agreed to postpone my further progress till the next day.

I was soon introduced to the mistress of the house, whom I was somewhat surprised to find a delicate, pretty, and rather lady-like person. She was sitting near the fire of the principal room, which opened immediately upon the road side, and was employed in suckling her infant, an operation which my entrance by no means interrupted. This room was floored with mud, like an Irish cabin. The walls were made of logs, and the interstices were filled up with furze and clay. Large shutters were substituted for windows and the only piece of furniture which was not suitable to this dirty uncomfortable apartment,

was a handsome mahogany cradle, well filled with linen, which appeared to be very fine and white.

My horse was ordered to the stable, and I rather offended my worthy host by insisting upon acting the part of groom myself. Four negroes were ready to perform this duty; but I was by far too experienced a traveller to trust one of the finest horses in South Carolina to their grooming. The road to the stable seemed to have been made with great ingenuity, for the express purpose of snapping off the legs of man and beast, being formed of round logs, covered with slippery mud. The stable was cold, damp, and dirty; but the Indian corn was sound, and the blades green and fresh, so that I was enabled to secure my fellow-traveller a good supper, though not a comfortable stall.

Soon after my return to the house we adjourned to the supper room, which was a small narrow closet, the floor and walls of which were boarded. There was a handsome mahogany table, which nearly filled the room, leaving just space enough for three small benches, which served as chairs. There was no fire-place, no carpet, no curtains, nor furniture of any description, except the stools and table, above-mentioned, which latter was, however, profusely covered with hot bread, muffins, waffles, cakes of various kinds, pickles, preserves, melons, peaches, pork-stakes, broiled chicken, homony, rice, and ham. The tea and coffee pots were of silver, and the china was of the most beautiful and expensive description. The spoons were of pewter, and there were no sugar-tongs; it was the fashion to use fingers in place thereof: the knives and forks were of common cast iron. The price of cotton, and the exploits of General Jackson, formed the principal topics of conversation: my host assured me that John Quincy Adams was not *priming* to Henry Clay,—that Rufus King talked a great deal about slavery, but knew nothing of the nature of “niggers,”—that he himself was fond of gentlemen from the Old Country, but hated those “wooden nutmegs, Yankee pedlars,”—and he finally offered to bet a beaver hat, that Mr. Hugh Legarce, of Charleston, was as eloquent as Demosthenes, laying a drawing emphasis on the last syllable. I afterwards found that he imagined Demosthenes to be a member of Parliament.

The good lady was very silent while this interesting conversation was carried on, and, indeed, the only word which she pronounced distinctly during the whole evening, was a loud amen to a very long grace, which her husband chanted forth after supper. To the performance of this ceremonial, however, he did not seem to have been actuated so much by a feeling of religious gratitude for an enormous meal, as by the notion, that it was the fashion to say the grace among the great *bugs*, by which agreeable appellation he designated the higher class of gentry in his neighbourhood. I was ushered into my sleeping apartment soon after supper. Here, again, matters were strangely assorted. The dimensions of this chamber were nearly the same

as those of the supper-room, about twelve feet by eight. A large and very handsome carved mahogany bedstead without curtains, but tolerably well furnished with linen, &c. was literally, the only piece of furniture in the room. The next morning, the whole family assembled under a shed upon the road-side to perform their ablutions. Here I found a large tub of water with a gourd for a ladle, a coarse towel, and a tin washing basin, which we all made use of in turn.

The breakfast was a repetition of the supper of the preceding night, with the addition of some whisky and peach brandy, of which I declined to partake, although the lady set me the example by swallowing a large *cup* full. Gibbon has somewhere remarked, that the modern invention of glass is sufficient to counterbalance all the luxuries of the Roman emperors. My worthy host, whose domestic arrangements I have here rather freely exposed, had never, I presume, studied the historian of the “Decline and Fall;” as I did not observe a single bit of glass of any description throughout his premises. However, he gave me a hearty welcome, and a pressing invitation to repeat my visit, and I remember him as the most favourable specimen of his class that I have ever had the good fortune to encounter.

I will here mention one or two facts, in justification of the rather harsh opinion I have above expressed of the state of moral feeling in the interior of the Southern States.

In the year 1826, in Greenville county, South Carolina, two slaves were condemned to the stake and actually *burned*, for the murder of their master. About the same time also, a negro was burned in Georgia—what his offence was I do not at present recollect. That such enormities should be perpetrated in the 19th century, by a people professing the humane doctrines of Christianity, is almost incredible; but the facts are indisputable.

I was an accidental witness to the following outrage, which was committed at a village in Georgia. Having occasion to purchase some trifle during my journey, I called for the purpose at one of the principal stores in the place, where I saw a young man, slightly made and short in stature, beating, with great violence, a much more powerful fellow, who was stretched on the counter. The assailant was armed with what is called a Baltimore bludgeon, or long thin cane, with a knob heavily charged with lead. The prostrate person had evidently been taken by surprise, and just as I entered was beginning to recover himself. As soon as he perceived this, the young ruffian, who had hitherto the advantage, ran at full speed out of the shop, down the middle of the broad street, the other following him with his unsheathed dirk uplifted in his hand. He soon came up with the fugitive, and gave him a long gash in the back, and, as he said, “shelled the corn off his cob in no time.” Many of the shopkeepers and others, stood at their doors or windows and saw the whole affair; but no one interfered on either side except to

carry off the wounded boy. Whether he died or recovered I never ascertained, but the wound which he received was a terrific one.

A duel was fought, not very long ago at Augusta, in Georgia, under the following circumstances: Two foolish boys, neither of them nineteen years of age, had a violent quarrel at Yale College, in Connecticut; and upon their return to the South, their friends insisted upon the dispute being settled by a duel. Accordingly, they both proceeded to Augusta; one attended by his guardian and uncle, the other by a friend deputed by his father. After an interval of a fortnight, which was spent in rifle-shooting at a mark, they met; and the younger combatant was killed by the first shot. The victor returned to Charleston, where I have repeatedly seen him. His father was connected with one of the principal banking establishments in the city. I have always understood, that the young men were not unwilling to forget and forgive what had passed, but were urged forward by those who ought to have acted a far different part. When it is recollected that the duel was fought many weeks after the quarrel at college, and that the guardians of the boys employed this interval in stimulating their bad passions to the lust of a murderous revenge, I think the annals of duelling may be searched in vain for a record of greater atrocity than was furnished by the conduct of these old ruffians.

Although the notions and habits of the people of the Southern and slaveholding states, differ in most respects from their Northern brethren, there is one peculiarity of the American character which belongs equally to both. I allude to the incessant restlessness and fondness for change of abode. There seems to be a constant stream of emigrants from Virginia and the Carolinas, to the more Southern and Western States,—principally, I think, to Alabama. The amazing fertility of the cotton lands in that country, offers an irresistible temptation to the indolent planter, who has neither energy nor capital sufficient to cultivate and repair the most exhausted soil of the Atlantic States. He overlooks all the miseries attendant upon the life of a new settler, in a country of fever, swamps, vagabonds and squatters, in the fond anticipation of raising a large crop of cotton. Hundreds of disappointed wretches with their families, are annually swept away that destructive climate.

I have encountered many of these emigrating parties, and upon one occasion, was indebted to their hospitality for a night's shelter. A fresh or flood had swelled a brook which crossed the road on which I was travelling, so much as to render it impassable. The village, where I had intended to remain for the night, lay at a little distance on the opposite side, and I was somewhat puzzled how to proceed. Very soon, however, I was accosted by a planter, who with his family and negroes was delayed in his progress by the same accident. He invited me to join his party, who were preparing to camp out in the

pine barren which skirted the road-side. I gladly accepted the invitation, and, as the evening was warm and pleasant, by no means disliked the prospects of a bivouac. After walking a short distance through a narrow road in the forest, we arrived at a cleared plot of ground, which had evidently been before used by travellers and carriers as a place of encampment. A little circular barricade had been formed by the baggage wagons, and in the centre, there blazed a crackling fire of dried pine wood. The negroes, of whom there were about fifteen or twenty, of all ages and both sexes, were devouring their supper of bacon and homony, in high glee. Their young ones, some of whom were scarcely a year old, were snugly seated round an iron kettle, which contained their smoking food, and looked somewhat like a blackbird pie with the upper crust removed.

Their owner was a careless looking fellow, with a hard countenance, and very fond of peach brandy. He talked continually of the price of cotton, and the delights of a plantation in Alabama, which he had lately purchased; and where he "reckoned upon raising all out of doors, of cotton and niggers." His poor wife was evidently anxious and incredulous. She told me that she was "raised" in Massachusetts, near the beautiful little village of Deerfield, and was overjoyed to find me acquainted with that part of America. "There was nothing like it," she said, "south of the Potomac. Nothing like Deerfield meadow, with its fine old elm trees?" In this opinion I cordially concurred, for, although I have seen much and travelled far, I recollect few scenes whose green and fresh beauty "sprinkled such coolness on the heart," as those lovely haunts of the old Indians on the banks of the Connecticut river.

The poor woman added, "that her husband was never content to remain for three years on the same farm—that her health, and that of her children, was ruined by a residence in the damp, though fertile Savannahs; and she had sorrowful anticipations of the result of their present expedition." Her husband paid not the slightest attention to the complaints which she was pouring into my ear. I suppose, he would have sacrificed his whole kith and kin for a few additional pounds of cotton per acre. Our supper consisted of hot bread and a decoction of coffee, which, as is usual in the interior, had not been roasted previous to boiling, and therefore, produced a very bitter beverage. Besides this, we had another dish which I will leave the reader to name, when I have mentioned the contents thereof, viz., ham, fried chicken, rice, eggs, homony, sweet potatoes, and sausages. A singular medley, certainly, but not unpalatable to one who had ridden upwards of forty miles through the woods without breaking his fast.

After supper I retired to rest under cover of one of the wagons, which served as a protection from the falling dew, where wrapped up in my travelling cloak, I overheard the following

short and characteristic conversation among the negroes.

"Scippy, wot do oo tink Dinah say?"

"Don't know, sar—not Dinah say, massa Pompey?"

"Why, dat de massa be vebby dam fool, for leebling his sleek lettle place in Carleny, to go to dis Alybaamy, where dere be no raal niggers—nutting but dutty brack mulatty rascals and buckra men."

"Me tink so, too, Pompey," replied Mr. Scipio, "but eh! golly! de massa be wake—he feel for de cow-hide!"

A smart cut on the back, and an oath from the master, quieted the slaves for the remainder of the night, and by day-break, I was again on my road to the village of Lincolnton.

From the Edinburgh Review.

SPAIN IN 1830.*

THE attention of the country has been so much engrossed during the last eighteen months by the all-absorbing question of Parliamentary Reform, that many public events have been allowed to pass by comparatively unheeded. The interest also with which, since the peace, this country has been accustomed to regard the political and domestic state of the continental powers, has greatly relaxed. We have thought of little but ourselves. Since the first mooted of the Reform question, many have neglected even the great workings of the revolution whose throes yet convulse France. The minor revolutions of some of the Swiss Cantons, and of the smaller German States, are wholly forgotten; and the remembrance of the Belgic disunion is revived only by the sight of an occasional Protocol,—seen to be thrown aside. The state of Italy has been thought beneath notice; and, despite the continued atrocities of Russia, many, with sorrow and compunction, endeavour to forget, that Poland, the victim of Europe, ever existed. Portugal excites some little more of interest; her connexion with this country has been long and intimate; and the crisis of her troubles is at hand. The fortunes of Portugal will have much influence on those of Spain. The expectations of Europe, long wearied with waiting for some sign of life in that reclus member,—that monk of the European confederacy, now turn with a curiosity rising scarcely beyond indifference, as to what may be her conduct and condition during and after the approaching struggle in Portugal. We have too many instances before our recollection of the utter and sudden failure of political prophecies, to venture upon even an anonymous prediction; but we will give the opinions and information which Mr. Inglis, the most recent traveller in Spain, has been able to collect; and with these, and some other scattered notices, we will leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

Mr. Inglis appears to have entered Spain by Bayonne in May 1830, to have remained in Madrid during the summer months, and then to have made an autumn and winter tour through the mild and beautiful provinces of the south and east; from whence he repassed into France by Figueras, in January 1831. He gives the result of his eight month's experience in the two volumes now before us; and we recommend them to our readers as forming, upon the whole, an amusing and instructive publication. It may be said, that little real knowledge of a country can be acquired during the short period which Mr. Inglis devoted to his tour; and in truth, he does not pretend to reveal any thing very recondite; he merely gathers facts as he goes; gives the authority, sometimes not very clear or unimpeachable, for his relations; and, by frankly recording that which he saw and heard, he contrives to draw a tolerable picture of the country which he visited.

Mr. Inglis was pleased with the fruitful and orchard-like appearances of Biscay, with the unexpected cleanliness of the inns, and with the good arrangement and rapid pace (ten miles an hour) of the public diligences. He found, indeed, these machines of conveyance so far honoured, or the state of royal equipages so far reduced in Spain, that he met the Infant Don Francis in one of them at Vittoria. 'He, his consort, and his family, occupied one diligence, and his suite occupied another—the first drawn by seven mules, the other by six. The royal party was received with respect by a considerable concourse of people, and with military honours.'—Vol. i. p. 11.

But though royalty thus far honours diligences in Spain, the pleasures resulting from the facility of travelling they afford on the few highroads of that country, is considerably lessened by a want of personal security. This evil is met by a practice sufficiently indicative of the present state of Spain. The proprietors are obliged to purchase immunity and protection from the different bands of banditti which infest the roads through which their diligences travel;—in other words, to pay *blackmail*.

'This arrangement,' says Mr. Inglis, 'was at first attended with some difficulty; and, from a gentleman who was present at the interview between the person employed to negotiate on behalf of the diligences and the representative of the banditti, I learned a few particulars. The diligences in question were those between Madrid and Seville; and the sum offered for their projection was not objected to; but another difficulty was started: "I have nothing to say against the terms you offer," said the negotiator for the banditti; "and I will at once ensure you against being molested by robbers of consequence; but as for the small fry (Ladrones de ninguna consideracion,) I cannot be responsible. We respect the engagements entered into by each other; but there is nothing like honour amongst petty thieves." The proprietors of the diligences, however, were satisfied with assurances of protection against the great robbers, and the treaty was concluded;

* Spain in 1830. By Henry D. Inglis, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. D. d. 1831.

but not long afterwards one of the coaches was stopped and robbed by the petty thieves; this led to an arrangement which has ever since proved effectual. One of the chiefs accompanies the coach on its journey, and overawes by his name and reputation the robbers of an inferior degree.—Vol. i. p. 3.

At Vittoria, Mr Inglis left the pale of this banditti compact, and crossed the country Bilbao in a little open calèche hired for the purpose. This last mode of convenience we conceive to be infinitely better suited to the pursuits of a traveller, though possibly a little less convenient, than the plodding uniformity of a diligence. Indeed, speaking from some experience, we hazard this general remark,—that the pleasure of remembrance, and the general benefits to be derived from a tour, are in an inverse ratio to the ease and rapidity with which it has been accomplished. We throw out this remark for the benefit of those young gentlemen who pique themselves upon reaching Constantinople in the shortest possible time; and who consider travelling day and night to Rome, without once sleeping on the road, as of more importance than seeing Rome itself. Mr Inglis found the commerce of Bilbao declining, in consequence of the difficulties attending the preparation and exportation of its two staple commodities, iron and wool; in which it is now superseded by Sweden and Saxony. But though the commerce of Bilbao declines, its convents flourish, and the abominable practice of early noviciates exists in full force.

‘In the province of Biscay,’ says Mr Inglis, ‘females profess at a very early age; their noviciate generally commences about fifteen; and, at the expiration of a year, they take the veil. I ascertained from a source of the most authentic kind, that three-fourths of the nuns who take the veil at this very early age die of a decline within four years. The climate which in Biscay is so prolific in consumption, added to the low and damp situation of some of the convents, may perhaps be admitted to have some influence upon this premature decay; but I should incline to attribute a greater influence to causes more immediately referable to the unhappy and unnatural condition of those who are shut out from the common privileges, hopes, and enjoyments of their kind.’—Vol. i. p. 33.

It is sad to read of fellow-creatures thus marked out, blighted, and sequestered from the exercise of all social affections, at the very threshold of womanhood, and left to wither, for a few barren years, within the dark gloom of their convent walls, till they pass away to the refuge of a premature grave. But it is still more sad to think that such deeds should be committed in the light of the nineteenth century, and impiously defended in the very name of the Christian religion. These immurements of girls of fifteen, differ, perhaps, in manner, but they resemble in spirit the Pagan immolations of human victims.

Mr. Inglis returned from Bilbao to Vittoria,

and from thence proceeded to Madrid. Unlike other capitals, which spread riches and comfort around them, Madrid lies in the centre of a vast treeless, riverless, sandy desert; and the nearer you approach to it, the greater is the misery and squalor which you meet. The sight of the two Castiles led Mr. Inglis to consider Biscay happy, thriving, and well cultivated. He thus describes a village, through which the diligence passed:

‘I saw between two and three hundred persons, and amongst these there was not one whose rags half covered his nakedness. Men and women were like bundles of ill-assorted shreds and patches of about a hundred hues and sizes; and, as for the children, I saw some entirely naked, and many that might as well have been without their tattered coverings. I threw a few biscuits amongst the children, and the eagerness with which they fought for and devoured them, reminded me rather of young wolves than of human beings. The badness of the pavement, and the steepness of the street, made it necessary for the diligence to go slowly, and I profited by the delay to look into one or two of the miserable abodes of these wretched beings. I found a perfect union between the dweller and his dwelling. I could not see one article of furniture—no table, no chair; a few large stones supplied the place of the latter; for the former, there was no occasion, and something resembling a mattress was the bed of the family. Leaving this village, I noticed two stone-pillars and a wooden pole across, indicating that the proprietor possesses the power of life and death within his own domain.’—Vol. i. p. 56.

From this ‘Auburn’ Mr. Inglis continued his journey to the capital. His account of the approach is striking.

‘From the Samo Sierra to the gates of Madrid, a distance of nearly thirty miles, there is not a tree to be seen, not a garden, not one country-house, and scarcely an isolated farmhouse or cottage, and only three or four very inconsiderable villages. Great part of the land is uncultivated; and that part of it which is laboured, and produces grain, is mostly covered with weeds and stones. In the midst of this desert stands Madrid, which is not visible until you approach within less than two leagues of the gate. Its appearance from this side is not striking; the city seems small, and although we may count upwards of 50 spires and towers, none of these are elevated or imposing. If the traveller turned his back upon Madrid, when within half a mile of the gates, he might still believe himself to be a hundred miles from any habitation; the road stretches away, speckled only by a few mules. There are no carriages, no horsemen, scarcely even a pedestrian; there is in fact scarcely one sign of vicinity to a great city.’—Vol. i. p. 60.

In walking the streets, Mr. Inglis was struck with the peculiar costume of the country—with the graceful mantilla, the high comb, and unbanded head—with the universal cloak, and the use of the fan by both sexes; and the crowds of well-clothed, well-fed, proud-bearing priests and

monks, who fill the public walks of this capital of the faithful. But innovation has introduced its forbidden footsteps even here; for French bonnets, English muslins, and gaudy foreign silks, are occasionally seen braving ancient habits, in carriages on the Prado, or in boxes at the Opera.

Madrid has no trade or manufacturers. Indeed, its inhabitants may be said to follow no other course of life but that of idleness. One-fourth of its 160,000 inhabitants are officers of the government or of the court, of every grade of rank, and of every gradation of greater or less inactivity: another fourth is composed of the law, the church, and the noblesse; while the remaining half is made up of the retainers of the above classes, and of the shopkeepers and itinerant purveyors of provisions, water, and fruit. All these follow a mode of life more or less idle, and little different in pursuits, pleasures, or intellectual enjoyments. A lounge in the streets in the morning, with attendance at mass in some neighbouring church—the siesta at noon, and a walk or drive on the Prado in the evening, closing with a theatre or tertulia at night—form, with the occasional interlude of a bull-fight, or procession, the daily duties of nearly all the inhabitants. The presence of the Royal Family on the Prado is accompanied with a rather oppressive ceremonial.

‘It is necessary,’ says Mr. Inglis, ‘to pay honour to every branch of the royal family, however frequently they may pass along. Every carriage must stop, and those within it must take off their hats; or if their carriage be open, must stand up also; and every person on foot is expected to suspend his walk, face about, and bow, with his head uncovered. When the king passes, no one perhaps feels this to be a grievance because, however little respect this king may be entitled to from his subjects, it is felt to be nothing more than an act of common breeding, to take off one’s hat to a king; but I have fifty times seen all this homage paid to a royal carriage with a nurse and infant, not an infant, in it; and one evening I was absolutely driven from the Prado, by the unceasing trouble of being obliged to acknowledge the royal presence every five minutes, the spouse of the Infante don Francis having found amusement in cantering backwards and forwards during an hour at least. From the expected homage no one is exempt; even the foreign ambassadors must draw up, rise, and uncover themselves, if but a sprig of royalty, in the remotest degree, and of the tenderest age, happens to drive past.’—Vol. i. p. 94.

Mr. Inglis describes Ferdinand ‘as a lusty country gentleman,’ with a fat, heavy, good-humoured countenance. He takes small notice of the obeisances of his subjects, who, in return, bestow more lively plaudits and vivas upon his apostolical brother, Don Carlos. This seems to annoy him; but he not the less freely trusts himself to the loyalty of his subjects; for Mr. Inglis met this ‘lusty gentleman in a blue coat and

drab trowsers,’ walking in a most secluded part of the Retiro, at six o’clock in the evening, with only one companion, who was some twenty paces behind, while there was no guard nearer than half a mile. This was also within a few days after the intelligence of the irruption of Mina had reached Madrid. The truth is, Ferdinand has not many personal enemies; and, with all their faults, the Spaniards are not addicted to assassinating their kings.

Shooting and uxoriousness seems to be part and parcel of the hereditary duties and habitudes of the Bourbon kings of Spain. Philip the Fifth transacted much public business while in bed with his queen. This extreme attention was imitated by his descendants; and Mr. Inglis tells us, that Ferdinand is so passionately attached to his young and beautiful wife, that he ‘spends the greater part of the day in her apartment; and when engaged in council, leaves it half a dozen times in the course of an hour or two to visit her.’ No court amusements enliven this conjugal felicity; the fond pair spend their days together; they rise at six, dine alone at two, and sup and go to bed at nine. The evening is animated by a drive to a zoological garden, where the animals are taught to make obeisances and pay the reverence due to the majesty of Spain. While such are the habits of the king and queen, those of the courtiers are, as a matter of course, similar; and indeed the whole state of society, as represented by Mr. Inglis, seems to be the very perfection of dullness.

‘The persons of distinction in Madrid lead a most monotonous life. One lady only, the Duchess of Benevente, opens her house once a-week. This is on Sunday evening, and she receives, amongst others, those of the foreign ministers who choose to visit her. Her parties, however, are far from being agreeable. The Spaniards of distinction who frequent her tertulia generally withdraw when the foreign ministers are announced. This disinclination on the part of the Spanish grandees, and others holding high court preferment, to associate with the foreign ambassadors, is notorious in Madrid. At the tertulia of the wife of Don Manuel Gonzalez Salmon, the foreign ministers used formerly to be present; but they found that they were regarded in a light little less than spies, and they are now never seen at these tertulias. In Madrid there are no ministerial, no diplomatic dinners; and amongst the persons of most distinction entertainments are extremely rare. There is, in fact, nothing like gaiety amongst the upper ranks in the Spanish metropolis.’—Vol. i. p. 133.

This monotonous life is in no respect inconsistent with that general laxity of morals which pervades all ranks in Spain; and those Puritans who in our own country declaim against what they call gaiety and dissipation, might find that the hurry and glitter of general and mixed society is infinitely less dangerous to female morals than the *dolce far niente* of a Spanish tertulia. By public returns, it appears that the annual le-

gitimate births in Madrid are to the illegitimate only in the proportion of about three and a half to one. Now this outward show can be taken only as an exponent of the real state of these affairs; for if thus much be by hard necessity confessed, we fear we must conclude that at least as much more is by cunning, and by the conveniences of married life, concealed. Mr. Inglis complains of this laxity throughout Spain; and remarks on what appears to us to be even still more deplorable, the low state of moral feeling, particularly in the southern provinces, with regard even to the value of female virtue and delicacy, whether married or unmarried. He relates many anecdotes on this subject, and, amongst others, we select one, as illustrative of the state of mercantile and priestly society in Cadiz.

'A few years ago, a curious exposé was made at Cadiz, which, as I am upon the subject of friars, I shall mention in this place. There was, and still is, a banker named Gargallo, one of the richest men in Cadiz, whose magnificent dwelling-house is separated from the walls of the Franciscan Monastery only by one small house, and this house also belonged to Señor Gargallo, although it was not inhabited. The master of the house, although a rich man, looked closely into his affairs: he perceived that his cooks had greatly exceeded the sum necessary for the existence of the family, and, after bearing this for a considerable time, at length discharged his cook. The cook applied for service elsewhere, and upon his new master applying to Gargallo for a character, he refused to give one, alleging as a reason the dishonesty of his servant. The cook, enraged at this injustice, and more solicitous to preserve his own good character than that of the friars, returned to Gargallo's house, taking witness along with him, and aloud in the court-yard told his story, that every day he had carried a hot dinner into the house adjoining, where Gargallo's wife and daughter entertained a select party of Franciscan friars; and, what was worse still, his late master's money had been expended in the support of three children and a nurse, who all lived in the adjoining house. The whole affair was thus brought to light.

'The especial favour of the ladies was reserved for only two of the friars; the very Reverend Father Antonio Sanches de la Cammissa, Sacristan Mayor, was the favourite of the wife, and another, whose name I forget, but who was next in rank to the prior, and had formerly been confessor in Gargallo's house, was the selection of his daughter. These had the entré of Gargallo's house at all hours; and in order to keep quiet a few others, who were supposed to be in the secret, a savoury dinner was provided every day for the self-denying Franciscans. Gargallo married his daughter to an old apothecary at Chiclana, where she now lives a widow; and he confined his wife during two years in an upper room in his own house, but she now lives again with her husband. At the first disclosure of the affair, he wished to send both offenders to the Penitentiary; but the captain-general of the province

interfered, to prevent so much publicity in an affair compromising the character of the Franciscans. No notice of this disgraceful affair was taken in the convent. Both revered fathers continued to bear the character of good Franciscans, and doubtless returned for a time to the austerities of the order; and when I was in Cadiz, one of them every day accompanied Manuel Munoz, the superior, in an evening walk.—Vol. i. p. 163.

While such is the state of morality, it is unnecessary to search for other proofs of the slender influence true religion exercises over conduct in Spain. Mr. Inglis asserts, that even outward respect for religion is decayed at Madrid, where, he says, "ridicule, and dislike of all the religious orders, form a very common seasoning to conversation." This he attributes, amongst other causes, to the two occupations of Spain by the French armies. The friars confess that their power and influence are on the decline; and the regular clergy seem prepared to yield a little to the tide that has set in against them. Many of them speak with freedom of the present lamentable state of Spain; and of the oppressive laws which restrict education, and fetter the publication and diffusion of books. Indeed, as Mr. Inglis well observes—

'The regular clergy have not the same interest as the friars in supporting the present system, because they have not the same fears. A revolution that might possibly chase every monk from the soil, and which would at all events despoil them of their possessions, and terminate their dominion, would probably but slightly affect the clergy of the church; and I have observed, that since the late French Revolution, their fears have diminished. The example of France, in the respect it has shown for the rights of the church, they look upon as a guarantee of their own security, and perhaps justly. Government still seeks for support in the influence of the church, and endeavours, by every means, to keep up this influence. This, it may easily be supposed, is attempted through the medium of education, which, throughout Spain, is in the hands of government. The schools in Madrid are all conducted by Jesuits, and the education received in them is such as might be expected. This surveillance commenced when the king returned to the government in 1824; the colleges were then remodelled, and all the public seminaries, even those destined for military education, were placed under Jesuit heads. In fact, no choice is left to the people as to the education of their children; the only choice being the government school, or no school at all, for obstacles almost insurmountable are thrown in the way of private tuition; and, since no tutor is ever licensed unless there is a perfect security that the system of education to be pursued by him, intellectual, political, and religious, shall be precisely the same as that taught in the public seminaries, there is nothing, therefore, gained by private tuition. Thus all the youth of Spain are educated on jesuitical principles, and denied every means of real knowledge.—Vol. i. p. 155.

While this policy, so worthy of the days of Philip the Second, is pursued with regard to education, it is not surprising that literature should be at the lowest ebb. No book can be published without a license; and by the present policy of Spain, the better the book, the more difficult it is to obtain a license, and the more dangerous to publish. Ferdinand has no wish to set his subjects to think. In accordance with the Emperor of Austria's address to the Academy of Milan, he wants obedience, and not talent. After the license for publishing has been obtained, the work is subjected to the mutilation of censors; and even then, after this purification, it is occasionally prohibited, by the order or caprice of some public officer; and finally, when it is at length committed to the world, it is either unread, or, if read and sought after, likely to expose the author to suspicion, and to bring him into trouble. All foreign books, blighted with any possible tincture of liberality, are of course prohibited; but yet, in spite of all restrictions, either the connivance, the stupidity, or the corruption of public officers, allows many to creep into a concealed circulation. They pass into the provinces at the time of the great annual fair at Madrid. Mr. Inglis was present at this fair, when the book merchants informed him that the demand for religious books was on the decline; 'that the lives of saints, especially, were almost unmarketable. Translations from French and English, especially the former, and even works in the French language, were asked for. The demand was also large and constant for the Spanish dramatists and novels, especially Don Quixotte, and Gil Blas, which were to be seen on every stall, in great numbers, and of various editions.'—Vol. i. p. 272.

National pride, and the Inquisition, have isolated Spain from the rest of Europe, so that very little of instruction, very little of modern improvement, has reached her shores. She has remained stationary, anchored in overweening self-conceit, while the rest of Europe has sailed past her. And this is the secret of what is called her decay; for, while all other nations have been making vast progress in agriculture, in commerce, in manufactures, in science, in revenue, in population, and in government, Spain has stood lazily and proudly still; and is now relatively, rather than absolutely, less strong than in the days of her supposed prosperity.

But the evils of her condition are crying aloud for redress: her finances are in a state of bankruptcy—her scanty revenue of six millions scarcely covers her annual expenditure—the pay of her army, and of her employes of all descriptions, is constantly in arrear. She pays, indeed, the interest of her French loan; but the interest of all her other debts is so much behind, that the holders of the acknowledged loans have an advantage, rather nominal than real, over the defrauded possessors of the Cortes' bonds. Yet a wise assessment of customs and duties, with a rigorous superintendence of collectors, might enable her government to meet all demands,—even

those of the Cortes' bonds; for, while six millions find their way into the public treasury, as much more is absorbed by the present mode of collection; and it is not too much to say, that one half of this sum, or three millions, goes towards the encouragement of peculation, and perjury, and smuggling.*

While the revenue department is thus mismanaged, that of justice is in a yet more disgraceful state. We have mentioned the *blackmail* by which public diligences are obliged to purchase security from the organized bands of robbers. The judicial weakness which fosters such a system extends to all other offences; so that not one crime in five is brought before the courts of justice; while bribery, perjury, and intimidation, prevent the conviction of more than half of these. Thus, not more than one crime in ten is clearly brought to light; yet still the average of convicted murders and attempts at murder in Spain, during one year, amongst a population of less than fourteen millions, amounts to more than three thousand. Now, if we allow that murder escapes detection less often than other crimes, and call its average conviction one in five, instead of one in ten, we shall still have an annual calendar of 15,000 murders and attempts at murder in Spain. We leave this fact to vouch for the other crimes that may be committed.

Agriculture also, both as regards the implements, the method, and the encouragement of husbandry, is in a similarly low state. In the south, vast tracts of land, though private property, are forbidden to be enclosed; in order that they may be exposed to the biennial trespassing of some five million sheep belonging to an association of nobles, ministers, monasteries, and chapters, too well known by the name of the *Mesta*. By this iniquitous provision the manure of all these sheep is comparatively wasted, the land which lies in their *passable* migratory tract is forced into pasturage (since the corn would be destroyed,) and a lawless vagabond race of 80,000 or 100,000 half-shepherds, half robbers, is maintained. Again, three-fourths of the whole territorial surface of Spain is unalienably entailed upon the nobles, the church, and certain corporations; and to render the entails more pernicious, the law enacts that all leases shall cease with the lives of the owners of the estate. The lands belonging to communities are therefore the best cultivated.

Another check upon agriculture is, that with the exception of some few highroads, which are sufficiently insecure, there exists scarcely a cart or wagon tract throughout Spain.† All means

* There are no less than sixteen thousand persons employed in the collection of the customs, which are probably the worst collected in the world.

† About £200,000 is the average annual expenditure on the roads in Spain, that is one-twentieth of the sum expended in England, which, being equal to one-third in Spain,

of transport are therefore dear; and in the neighbourhood of Salamanca it has been known, after a succession of abundant harvests, that the wheat has actually been left to rot upon the ground, because it would not repay the cost of carriage.* The sale and exportation of wine also suffers from this cause; and the more so, as the consequent necessity for carrying it in skins gives it that *barroccio* flavour which prevents many from drinking it. A want of water is also another evil attendant on Spanish agriculture. Very little rain falls except in the northern provinces; and since the soil, though excellent, is sandy, there are few countries in which the artificial aid of irrigation is more required, and none possibly that would better repay it;—as Valencia, Murcia, and a few other districts, where it is now partially employed, amply testify. But, to remedy all these evils requires that in which Spain is sadly deficient—confidence and capital.

Her trade has dwindled to nothing. History has ever been a sealed book to Spanish statesmen; they appear utterly to forget that the two most disastrous, ruinous, and disgraceful wars in which Spain has been engaged, have been those by which she obstinately sought to recover Holland and Portugal. It was not so much the loss of those possessions, as her desperate efforts to reconquer them, and the haughtiness with which she scorned to acknowledge their independence, long after all hopes of their recovery were dispelled, which brought her to the brink of ruin. She thus estranged them from her for ever; and lost not only her dominion over them, but that which was infinitely more important, all future commerce with them. The war with the Netherlands effectively closed with the ten years' truce in 1609; but the pride of Spain, which chose to retain her nominal claims over Holland for thirty years longer, compelled the Dutch to create an independent and hostile commerce. And now Spain is again in the same predicament. She has as little chance of regaining her American colonies, as she has of conquering Russia; she herself knows this; and yet with a sullen, proud, injurious spirit, she withholds the recognition of their independence, from no other apparent cause than the malevolent desire to foment discord amongst them, without the power of profiting by it. If she much longer pursues such a policy, it will meet its fitting reward. As yet, there are strong ties between those colonies and the parent state: they have common wants which for centuries they have been in the habit of mutually supplying. Deep channels of commerce have thus been worn by time; and though the war of independence partially dried up these, the states have been too warmly engaged in military operations to seek or care for others. When success

crowned their efforts, the return of comparative tranquillity revived old wants, and created new ones, which no country could so easily have satisfied as Spain; but she has hitherto haughtily stood aloof, and seen Sicily, England, and other nations appropriate her advantages. Still there is much circuitous trade subsisting between Spain and the Americas; and it is even yet not too late for her to recover their good-will, and with it a large portion of her former commerce. She joined with France in aiding the North Americans to shake off their subjection to this country: let her imitate, now that her colonies also have thrown off their dependence, that wise magnanimity of England, which, when she found the contest with her subjects vain, frankly held out to them the right hand of friendship. Even so far back as 1783, when D'Aranda signed the treaty of Paris, which recognised the independence of the United States, he presented a memorial to his sovereign, recommending the separation of the Americas from the crown of Spain. He would have erected the three kingdoms of Mexico, Peru, and Terra Firma, under three royal Infantas, subject only to a tributary acknowledgment to the parent state, which would have soon ceased, while the commerce and attachment would have remained. The re-opening her intercourse with America might animate the almost lifeless manufactures of Spain and give additional energy to the only source of wealth which she now cultivates with success. This consists in her mines, which produce excellent iron, and furnish rich veins of tin, copper, quicksilver, coal, salt, &c.; while her lead mines have been of late so productive, as to have lowered the price of the article throughout the world.

In addition to the many evils which we have already pointed out, the church establishment preys, as a malaria, upon every faculty of the country, whether moral or mental. We will not enter into any long discussion as to its effects; we will merely give a muster roll of its establishment, and leave that account to speak for itself. The Spanish Church then rejoices in 58 archbishops; 684 bishops; 11,400 abbots; 936 chapters; 127,000 parishes; 7,000 hospitals; 23,000 fraternities; 46,000 monasteries; 135,000 convents; 312,000 secular priests; 200,000 inferior clergy; 400,000 monks and nuns. Herein consists the bane of Spain; for as long as this overwhelming establishment for the prevention of knowledge, and for the encouragement of idleness and superstition, shall continue unchanged, so long will Spain hug her fetters, and lag behind the world.

Mr. Inglis appears to have taken much pains to ascertain the state of parties in Spain, and their relative strength. He considers that of the Apostolics or Carlists to be by far the strongest.

'It comprises,' he says, 'the great mass of the lower orders throughout Spain, and in many parts, almost the whole population; as in Toledo, the towns and villages of the Cas-

makes the proportional expense and use of the roads of the two countries as one to sixty.

* This may be estimated at ten shillings the quarter for every hundred miles.

titles, and the provinces of Murcia and Catalonia; it comprises, with a few exceptions, the friars, and a great majority of the clergy; and it comprises a considerable proportion of the military, both officers and privates, but chiefly the former. With such components, it is evident that this party does not depend for its power solely upon its numerical superiority. Every one knows that there is vast wealth in the convents and churches of Spain. I do not speak merely of the wealth in jewels and golden urns, and images locked up in Toledo, and Seville, and Murcia, and the Escorial, and elsewhere, though much of this, without doubt, would be made a ready sacrifice to the necessities of the party, but I speak also of the more available riches well known to be amassed by many orders of friars against what they designate as the time of need.—Vol. i. p. 295.

Many of these fraternities possess extravagant large revenues, without having any ostensible means of spreading them; and it is remarkable that those convents which possess the largest revenues, have the fewest members. Seven Carthusian monks in the neighbourhood of Murviedro, possess no less than seven villages, and a square Spanish league of some of the richest land in Spain.

The Liberal party Mr. Inglis ranks next in number; but of that he says,

‘If by this party be meant those who desire a return to the constitution of 1820, or who would be satisfied to leave the settlement of the government to the wisdom of an array of refugees, there is no such party in Spain; but if by the Liberal party we are to understand those who perceive the vices of the present government, and who dread still more the ascendancy of the Carlists, those who view with satisfaction the progress of enlightened opinions in politics and in religion, and who desire earnestly that Spain should be gradually assimilated in her institutions with the other civilized nations of Europe, then the Liberal party comprises the principal intelligence of the country. In any other country than Spain, this party would wield an influence to which its numerical strength would not entitle it; but in Spain the light of intellect spreads but a little way, for it has to struggle with the thick mists of ignorance and superstition; and when we say that the Liberal party comprises nearly all the intelligence of the country, it must be remembered that intelligence is but scantily sprinkled over the face of Spain, and that therefore the enlightened of Spain, and the enlightened of England, ought to convey very different ideas of numerical strength.

‘It is a curious fact, that the adherents of the existing government should be fewest in number, yet this is certainly the truth. With the exception, perhaps, of the majority of the employés, a part of the regular clergy, and the greater part of the army, its friends are very thinly scattered, and its influence scarcely extends beyond the sphere of actual benefits. Its patronage has been greatly circumscribed since the loss of the Americas; its lucrative appointments are entered in a few; and, above all, its power and patronage are held by so uncertain

a tenure, that few except those in the actual enjoyment of office, feel any assurance that their interests lie in supporting that which seems to hang together almost by a miracle.’—Vol. i. p. 301.

The power of resistance possessed by the Royal party, Mr. Inglis estimates as very small.

‘The only security of a despotic government is strength, and this security the Spanish government wants altogether; it has no strength in the affections of the people generally, and even among the military and employés, which are its only strength, there are many disaffected. When the king returned, after the overthrow of the constitution, every measure was adopted that might give a fictitious strength to the government. A clean sweep was made of all the employés, from the highest to the lowest, and whether holding their offices for life or for pleasure. These, under the Constitution, had been selected from amongst the best educated classes, but all who had been connected with the Liberal party being excluded from employment under the succeeding government, the public offices were necessarily filled up with persons of inferior station. Another stroke of policy was intended in the distribution of office. In no country is there so great a division of labour in public employments as in Spain. The duties of an office formerly held by one person were delegated to three, and the emoluments split in proportion; by which policy a greater number of persons were interested in upholding the government. A third measure of policy I have mentioned in a former chapter—that of remodelling the universities and seminaries of learning, and putting them under the superintendence of Jesuits; and a fourth was intended to secure the fidelity, and increase the numerical strength of the military. To effect the first of these objects, a new body of guards, in all nearly 20,000 men, was raised, and officered by children. The king said he would not have a single officer in the guards old enough to understand the meaning of the word constitution; and even now that several years are elapsed, the officers are almost, without exception, boys.’—Vol. i. p. 303.

In such a state of affairs, with a weak, profligate, bankrupt government, pressed on the one side by an ignorant and imperious faction, and alarmed on the other by an innovating, once triumphant, and since oppressed party of Liberals, nothing short of the all-pervading *vis inertiae* of Spain could preserve tranquillity for four-and-twenty hours. But year after year rolls away, and Spain continues the same torpid mass, with a slow fire preying on her vitals, which she has neither the strength to extinguish, nor the energy to fan into a flame. What is to be the result of this state? A change certainly; but whether violent or gradual, remains to be seen; as also, whether it is to put power into the hands of the Carlists or of the Liberals; or whether the king will be at length roused to a sense of his danger, sufficiently strong to induce him to apply remedies and reforms, before the rough hand of insurrection shall forcibly compel him.

We have already extracted so freely from Mr. Inglis, that we must hurry over the remainder of his work. He visited Toledo and the Escorial, the two head-quarters of Spanish superstition. The gorgeous and cumbrous Escorial, planted in an arid, gloomy desert, is no inapt illustration of the Spanish character. The church itself is one mass of marbles, gold, and precious stones, relieved by admirable pictures, and rendered holy by the presence of some four or five hundred vases, containing relics of every impossible kind, of every possible saint or saintly object. Unhappily, the rapacity of the French has sadly disturbed the identity of these holy treasures; for, while those 'freemasons' carried off too many of the golden vases, they scattered their unlabelled contents in unholy confusion on the ground. Thus, though the aggregate sanctity of the relics may remain the same, the individual virtues of each relic are rendered dubious even to the devotion of the most faithful. How long will men worship the offal of the charnel-house?

The treasures that have been wasted upon the superstitious decoration and endowment of Toledo and the Escorial, are incalculable, and might, had they been employed in aiding irrigation, have rendered the plains of Castile one fertile garden, the Tagus navigable from the sea to Toledo, and run a canal through the sixty miles which separate that city from Madrid. Thus might wealth, strength, and happiness, have been spread far and wide. Instead of this, the altars of the Escorial and Toledo glitter with gold and precious stones, and the priests and monks are well fed, while there is literally no high-road between Madrid and Toledo; and so trifling is the communication between these two capitals, that the traveller's question at an inn on the road, of—'What can I have to eat?' is answered by—'Whatever you have brought with you.'

Mr. Inglis passed from Madrid to Seville. He was delighted with the south of Spain, and with those old Moorish houses, 'where, in place of the wide dark entry to a Castilian house, a passage scrupulously clean leads through the building to the interior square or patio, which is separated from the passage by a handsomely ornamented, and often gilded cast-iron door, through which every one who passes along the street may see into the patio. This patio is the luxury of a hot climate. It is open to the sky, but the sun scarcely reaches it, and there is always a contrivance by which an awning may be drawn over it. The floor is of marble, or of painted Valencia tiles; sometimes a fountain plays in the centre, and a choice assortment of flowers, sweet-smelling and beautiful, is disposed around in ornamented vases. Here the inmates escape from the noonday heats; and here, in the evening, every family assembles to converse, see their friends, play the guitar, and sip lemonade.'—Vol. ii. p. 48.

The whole tenor of the Sevillian life is infinitely less pompous, formal, and conventional, than that of Madrid. But though life be more gay,

and the joys of mere animal existence be rendered bright and common by a cloudless sky and facility of subsistence, the thin veil of decorum,—that slender homage which at Madrid vice renders to virtue,—is in the softer atmosphere of Seville unblushingly flung aside; while unabashed ignorance and superstition, idleness, riot, robbery, and assassination, are the many signs of a state of society, which, were it not for the tinsel of a few mere externals of civilization, and the imported advantages of other states, would be held little superior, in any one point which regards the moral dignity of man, to the condemned communities of Africa. Mr. Inglis gives an account of a convent, the cares of whose inmates are divided between their supposed duties, and that which of all others we should have imagined least consonant with a nun's life—the aiding and abetting a band of smugglers! Cloisters filled with these ruffians and their dangerously landed goods—nuns flitting here and there—crosses and stilettoes, rosaries and horse-pistols, lying in gay confusion—the Lady Abbess at her devotions, and the chief smuggler in her parlour—form a picture, which, till we read of these new avocations of the fair recluses of Andalusia, we thought to have existed only in the imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe.

But in the midst of all this laxity, the externals of religion are duly, and in many cases ostentatiously, attended to in Seville. The *oracion* is an instance. It is now obsolete at Madrid and in the northern provinces, but in the south it is still observed; and, did it spring from pure hearts and clean hands,—were it indeed a grateful recognition of the Divine Omnipresence, and a test of a continuance in well-doing,—then indeed might it be deemed one of the most impressive ceremonies ever practised. We well remember, at the Camaldoli convent, in one of the wildest and most beautiful recesses of the Tuscan Apennines, to have witnessed this ceremony with strong emotions. But the silent and simultaneous evening prayer there arose from five persons long and far secluded from the world, to which they were never to return; and when their convent bell tolled the knell of the departed day, each monk, while its echoes were faintly dying away in the depths of the chestnut woods, fell on his knees as that sound reached his accustomed ear, and offered up a prayer which accorded with his life, his habit, his station, and his manners. Though the practice be the same in the crowded walks of Seville, the spirit is, we fear, far different. 'At sunset,' says Mr. Inglis, 'every church and convent bell in the city peals forth the signal for prayer, when motion and conversation are suspended; the whole multitude stand still; every head is uncovered; the laugh and jest are silent; and a monotonous hum of prayer rises from the crowd: but this expression of devotion lasts but for a moment; the next it is passed; heads are covered; every one turns to his neighbour and says, "Buenas noches," and the multitude moves on.'—Vol. ii. p. 69.

From Seville Mr. Inglis descended the Guadal-

quiver in a steam-boat, to San Lucar; from whence he crossed the country to Port St. Mary, and took a boat for Cadiz. Few stronger instances can be given of the disorganized state of Spain than that the road, of thirty miles, between San Lucar and Cadiz, being in the direct line of communication between the two very important cities of Cadiz and Seville, is so insecure, that the steam-boat company find themselves under the necessity of hiring an escort to defend their passengers. Of Cadiz, Mr. Inglis says,—

‘The recent erection of this city into a free port has not brought with it all the advantages that were anticipated; but it has, nevertheless, an important influence upon its prosperity. Immediately upon Cadiz being created a free port, immense shipments of manufactured goods were made from England, and several branches of Manchester houses were established there. So improvident had been the exports from England, that last autumn calicos and muslins were bought in Cadiz twenty per cent. cheaper than in England. But the chief increase in the commerce in Cadiz arises from the facilities now afforded for illicit trade with the rest of Spain. This is principally seen in the import of tobacco, which comes free from Havannah, and which is not intended so much for the consumption of the city, as for supplying the contraband trade established with the ports and coasts of Spain. There is also an extensive contraband trade in English manufactured goods, which can be bought throughout Spain at only thirty per cent. above the price at which they cost at Cadiz. Gibraltar formerly monopolized the contraband trade of the Spanish coast, and the effects resulting from Cadiz being made a free port, have proved so ruinous to the interests of Gibraltar, that the merchants of the latter place have endeavoured to support themselves by establishing branch houses in Cadiz, and of these there are no fewer than twenty-five. The change in the commercial prosperity of Cadiz has materially affected its population; in 1827 the inhabitants scarcely reached 52,000, in 1830 they exceeded 67,000.’
—Vol. ii. p. 132.

From Cadiz Mr. Inglis pursued a romantic but dangerous ride along the coast to Gibraltar, where he very properly exposes the stupidity of introducing the English style of houses in that sultry atmosphere; and where he still more strongly reprobates the carelessness with which former administrations, amidst all their protested zeal for the church, so far neglected religion as not to have erected any one place of public worship in this crowded fortress. ‘Hundreds,’ he says, ‘would gladly attend if there was a church, and many now frequent, rather than go to no temple at all, the Catholic chapel.’

From Gibraltar Mr. Inglis proceeded to Malaga, and then crossed the mountains to Grenada. We must here take leave of him; but we recommend our readers to follow him in his tour through Grenada, Cordoba, Alicante, Valencia, and Barcelona. He found every where a similar loose state of society and of government—a prevalent

ignorance and superstition; a want of employment, and laziness when employed; a general slovenliness and meanness of dress and habitation,—thousands in Murcia and Grenada living in holes of the earth; and a universal depression of trade, absence of manufactories, and backwardness of agriculture, save only in some few of the well-irrigated and most fruitful valleys of Murcia and Valencia.

Such is the general aspect of Spain,—weak, ignorant, poor, profligate, and proud; more ferocious than brave; and infinitely more superstitious than either moral or religious. Such is Spain now, and such, with some few qualifications, has Spain ever been.

The boastings of her own writers, the extent and riches of her Transatlantic possessions, and the accumulation of European states temporarily subjected to some of her monarchs,—all conspired to give an exaggerated notion of the power, civilization, wealth, and prosperity of this country. The enthusiasm also latterly awakened in England for the Spaniards, during their arduous struggle against Napoleon, closed as that struggle was by the glorious triumph of the British arms, lent fresh colours to a delusion, which the torpid state of Spain under Charles the Fourth had nearly dispelled. The accounts of her population and internal prosperity are mere fables. Balducci, Uzzano, and other early writers upon Commerce, distinctly state that Spain received her fine cloths from Florence, her linen and cotton goods from France and the Netherlands, her hardware from Germany, and her armour from Milan; while, in return, she exported only her raw produce, her wool, her corn, her iron, and her fruits;—a strong proof of the mediocrity and scantiness of her manufactures and wealth. Then, from the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, every writer, from Herrera downwards, complains of the decay of Spain; and, throughout the sixteenth century, the Cortes constantly declaim against the usurpation of Spanish trade by foreigners, while they as loudly complain of the decay of manufactures and agriculture. When, therefore, could her prosperity have existed? A proof of the estimation in which industry was held, may be gathered from an edict of Philip the Second, by which it was declared, that the following of certain trades,—as of a currier, smith, carpenter, &c., attained the blood as much as a Moorish descent; and this sage law was abrogated only so late as the year 1783. Again, the institution of the Holy Brotherhood under Ferdinand, for the protection of travellers, in desert and uninhabited districts, and the confirmation of the *Mesta* laws by Charles the Fifth, for the appropriation of a prodigious extent of waste land, while Spain was even then exporting corn and rice, also prove a scanty population.

But if the internal prosperity of Spain be thus imaginary, so also was the notion of her political strength. She fell before the Carthaginian, the Roman, and the Goth. She sunk beneath the dominion of the Moors, whom Charles Martel and

his Franks victoriously routed. For centuries she was a prey to internal factions, and subject to the sway of some twenty or thirty petty chiefs, Mahomedan or Christian, who rent her peace and hardened her heart with their endless wars, and their two hundred and forty revolutions. If indeed there be a bright and romantic page in her story, it is that which records the arts and sciences, the gallantry and the literature of her Arabian conquerors, whom, when she tyrannously expelled them, she drained the best blood from her veins. Under Charles the Fifth and his son, she undoubtedly exercised a dominant authority; but this adventitious power rapidly decayed. Bigotry, tyranny, misrule, and a cowardly system of state exclusion, soon separated her ill-assorted empire. During a disastrous period of 150 years of defeats, she lost all her European possessions. Holland, Portugal, the Netherlands, Naples, Sicily, Milan, all were torn from her, and her intrinsic weakness rendered daily more manifest. A slight rally took place when the national energies were appealed to, on the occasion of the accession of the House of Bourbon; but the change of dynasty produced no change of government, and Spain continued to be poor, proud, and helpless. In this state the French revolution burst upon her. The court began by opposing, and then basely truckling to it, till at length the scene closed at Bayonne with an exhibition of weakness, meanness, immorality, and perfidy, greater perhaps than has ever yet been exemplified.

Let us hope that Spain has at length nearly expiated her sins, and that she may soon be permitted to redeem the past. But she has no time to lose. Events are crowding fast upon her; and now, when she has much need for clear heads to direct her councils, she is, thanks to her own system of priestcraft and despotism, left without any commanding mind to direct her steps.

Much will depend upon the issue of Dom Pedro's expedition to Portugal. We have no fear of the active interference of Spain; for Ferdinand and her ministers, blind as they may be, cannot but see, that the day of their marching an army to the assistance of Dom Miguel, would but very shortly precede the hour of their own downfall. France would instantly renew the achievements of the Trocadero in an opposite cause; and England would be compelled—whether willingly or not, it matters not—by the force of her treaties, to repel any Spanish invasion of Portugal. Ferdinand, then, will not dare move a soldier; but we much fear he will be weak enough to give every secret aid in his power to Dom Miguel. We say we fear; because, though we cannot bring ourselves to entertain any interest in the welfare of the present King of Spain, we feel an earnest desire for the well-being of the country he governs, and whose fate is unhappily much dependant on his conduct. That country never can assume the rank in Europe to which she is entitled,—never can prosper under an apostolical rule. The experience of the last two or three hundred years sufficiently testifies this truth. But if Ferdinand

assist Dom Miguel—secretly or openly, it matters not—he will throw himself into the hands of the Apostolical faction, who will either allow him to govern Spain under them, or, on his incurring their displeasure, will compel him to give place to his brother Don Carlos, their true leader. He has mortally offended and injured this brother by his recent abrogation of the Salique law; and Don Carlos has manifested his resentment by organizing a conspiracy nominally to support, but in fact to undermine, Ferdinand's authority. This solemn league, for the support of church and state, though checked by a recent explosion, still subsists; and Ferdinand would gain no more control over it, by placing himself at its head, than his ancestor, Henry the Third of France, won from the Guises by a similar act. The worst that can befall him from the Liberals,—a limitation of his authority,—is the least of the evils he may meet with from the Apostolical faction. The resignation or abdication of Kings is common in Spain. Ferdinand forced his father to abdicate; and if he now throws himself into the arms of the Apostolicals, he must not complain if he meets with a retaliation from his brother.* Should that brother succeed, or should he compel Ferdinand to an adoption of his Ultra policy, we anticipate much misery for Spain: a series of revolutions will follow, whose issues we will not attempt to predict. But we will yet hope that a sense of self-preservation may influence Ferdinand. For when he shall perceive, as he soon may, that his sole defence against the Carlists, and his only means of retaining his throne, rest in his turning Liberal, he will, we imagine, listen to that seduction; and prefer being the organ of regenerating Spain, to the honour of exhibiting himself at some Apostolical *auto-da-fé*, as the deposed martyr of despotism.

But Ferdinand will make no change of any kind, till the result of Dom Pedro's expedition is known. If it fail, the prospects of the Peninsula will become so gloomy, and our opinion of its inhabitants so low, that we shall not care to bestow many thoughts upon them. But we cannot think that the Portuguese will adhere to a yoke of iron, when an opportunity of breaking it is offered to them; and unless some unforeseen accident occur, we anticipate the expulsion of the tyrant who has vexed and afflicted Portugal for these last four years. In that case Spain must adopt a less illiberal policy. If she follow this course at once with sincerity and moderation, all may be well; but if she be refractory, we fear the consequences. We confess we are anxious for a gradual reform in Spain. Loyal Spaniards may be offended at the low view we have taken of the past glories of their country, at the vices we have remarked in the national institutions and character, and at the

* Charles the Fourth wrote thus to his son Ferdinand, on the 2d May 1808, "You have dishonoured my gray hairs, you have despoiled me of my crown, for my abdication was the result of force and violence."

exposition we have made of the utter degradation of Spain at the present moment. We can assure them that we have done so with no evil disposition; on the contrary, it is because we feel most anxious for the future honour and exaltation of Spain, that we have made these statements; for we are confident that such a consummation can be obtained only by a right understanding of her character and position. We have no wish to see the immediate formation of a very popular government in Spain or Portugal. They are not fit for it, and must be content to walk before they can run. The low state of morals, the little respect for legal rights and forms, the extent of official corruption, the want of education, and the general indifference for political privileges, render them utterly incompetent with the exercise of a liberty as extensive as that which, profiting by centuries of habit and experience, Britain is capable of enjoying. The artist who, by the possession of the pencil and pallet of Lawrence, should fancy he could rival his portraits, would not be more absurd than those Spaniards or Portuguese, who, by the mere importation of the machinery, should imagine themselves and their countrymen fit for the work of our government. We trust, therefore, if happily there shall appear a tendency to liberality in Spain, that her patriots will proceed with moderation. Let them deal gently, and they may succeed in their endeavours. Above all, let them put a strong curb on their own enthusiasm, and consider not what they themselves may wish to enjoy, but how much the moral weakness of their countrymen can bear.

There are few countries that have greater natural advantages than Spain. Here is indeed a land flowing with milk and honey, and oil and corn. Intersected with superb rivers—defended by noble mountains—rich with the most productive mines—having ports looking on every sea, and blessed with a climate fitted for every production, she might be one of the most populous and flourishing countries in the world. We have seen what she is; how much, then, is in the power of an enlightened government! The subject that will most press upon the attention of her statesmen, is her financial difficulties. As long as Spain continues to defraud her creditors, so long will she find it impossible to raise money, and without money she can do nothing. Let her ministers, then, boldly front her difficulties; let them commence their career by being just; and when they have recognised all the debts of Spain, whether of the Cortes or of their Monarchs' incurring, they may re-enter the financial pale of Europe, and find capitalists who will treat with them.

But till then all other attempts at reform will fail; for these capitalists are resolved, and with reason, firmly to establish a law, that the pecuniary obligations of a government *de facto* are binding upon their successors, under the constitutional penalty of withholding from them all further supplies. Ferdinand has in vain opposed this combination; and the first act of an enlightened Spanish ministry will be a treaty with the capitalists

of Europe. Money and reviving confidence will work wonders in Spain; it will facilitate all other financial reforms, by enabling the government to remodel, without the fear of an utter bankruptcy, the absurd system of taxation which now encourages smuggling, enriches the tax-gatherers, and oppresses the country without satisfying the treasury. It also will enable them to pay regularly, and thereby secure the efficient services of the army and of the employés,—a consideration of no trifling import in factious times. With these points well settled, and with the reconciliation with her colonies brought happily to an issue, Spain may proceed steadily in the course of gradual amendment.

From the Monthly Magazine.

A DIRGE FOR TERESA.

SHE'S gone!—she's gone!—now from the field
Of rest

'Turn softly back its sward: where limetrees
weep

Their flowers, beloved of bees; and graves are
drest

With daisies, like a flock of fairy sheep;—
Lay the fair girl to sleep.

The sun will love to linger where she lies,
The dew to keep her covering ever green;
For her, the winds shall sing soft obsequies
Of low-toned music, gentle and serene,—
For such her life hath been.

What dread had Death for her, he came not
near

Her couch with hasty step and angry eye;
Not with anguish keen—the pang severe,
The fear of heart, which some must bear, to
die;—

She went without a sigh.

Without one shade of pain to cross her brow,
One short convulsive breath—one feeble
moan—

We heard her last farewell; her voice was low,
But naught of sorrow trembled in its tone;
A smile,—and she was gone;

No early care had worn the tender ties
That bound her here,—no grief her heart had
bowed;

Only, too pure for earth, she seemed to rise
To her own heaven—as doth some silver
cloud

Before the winds grow loud.

She dwelt amongst us, an unconscious saint,
Where'er she passed, a holy peace she shed.
Her eye was such as limners love to paint,
Smiling above some sinless infant's bed:
Sweet music was her tread.

She's gone!—she's gone!—In silence make
her grave,

But not in tears—ye would not from its home
Recall her happy soul—perchance to brave

A weary lot—too gentle far to roam
Through years of grief to come.

Draw back—your work is done—and now the bier

Comes on—her sorrowing kindred weep around;

Raise ye the solemn hymn of hope, while here

They lay the lovely in his hallowed ground,

With spring's sweet garlands crowned!

: From the Athenaeum.

THE COURT OF SAXE-MEINUNGEN.

[The fact of Her present Majesty Queen Adelaide, being a Princess of the House of Saxe-Meiningen, gives a great additional interest to the following Paper, which is translated from a Manuscript about to be published at Paris, under the title of "Recollections of an Officer."]

Of all the satellites, great and small, which, under the denomination of members of the Confederation of the Rhine, revolved round the bright star of Napoleon's glory, none was less hostile or more submissive than the chief of the principality of Saxe-Meiningen.

This chief was an amiable and timid woman, the mother of a numerous and interesting family, whom she brought up in the fear of God and of Napoleon, with all the economy, if not the simplicity, which characterizes the establishment of a bittermost German tradesman. With the truly German ostentation and old-fashioned formality of *her court*, as it was termed, were combined the most paternal care for the welfare and happiness of the few hundred subjects over whom she reigned.

If my memory serve me correctly, the military force which, as member of the Rhenish Confederation, this excellent princess maintained under arms, at the disposal, though not in the pay of Napoleon, amounted to some sixty or seventy men. This modest *corps d'armée*, in which, no doubt, the warlike virtues made up for any deficiency in numerical strength, took a very serious part in more than one of the battles fought by the Grand Army. At Ratisbon, a drummer of Meinungen was wounded—and severely too—by a vigorous kick from the foot of a French grenadier, who asked him in French, which the poor drummer did not understand, for a bit of touch-wood to light his pipe. It is said, that after the battle a report of the wound—the place and cause of which were somewhat disguised—was made to the princess, and the star of Meinungen, with its pendant ribbon, was transmitted, by the chancellor of the order, to the brave drummer and twelve of his valiant companions.

At the period when the high roads in Germany swarmed with detachments from the army destined by Napoleon to carry fire and sword into the remote dominions of the Czar, a regiment of light infantry arrived, one fine morning, at the little town of Saxe-Meiningen. Having obtained leave to make a halt there of three days, gallantry required the officers, whom fame had made ac-

quainted with the amiable character of the princess and her family, to offer to this interesting sovereign that personal homage which she deserved, much more than she desired; and on the very day of their arrival a *visite de corps* was ordered by the commanding officer.

Every portmanteau was accordingly unpacked, its contents put in requisition, and the officers appeared in all the splendour of full-dress uniforms; more in keeping with the magnificence which they anticipated, than that which they really found. At noon precisely they assembled on the neat, well-swept *place d'armes*, whence they proceeded in a body towards the palace, termed by the Germans, *the Residence*.

The regiment, with its four battalions complete, counted a hundred officers of different ages and ranks—a number somewhat greater than that of the whole army kept up by the princess to maintain the peace of Europe. These, with their dazzling uniforms, proceeded in solemn procession to *the Residence*. But as no one building in the town, save only the Church, overtopped the houses of the ordinary inhabitants, it was impossible to distinguish the palace from the surrounding habitations, by any of those magnificent proportions with which the excited imaginations of the officers had associated it.

However, at the end of a narrow street, which, as they were subsequently informed, was inhabited by all the great state officers, they arrived at a modest square building, which, by a dark sombre appearance, differed from the neatly white-washed houses with green blinds, which stood contiguous to it. A few long narrow windows admitted the light through small dirty panes of glass, which the aged wood-work had scarcely strength to retain in their places. Before the door which gave entrance into this royal dwelling, paraded a sentinel, who, divorced from his musket, which he had left in the peaceful sentry box, yawned as he performed his perambulations. From his shoulders was suspended one of those huge German cartridge-boxes, which used so to amuse the soldiers of the French army. The Saxon warrior, taken by surprise, and unable to resume his arms and pay military honours to the strangers, a young urchin having, unperceived, slipped into the sentry box and taken away his musket to learn the exercise, told his vexation by his humbled and abashed countenance.

The *cortège* passed through the door, whose archway served as a coach house, and proceeded up a wooden staircase of tolerable proportions, adorned with a wooden balustrade, sculptured *à l'antique*. In front walked, by order of the colonel, a young ensign from the banks of the Rhine, who, according to his own account, spoke German very well, and was therefore delegated to act as interpreter.

On the landing-place stood a man in a blue jacket, with a cap of the same colour in his hand, who, attracted by a noise of voices and footsteps, so unusual and extraordinary at *the Residence*, had come thither to learn the cause.

This individual, as it afterwards appeared, was the first valet-de-chambre of the princess, and no doubt, the only one.

The interpreter informed him in German, that the officers there present aspired to the honour of paying their respectful homage to the princess. With a wave of his hand he beckoned the intruders to remain where they were, and then disappeared through a door, which he carefully closed after him.

A quarter of an hour was spent upon the staircase, in various conjectures, when a grave and aged officer, in an old-fashioned uniform, and whose gray hair was adorned with a tail *à la Prussienne*, approached the colonel, and inquired, in German, the cause of his visit with so numerous a suite. The interpreter made the same reply as to the blue-cap questioner. Bowing with great dignity, the venerable personage stated that the duties of his office required that he should first make known this request to his illustrious sovereign and mistress.

After a second pause of another quarter of an hour, the grand chamberlain—for such was his title—again appeared, bowed very low, and ordered the first valet-de-chambre, who had returned with him, to throw open the door opposite to the staircase—then, with a wave of the hand, accompanied by two bows, he motioned the strangers to advance.

The latter, naturally enough, imagined that they would now have to traverse a long suite of apartments—not so: they found themselves immediately in a narrow gallery,—the end of which, near the door, was wholly free from furniture—there not being even a chair; whilst, at the other end, sat several ladies nearly encircling another, who appeared to be of a higher rank. This was the princess; and they who surrounded her were the ladies of her court—the wives and daughters of the grantees of Saxe-Meiningen.

When the leaders of the party had arrived at about the middle of the gallery, the grand chamberlain suddenly stopped, and informed the astonished interpreter, who made faithful report accordingly, that severe etiquette, which could in no case be departed from, required that all strangers admitted into the presence of his august mistress should be first officially announced to her Highness in due form, by the proper officer of her household. Whilst this point was being settled, the French officers took the opportunity of glancing at the ladies, whose seriousness and impassibility were such, as made it difficult to believe that a hundred gallant soldiers stood only a few paces from them. The grand chamberlain, whose imperturbability nothing could disturb, now asked in a loud voice—

“What is the pleasure of Messieurs the French officers?”

“To obtain the honour of a presentation to the reigning princess,” replied, for the third, or fourth, or fifth time, the impatient interpreter.

“You shall be announced to her Highness, gentlemen,” said the grand chamberlain, who, wheel-

ing round, walked towards the court in measured steps, and said in French,

“Messieurs the officers of the — regiment of light infantry, belonging to the grand army of the Emperor Napoleon, one of the allies of the principality of Saxe-Meiningen, (here he enumerated all the titles of the principality) humbly solicit the signal honour of being presented to her Highness, the reigning princes.”

“I will receive them with great pleasure,” said the princess, rising, and advancing with much grace and affability towards the strangers, to whom she said, “Gentlemen, I am sensible of the honour you confer upon me—pray approach.”

The grand chamberlain then announced in full, official loudness of tone, “Messieurs the officers of the — regiment.”

These tedious ceremonies, these courtly forms, and this rigorous etiquette, in a dwelling which displayed more than ordinary homeliness, put the officers into good humour, and many of them had great difficulty to refrain from laughing outright. The colonel was delighted at being able to converse with the princess in French, and after the usual compliments, presented individually each of his officers. The modest attire of the princess, her mild and noble bearing, and her benevolent countenance and manner soon gained the hearts of her visitors. After a short conversation, in which she evinced a profound knowledge of European politics, and a warm admiration for the chief of the French government, whom she always termed the illustrious Napoleon, she invited the whole party to a ball which she intended to give next day, in honour of their passage through her dominions; stating to the colonel that she had given orders that each soldier of the regiment should participate in the fête, by receiving an extra ration of wine from the host upon whom he was billeted.

A gracious inclination of the head to the colonel was a signal for the visit to terminate. The party then withdrew, preceded by the grand chamberlain, who departed not a hair's breadth from the accustomed ceremonial; and the officers knew not which most to admire, the adaptation of these courtly forms to so humble an establishment, or the extreme amiableness and affable dignity which distinguished the princess.

The ball took place in the gallery we have already described. The numerous family of the princess was present, and mingled with the guests without any appearance of pretension. She herself was habited in nearly the same plain costume as on the preceding day, and, like Cornelia, could point to her children and say, “These are my jewels!”

Certainly nothing that the French officers beheld at this ball bore the slightest resemblance to any thing they had before seen. There were old ladies decked out in the costume of the court of Louis XV.; a dozen antiquated officers—fossil remains of past glory—almost effaced monuments of the seven years' war; whilst, under the protection of these venerable Teutonic ruins, plump,

fresh-coloured, frank and good tempered girls, scarcely clad—kind hearted Germans, always ready to utter the *Ja* of approbation and add to it a hearty laugh—and the interesting children of the princess, gaily whirled through the groups in the mazy waltz.

In a word, German pride was combined with courtesy—reserve with frankness—and the indispensable ceremonial was divested of its stiffness and ungracious formality;—but the music was only worthy of an ale-house; and there was a lamentable paucity of refreshments. At the end of the ball, a kind of side-board supper was served up, which prevented no one from supping on his return home.

The next day the official Gazette of Saxe-Meinungen announced to the peaceable subjects of the most amiable and kindest of sovereigns, that on the previous night there had been a *ball and reception at Court*.

CHRISTOPHER AT THE LAKES.*

We could write a glorious article—THE THREE GLENS. No need whatever to leave this Island; for, in spite of all they say about the Alps, “the Pyrenean and the river Po,” it is out of all sight the finest part of the whole earth. We make no attack upon the Andes—and beg the Himalaya Mountains distinctly to understand, that they are objects of our highest admiration. We never crossed the Cordilleras; but we remember thinking Chimborazo clumsy, though “his stature reached the sky.” We go not among them for our Three Glens, though we might choose among them a mighty million; but true, as we said, to our NATALE SOLUM, we keep within the girdle of our own cliffs, allowing others to harangue on the magnitude while we hail the magnificence of Nature.

One is—GLENETIVE. From Bunawe to King’s House, ’tis twenty miles as the eagle flies—and ten of them is an arm of the sea. A solitary stretch of grandeur! Beauty dwells in the desert, and the heart feels, while the imagination itself doth wonder, how lovely even may be the rocky wilderness!

Another is—GLENEVIS. Its spirit is a river. One bend it makes—no more—miles from its source, and leagues from the sea. Gaze down—groves how majestic, glades how beautiful! Up—and shuddering at those dreadful precipices, you feel that spiritual fear is indeed the soul of the Sublime.

The third is—WASTDALEHEAD. Were we far away, we could describe it in the delight of memory; but we have plunged down into its profoundest peace; the hushed mountains are this moment overshadowing us, and we seek relief from emotion in a train of thought.

We shall ascend to the summit of no more mountains. Old age, “made lowly wise,” ought

to be contented with the levels of life. They are not necessarily flat; and, if well chosen, are neither stale nor unprofitable, but rich to the last with “fresh fields and pastures new.” Besides, strewn as the humbler paths before our feet may still be with all manner of flowers and herbage, no law obliges our eyes to be always resting even on their terrestrial beauty; we have yet the privilege and the power of uplifting them to the stars. On its way up to heaven our vision may yet gather the loftier glories of earth. A melancholy grandeur invests the precipices we must climb no more; and there is something awful in those luminaries, while in the clearest nights they seem somewhat dim now to our sight, the mist being not over them, but the orbs that gaze on the Bright Obscure. All men become soon reconciled to the inevitable change, in which there is forewarning but no dismay. It comes upon us then so imperceptibly, that but by comparisons made in the memory, we are often not aware of the altered aspects of all things in life and nature. In infancy, the moon appears something fair and far-off in the sky, and to look on it sometimes stills our eyes through their tears. In boyhood, the joyous globe, in its own independent being, is not thought to borrow its lustre from the sun. In youth’s shining prime, we encircle her with love-dreams as with a tender halo, or with the glow of our passion vivify the sole Queen of Night. Into the meditative mind of manhood, soberer and more solemn fancies flow from the Silver Urn. And as we feel ourselves nearing the close of our mysterious existence, with what sublime conviction that our spirit, like her, will rise again in a cloudless clime, does religion behold the moon dropping happily behind the mountains!

Here are we writing by twilight, in a bedroom, often slept in by us of yore, the best bedroom in the house of one of the worthiest statesmen of all the North, Thomas Tyson. Pleasantest too, of parlours, of studies the most serene. The fashion of these curtains can never be obsolete. There he sits, for ever young, the Shepherd piping in the dale! To lambs that shall never grow into sheep—to a lassie who smiles unrepining in perpetual maidenhood. We know all the knots on the brown oaken floor, smooth almost as glass; but these are new brass handles on the antique chest of drawers; for the first time we see our face looking queerly and inquisitively at us out of that mirror above the chimney-piece, ornamented with fruits and spars; and certes ’tis no unsplendid frame. Aye! there hangs the same moral picture—Death with his dart, about to smite a sinner in a wanton’s arms. The little lattice opens to a touch, as it used to do, on its old leaden hinge; and we remember—yes we do—that small, spoke, but rimless wheel in the pane—for we cracked it in our clumsiness thirty years ago, impatient to see, not as through a glass dimly, the evening star. But think not that ’tis thirty years since we slept here in Wastdalehead. Hither, during that time, have we made many a peaceful pilgrimage. But how strangely does love leap

* Extracted from an article in *Blackwood’s Magazine*.

over the chasms between years! The past of itself seems to take possession of us, and not we ourselves of the past. We do not command our dreams, but we obey them; and days and nights, each with its own sun or its own moon, sometimes overhang some sweet scene that we might have thought was forgotten forever, and into that portion of life we are all at once born again. So is it with us now in this twilight, another and the same! The hush—the hum—the murmur—is as the voice of a night that hath died not, but continued to live on in its tranquillity, during all the troubled times we have been turmoiling in great cities, many of them far beyond the seas!

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," says Wordsworth, in that famous ode obscure but in its sublimity; and we often feel the force of that dark but wise saw, on returning to open-eyed life from one of those trances that the looker-on might seem leaden-lidded death. There have been people unconscious of ever having had one single dream. They sleep just like stones—or if that be an offensive word—like trunks of trees. Their animal blood continues to circulate just like vegetable sap—they are alive and growing like timber—but both alike are insensible in the spirit to the sky influences, that all the while may be lifting up their locks or their leaves. Infants smile in their sleep—for they suppose themselves sucking—that is all—Children whimper through their delight in slumber, and seem then to be dancing in more lustrous life, like insects in sunshine. As we grow in stature of soul and body, strange spiritual expansions—wrenchings—rendings—agitate as if they would destroy us in dreams. Mounting and mounted to meridian, we launch away in the ship of imagination over seas unnavigable waking mariners, and palm-crowned walk awhile in the Isles of Paradise. How dim the brightest bliss known to the beatings of the heart still conscious of this mortal clime, compared with the ecstasy that blends our being with the visions composing the Holy of Holies in our dream-created heaven! Spiritualized are then our frames, mortal no more, and floating along the depths divine in company with the radiant clouds. Dreaming proves we shall never die. Not for that we merely think and feel; but because our thoughts and our feelings then far transcend all other experience; our capacities are then expanded into powers that exult in celestial origin, and are destined for celestial end. The dullest wight, says the Pearl-diver Coleridge, is a Shakspeare in his sleep. Then, what in his must have been Shakspeare!

Yet we have said above, that some people say they never dream. Perhaps they wish to lie themselves into singularity—perhaps they forget. But if they speak the truth, how must we children of centuries pity those poor sons of a day! Such folks live at the most but half a life. We, again, live thousands of lives; for, as the bard saith,

"Sleep hath its separate worlds as wide as dreams,"

wider than the "visible diurnal sphere"—escaping over the rim of the universe. Reason and conscience survive in dreams, but their sovereignty seems sometimes shaken, and though they overlook, they cannot always control the wild work over which dominant are the passions. They still know that they are commissioned; but while they retain the privilege, alas! they may have lost the power; and stand shuddering aloof during "the transacting of some dreadful thing." We awake—and wisdom, while it saddens o'er the strange review, is stronger from the lessons it has learned from the fluctuating tumult, in its sway over the duties of a steadfast being. The phantasmagoria glide away, and we recognise in them symbols of realities. All that confusion was caused by the obstruction of the will. That power in sleep is often paralytic; and we are whirled away like a leaf on the wind. Thence we venerate the waking will as holy; for in the sunlight that breaks the bands of sleep, of a sudden all its divine attributes are centred, and we confess the presence of the Godhead.

But away, now, all such dreams about dreams—for we have taken a look through the jessamine-flowers out of the lattice; and lo! the still sublimity of the Sabbath morn! "The innocent brightness of the new-born day!" Wastdalehead!

It seems as if the very mountains knew the great day of rest. Serene assemblage of forms magnificent! The reign of Calm over the dominions of Delight! Mickle-Door "has lifted up his everlasting gates," and between their pillars what a lovely sky! On the Pikes a sunny softness seems to sooth the precipices till they smile. Rugged are they still in their repose, but the tale they tell of tempests is like a tradition. Theirs now is the power of peace. Great-End has a gentle look, for joy has subdued the giant, gladdening in greenness, of which all his rocks partake. Gable with shadowy lustre shuts up the dale. But not till the sun has risen higher in heaven will the yellow light be enlivening Lingmell's solemn woods. "And have you no glance to give to us," seem now to breathe the low-lying meadows, the fields, and the pastures; while whispers the same voice from these roof-loving trees, "Yes—our eyes not unwillingly retire from the mountains, and repose, as on the stillness of water, on all these sweet enclosures, blessing the lichens on the walls!"

Serene symptoms of the Sabbath! A certain gravity hangs over the usual gladness of the household. With sober step master and mistress cross the floor. The heads of the men are sleek—of the women ringleted; those decently clad, these prettily; we are speaking of the maids—for in caps that hide, without meaning it, their silvery hair, sit the silk-gowned matrons; and she in the arm-chair must have been—nay was—for we remember her a month after marriage—a bride to do a bridegroom's heart good even to look at—so sweet are yet the mild remains of that loveliness that won and kept for her the name of the Beauty of Borrowdale.

All around in the open air is just as sabbatic. The bees alone are at work—for the very swallows—perhaps 'tis fancy—seem not to be skimming about so restlessly as usual; and as for the colleys—like douce dogs as they are—they are all going with us to the chapel. We hope there will be no fighting. No animal enjoys Sabbath like the horse. Cows, we fear, feel little, and know no distinction between it and week-days—for all they have to do, at any time, is to chew the cud, and to be milked, a mild but a monotonous mode of life. No fishing-rod is suffered to be seen, out or in doors, about the place, and the baskets are hanging in the back-kitchen. No mark of cart-wheels less than twelve or fourteen hours old, and the dews have dimmed their glazings on the gravel. As for the carts themselves, they are at rest on their trams in the shed; and on the front of one of them we perceive a bunch of poultry dressing their feathers. The cock—we know not why—but no doubt he does—has ceased to crow, and looks as grave as an alderman with his gold chain. The feeling of the place and time is one of pensive cheerfulness; no other day of the seven *could* be so delightful; for, though kindred to them, and one and all children of the sun, it is felt to be *set apart*!

As we approach the chapel, we are reminded of a beautiful passage in Wordsworth's little prose-book about the Lakes,

"The architecture of these churches and chapels, where they have not been recently rebuilt or modernized, is of a style not less appropriate and admirable than that of the dwelling-houses and other structures. How sacred the spirit by which our forefathers were directed! The *religio loci* is no where violated by these unstained, yet unpretending, works of human hands. They exhibit generally a well-proportioned oblong, with a suitable porch, in some instances a steeple tower, and in others nothing more than a small belfry, in which one or two bells hang visibly. But these objects, though pleasing in their forms, must necessarily, more than others in rural scenery, derive their interest from the sentiments of piety and reverence for the modest virtues and simple manners of humble life with which they may be contemplated. A man must be very insensible who would not be touched with pleasure at the sight of the chapel of Buttermere, so strikingly expressing, by its diminutive size, how small must be the congregation there assembled, as it were, like one family; and proclaiming at the same time to the passenger, in connexion with the surrounding mountains, depth of that seclusion in which the people live, that has rendered necessary the building of a separate place of worship for so few. A patriot, calling to mind the images of the stately fabrics of Canterbury, York, or Westminster, will find a heartfelt satisfaction in presence of this lowly pile, as a monument of the wise institutions of our country, and as evidence of the all-pervading and paternal care of that venerable Establishment, of which it is, perhaps, the humblest daughter. The edifice is scarcely larger than many of the single stones

or fragments of rock which are scattered near it."

But about a dozen pews in all—humble the pulpit—the reading-desk scarcely to be distinguished—and lowly the altar. Rush-mats are on the earthen floor—and through the yellow-wash on the walls are visible the weather stains, for the damps strike through in winter; and in a calm like this, you cannot conceive how the rain penetrates when the tempest drives. In ones, and twos, and threes, are dropping in the congregation, and there must be now—our own transalpine party of four included—nearly thirty Christian people in the chapel. Lest the air within should get sultry, the door is left open, and you look out on blue sky, and green grass fields, for here there is no place of tombs. The nearest burial-place is down at Nether Wastdale. There is a scent of sweet brier and of wild-flowers growing of themselves all about the chapel, and though it stands in the middle of the plain, the mountains send thither, now that the breezes are beginning to play, the balm of the birch-woods. But from the vestry—for a vestry there is, though you may look and not see it—comes the curate in his surplice—and though we may have heard the service read with more classical intonations—yet in Cumberland it is right to speak with the accent of Cumberland—and at all events 'tis not for Scotchmen any where to criticise any southron's speech—for any man to do so in the House of God. The responses are made earnestly—the sermon is sound and simple—and some young female voices there do most sweetly sing the Psalms! The blessing is implored and granted; and issuing silent into the open air, we there interchange friendly greetings, not only between all neighbours living within this hollow, but a few who may almost be called strangers, coming from the low lands at the foot of the Lake, or, perhaps, even from the other side of the mountain.

We have scarcely said a single word, all this while, of the Lake of Wastwater. In days of gloom we have seen it pitch black. In storm-days, we have seen and heard it too—tumbling with white breakers like the sea. But we love to look on it on this sweet Sabbath day, without a murmur on its margin, showing us that there are more clouds than we suspected on the sky.

WASTWATER IN A STORM.

There is a Lake hid far among the hills,
That raves around the throne of solitude,
Not fed by gentle streams, or playful rills,
But headlong cataract and rushing flood.
There, gleam no lovely hues of hanging wood,
No spot of sunshine lights her sullen side;
For horror shaped the wild in wrathful mood,
And o'er the tempest heaved the mountain's pride.

If thou art one, in dark presumption blind,
Who vainly deem'st no spirit like to thine,
That lofty genius deifies thy mind,
Fall prostrate here at Nature's stormy shrine,
And as the thunderous scene disturbs thy heart,
Lift thy changed eye, and own how low thou art.

WASTWATER IN A CALM.

Is this the Lake, the cradle of the storms,
Where silence never tames the mountain-roar,
Where poets fear their self-created forms,
Or, sunk in trance severe, their God adore?
Is this the Lake, for ever dark and loud
With wave and tempest, cataract and cloud?
Wondrous, O Nature! is thy sovereign power,
That gives to horror hours of peaceful mirth;
For here might beauty build her summer-bower!

Lo! where yon rainbow spans the smiling earth,

And, clothed in glory, through a silent shower
The mighty Sun comes forth, a godlike birth;
While, 'neath his loving eye, the gentle Lake
Lies like a sleeping child too blest to wake.

Go where we will, all people are but too happy to make us happy; which, on our giving due consideration to our savage temper, must forever in our mind remain verily a great mystery, a simple fact—an elementary law—an original principle of human nature which admits of no analysis. Forenoon and afternoon service in the chapel being all in one, and to give time for coming, and going from afar, wisely occupying the middle day, there yet remain a good many hours of the Sabbath; and nothing forbids that the eve should find us, as you shall see, at a noiseless Festival.

In the very middle of a field fronting Crook, and a few hundred yards or less from a village-like farmhouse, stands by itself a stately Sycamore. We have seen twenty cattle whisking their tails uncrowded under its umbrage, and so might twenty more; though the sycamore, you know, is not a tree that spreads so wide a shadow as either a lime or an oak. Now, under it, will you believe us, while we have been wandering about, astonished at our own eloquence in descanting on all the visible glories, for the instruction of the Adelphi, have the active inmates of Crook and Eusthwaite laid out, circling the stem, tables and forms, and stools and chairs; one of the latter, framed of course after the antique fashion of the black mahogany oak-wood, with high-arched back quaintly carved, and arms of which the elbows grin with griffins, set like a throne beside a throne, for Christopher North. For the other, to our left, is for Crook himself; and as we sit, the sycamore divides into two equal halves, lake, mountain, and sky; yet still the whole is but one landscape, for we can, whenever we choose, cut down, in imagination—in reality may it live a thousand years!—the gigantic tree.

But the Curate has asked a blessing, and the cups and the cakes go round. Dalesmen do not dine much on Sabbath. But they, nevertheless, take their meals; and there is no other prepared with so little trouble as tea. Baked yesterday, but reheated within the hour—thin as wafers, but wide as the round of the spacious *ridiron*, is not that a beautiful pile of oaten bread, fifty farls to the pound—and crump, crump, crump? But our business now is to "bury the diet, not to praise it;" and to describe, much more to detail the

viands, might offend the modest givers of the feast.

We have numbered the tenants of the silvan tent, and without counting some sprinklings of childhood, we find that we are as the years of a Dumbarton Virgin, thirty and five. And among them some of the loveliest lasses of Nether Wastdale. That is a *glorious* girl on the left side of young Ritson, who threw Spedding last Whitsuntide at Gosforth. And is not she a *graceful* creature, smiling a few farther down, between the Adelphi, who seem, in the character of the Rival Brothers, already well nigh at their wit's end? An outer circle of bonnets, with ribands of all sorts of colours, so blazes round us, that we wonder the grass is not set on fire. And what is no less singular than beautiful, there are not too maidens there—not even these fairies who, we have just now been told, are twins—with hair of the same colour, each pretty head having its own hue, from the flaxen fair to the coal-black, comprehending all the varieties of yellow, brown, and auburn; while, 'tis in vain to deny it, that freckled damsel, with light blue eyes, thick neck, and full bosom of dazzling whiteness, has received from nature, we know not whether in love or anger, a fiery-red poll, bushy as any wig, though by the strong ligatures, you can swear is rooted, far back on that bold broad forehead, the shock of her own indisputable hair. Crook whispers in our ear that she is called the Comet.

Ha! a gentle pattering of rain, that sets the afternoon birds a-singing, as if it were but spring. The bee-murmur above our heads, might now almost be called thunder. But were the shower to fall heavier and heavier for hours, not a drop—or but a few drops—would dance upon our tables. Hurrying, the children collect the bonnets, and sportively putting them on, the urchins are buried in the "straw-built sheds." Grass and glove glitter; and flowers unseen before, are set a-smiling in the dew. Come whence it may, the rain comes not from the clouds; for no cloud is on the sky above the sycamore. Yes—a braided fold lies lower than the blue, and thence descends the moisture that, but for the leaves, would not be heard, as it is not seen to fall. How fragrant! For the Irt has banks of broom, as well as of birches; people can have no noses who say wild-flowers have no scent; and sweet is the breath of cows. But there is breath that is sweeter still; for young children are venturing now to climb the knees of rosy maidens; and sure enough the blended balm is so delightful, that many of the youths and virgins cannot choose but be in love. Lo! a glory in the far distance—up in Wastdale. Sun and shower have met there; and seldom have we seen such a Rainbow.

In the old Scottish ballads there are many lyrical transitions, which, we remember once hearing Coleridge say, were less frequently, perhaps, to be attributed to the feeling or genius of the sweet singers of glen or wood, though true it is that they were poets of God's own making, than to the falling out, in the course of oral tradition,

of intermediate passionate verses, which "memory willingly let die;" and hence many of those *cal-lide junctura* which have over us the power of inspiration. So would it be, were we to print it all, in the lapse of years, with this our Journal of our Flight to the Lake. Many paragraphs would drop away into oblivion; but few, if any such, it is to be humbly hoped, are among the number to be found in *Maga*. We have drawn our pen through them, and they are ready-obiterated to the hand of time. Several of that sort—though in themselves, perhaps, not unpretty—intervene in the original manuscript, between the ultimate word in the preceding paragraph (*Rainbow*,) and the startling first term of the one you are about to recite—a passionate apostrophe.

Art thou the Evening Star, sole Shiner in a sky that might have tempted out the whole starry host from the inmost heavens! Thou hast glided down, all by thyself, to take a look of this fair earth, as gradually it is growing dim in the dying day. Few eyes as yet regard thee, for 'tis not, thinks the ordinary observer of nature, till another hour of dusk, thine allotted time. No wise astronomer are we, yet, like the shepherds of old on the Chaldean mountains, we have studied the stars in a natural philosophy of our own; and just now we raised our eyes to heaven, with a sweet suspicion that thou in thy beauty wert there; and,

'Low in the lake soft burns the evening star!'
Lovely, as we seem to near it, the trembling shadow there—one thinks that belong the ear might touch it; but thou thyself art even as a Spirit, that dwellest in regions "beyond the reaches of our souls," yet mysteriously allied, else why made to man the idle revelation intimating so much, yet explaining nothing, with the future destinies of those whose present doom is in the dust!

A dream of old, lore of that pensive smile of moonlight, for her disk is in ascension behind the low southern hills—a dream of old returns upon us, bringing with it the pleasant faces of friends, some of whom we can hope but to meet in heaven. Here is the spot where, many years ago, was pitched the Angler's Tent.

Ah me! even now I see before me stand,
Among the verdant holly-boughs half hid,
The little radiant airy Pyramid,
Like some wild dwelling built in Fairy-land.
As silently as gathering cloud it rose,
And seems a cloud descended on the earth,
Disturbing not the Sabbath-day's repose,
Yet gently stirring at the quiet birth
Of every short-lived breeze: the sunbeams greet

The beautiful stranger in the lonely bay;
Close to its shading tree two streamlets meet,
With gentle glide, as weary of their play,
And in the liquid lustre of the lake
Its image sleeps, reflected far below;
Such image as the clouds of summer make,
Clear seen amid the waveless water's glow,
As slumbering infant still, and pure as April

snow.

Wild though the dwelling seem, thus rising fair,

A sudden stranger 'mid the silvan scene,
One spot of radiance on surrounding green,
Human it is—and human souls are there!
Look through that opening in the canvass wall,
Through which by fits the scarce-felt breezes play,

—Upon three happy souls thine eyes will fall,
The summer lambs are not more blest than they!

On the green turf all motionless they lie,
In dreams romantic as the dreams of sleep,
The filmy air slow-glimmering on their eye,
And in their ear the murmur of the deep.
Or haply now by some wild-winding brook,
Deep, silent pool, or waters rushing loud,
In thought they visit many a fairy nook
That rising mists in rainbow colours shroud,
And ply the Angler's sport involved in moun-tain-cloud.

Yes! dear to us that solitary trade,
'Mid vernal peace in peacefulness pursued,
Through rocky glen, wild moor, and hanging wood,

White-flowering meadow, and romantic glade!
The sweetest visions of our boyish years
Come to our spirits with a murmuring tone
Of running waters—and one stream appears,
Remember'd all, tree, willow, bank, and stone!
How glad were we, when after sunny showers
Its voice came to us issuing from the school!
How fled the vacant, solitary hours,

By dancing rivulet, or silent pool!
And still our souls retain in manhood's prime
The love of joys our childish years that blest;
So now encircled by these hills sublime,
We Anglers, wandering with a tranquil breast,
Build in this happy vale a fairy bower of rest!

Within that bower are strewn in careless guise,
Idle one day, the angler's simple gear;
Lines that, as fine as floating gossamer,
Dropt softly on the stream the silken flies;
The limber rod that shook its trembling length,
Almost as airy as the line it threw,
Yet often bending in an arch of strength
When the tired salmon rose at last to view,
Now lightly leans across the rushy bed,
On which at night we dream of sports by day;
And, empty now, beside it close is laid
The goodly pannier framed of osiers gray;
And maple bowl in which we wont to bring
The limpid water from the morning wave,
Or from some mossy and sequester'd spring
To which dark rocks a grateful coolness gave,
Such as might Hermit use in solitary cave!

And ne'er did Hermit, with a purer breast,
Amid the depths of silvan silence pray,
Then pray'd we friends on that mid quiet day,
By God and man beloved, the day of rest!
All passions in our souls were lull'd to sleep,
Ev'n by the power of Nature's holy bliss;
While Innocence her watch in peace did keep
Over the spirit's thoughtful happiness!
We view'd the green earth with a loving look,
Like us rejoicing in the gracious sky;
A voice came to us from the running brook
That seem'd to breathe a grateful melody.
Then all things seem'd imbued with life and

sense,

And as from dreams with kindling smiles to
wake,
Happy in beauty and in innocence;
While, pleased our inward quiet to partake,
Lay hush'd, as in a trance, the scarcely-breath-
ing lake.

Yet think not, in this wild and fairy spot,
This mingled happiness of earth and heaven,
Which to our hearts this Sabbath-day was
given,
Think not, that far-off friends were quite for-
got.

Helm-crag arose before our half-closed eyes
With colours brighter than the brightening
dove;

Beneath that guardian mount a cottage lies
Encircled by the halo breathed from Love!
And sweet that dwelling rests upon the brow
(Beneath its sycamore) of Orest-hill,
As if it smiled on Windermere below,
Her green recesses and her islands still!
Thus, gently-blended many a human thought
With those that peace and solitude supplied,
Till in our hearts the loving kindness wrought,
With gradual influence, like a flowing tide
And for the lovely sound of human voice we
sigh'd.

And hark! a laugh, with voices blended, stole
Across the water, echoing from the shore
And during pauses short, the beating oar
Brings the glad music closer to the soul.
We leave our Tent; and lo! a lovely sight
Glides like a living creature through the air,
For air the water seems thus passing bright,
A living creature beautiful and fair!
Nearer it glides; and now the radiant glow
That on its radiant shadow seems to float,
Turns to a virgin band, a glorious show,
Rowing with happy smiles a little boat.
Towards the Tent their lingering course they
steer,

And cheerful now upon the shore they stand,
In maiden bashfulness, yet free from fear,
And by our side, gay-moving hand in hand,
Into our Tent they go, a beauteous sister-band!

Scarce from our hearts had gone the sweet
surprise,

Which this glad troop of rural maids awoke;
Scarce had a more familiar kindness broke
From the mild lustre of their shining eyes,
Ere the Tent seem'd encircled by the sound
Of many voices; in an instant stood
Men, women, children, all the circle round,
And with a friendly joy the strangers view'd
Strange was it to behold this gladsome crowd
Our late so solitary dwelling fill;
And strange to hear their greetings mingling
loud,

Where all before was undisturb'd and still.
Yet was the stir delightful to our ear,
And moved happiness our inmost blood,
The sudden change, the unexpected cheer,
Breaking like sunshine on a pensive mood,
This breath and voice of life in seeming soli-
tude!

Hard task it was, in our small Tent to find
Seats for our quickly-gather'd company;
But in them all was such a mirthful glee,
I ween they soon were seated to their mind!

Museum.—Vol. XXI

Some viewing with a hesitating look
The panniers that contained our travelling fare,
On them at last their humble station took,
Pleased at the thought, and with a smiling air.
Some on our low-framed beds then chose their
seat,

Each maid the youth that loved her best beside,
While many a gentle look, and whisper sweet,
Brought to the stripling's face a gladsome pride.
The playful children on the velvet green,
Soon as the first-felt bashfulness was fled,
Smiled to each other at the wondrous scene,
And whisper'd words they to each other said,
And raised in sportive fit the shining, golden
head!

Since that sweet scene, thus simply sung, gray
heads have been buried—dark heads grown gray!
Maids, whose faces were as morn, are matrons
now, with countenance like the gloaming—mo-
thers, who have wept the death of children—
widows, who have sat by the saddest of all
graves.

Yet why should we mourn, seeing that all the
families in the Dale are so happy! Was not that
Sycamore another Tent? And has not this, too
been a pleasant Sabbath? Yet to have enjoyed it,
as we have done, is felt to have been forgetful-
ness of the more delightful past, nay, worse, in-
gratitude. We could weep to think that we have
smiled. Oh! heartless mirth! and soulless mer-
riment! Shallow must be our spirit, with whom
life's old affections have been so transitory! and
the thoughts that we once believed steadfast in
their places as the haunted hills that inspired
them, unsubstantial as the shadows of shades!

What! our dear friend Tyson lingering among
the bushes, and, like an eaves-dropper, overlisten-
ing our soliloquy? But that honest face, at all
times happy, and at no times joyous overmuch
has convinced us that all this weeping wisdom
is almost as bad as laughing folly; that 'tis even
sinful to be thus sorrowful; that religion coun-
sels cheerfulness to memory, who, pensive often,
should try never to complain; and that nature's
self is outraged, sacred as may seem the idol-
worship, when with the living before our eyes to
love, and be beloved, we vainly consume our
hearts in lamentation for the unsympathizing
dead.

And see—far wide and high the sky is all
besprinkled with stars. The moon takes care
not to let out her whole power of light, lest
she should obscure the lustre that she loves; and
is willing now even to veil her own radiance with
some fleecy clouds. You must wonder, Tyson,
to hear a sensible man like us thus maundering
about the moon and stars. But we cannot bear
to look at them shining on squares and streets,
all full of great, staring, wide-windowed houses;
and here in Wastdalehead we feel the same joy
in gazing heavenward that you might suppose a
man to *suffer* who had been couched for a cata-
ract, and as soon as his eyes had become able to
face the light by experience of a few rays softly
let in through a chink into his bedroom, were
brought here with them, still bandaged, and then

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on the removal of all obstruction, of a sudden shown that sky!

Lightning!—yet so mild, that one might call it a flash of moonlight. Perfectly harmless, and therefore we love it, and look out for its return. It seems as if it came from the wing of an angel. And there—there—see, Mr. Tyson, see—a falling star. We used to wonder in childhood what became of them, and supposed they might drop into the sea. The air is exceedingly meteorous. For these streaks, which we ignorantly imagined was the Milky Way, are neither more or less than the Northern Lights. In high northern latitudes mariners have said they have heard them rustling—but Parry says he never did—nor, alas! poor Ross! 'Tis beyond all doubt the Aurora Borealis. Nothing will induce that phenomenon to sit—stand—or lie still for so much as one moment—mocking the most imaginative eyes with ceaseless transmutations. Poets have pretended to see there phantom-knights, in single combat, engaging in front of opposing battles. But the show is like nothing in heaven or earth but itself; and what a pity! it has vanished, leaving but some dim wrecks behind, characterless as common clouds.

From the Edinburgh Review.

GERMANY.

From earliest infancy I had pictured Germany to myself as the region of romance. I had read somewhere that the common sounds of her cities were the loud breathings of military bands, the iron clatter of the mustering squadron, or the measured tread of stately infantry, varied at the soft hour of evening by the full deep chorus of the solemn hymn, or among the assembled youth of either sex by the soft and undulating movements of the mazy waltz. I was eager to study the character of a people who, after the revolutions of twenty centuries, still preserve many of those beautiful traits of character and manners, that, amid the corruption and desolation of Imperial Rome, so charmed by their innocence and freshness the historian Youtus.

As our britscha rapidly approached the Prussian capital, one of those pictures which the mind had so often painted in its hours of musing suddenly burst upon us. The rays of the setting sun were brightly reflected from the polished cuirasses of a regiment of heavy cavalry of the guard, that were defiling in column of Züge at half distance beneath the arch of the Brandenburg Gate. As I gazed on this splendid cavalry, and on the magnificent arch beneath which they were passing, the model of the Athenian Propylæum, surmounted by its chariot of victory, that rears high in the air the black eagle of Prussia, the prediction of Guibert, that has since been so singularly verified, flashed across my memory. "Si après la mort de Frédéric," said this celebrated tactician, "dont le génie

seul soutient l'édifice imparfaite de sa constitution, il survient un roi faible, on verra cette puissance éphémère rentrer dans le sphere que ses moyens réels lui assignent, et peut-être payer cher quelques années de gloire."

The external features of Berlin differ widely from those of most other capital cities in Europe. There is a grandeur and majesty about it—an aristocratic tranquillity that contrasts so singularly with the commercial and bustling activity of London and Paris. Except in the Königsstrasse, we may wander through their spacious streets, and find them untenanted, save by groups of military, lounging and twisting their moustaches with that listless air that so strikes the traveller in the garrison towns of the continent, or spending the live-long day in the cafés, at billiards, or dominos. The *vie de café* appears to be as much in vogue in Berlin as at Paris. Wherever they went the French have left traces of their manners, even among those by whom they were hated.

Notwithstanding the dullness of its outward aspect, no city affords to the tourist more numerous or more varied sources of amusement and instruction than Berlin. If fond of music, he has the Opera, perhaps the first, considered in its *ensemble*, in Germany; if ardent in the pursuit of science, he may, in the amphitheatres of her university, drink deeply at her fount; if an antiquarian, the magnificent gallery of antiquities, formerly in the possession of the celebrated Passlasqua, will open a wide field of interesting research. In justice to the government of Prussia, it must be said, that it leaves public instruction perfectly unfettered in its operations, and spares neither trouble or expense in unfolding to the people the sources of knowledge. There are, in Berlin alone, 120 primary schools, independent of the University and the Lycées. Every village of importance has also its schools, and it is rare indeed to meet with a Prussian peasant who cannot both read and write. Again, those who wish to pursue their studies still farther, have an opportunity, on joining the army, in which every male, by the military constitution of the monarchy, must serve for five years, of doing so in the regimental school; for it is one of the peculiar features of the military system of Prussia, that it develops the moral as well as the physical powers of the soldier. All that is deemed worthy of the attention of the traveller I saw—the palace, the university, the arsenal, the museum, and the theatres.

Full of the recollections of the great Frederick, I rode out to Potsdam, the "*berceau*" of modern tactics: it is still what it was in his days, a vast caserne. You see on every side squads of recruits, marching, wheeling, and handling their firelocks under veteran able instructors. I walked to his tomb in the garrison chapel—a plain monument of black marble, unadorned by any inscription, marks the spot where lies the victor of a hundred battle-fields. When Frederick, at the bloody affair of Kunnersdorf, beheld his invinci

ble battalions "*ecrasés*" by the murderous and well-directed fire of the Russians, struck with their steady gallantry and iron formations, he is said to have exclaimed—"Que l'Europe prenne pour devise, *Gare le Russes*. Ces barbares lui joueront un jour un vilain tour." His successor appears to have forgotten these remarkable words, which made such an impression upon the master-mind of Napoleon.

As we were leaving the gardens, two officers crossed our path, one of whom, a tall lank figure, who with downcast eyes, the arms folded behind the back, walked a little in advance of the other, forcibly arrested my attention. The expression of his countenance was melancholy in the extreme, while the well-squared epaulettes, compressed waist, swelling chest, and the scrupulous care with which every part of his uniform was arranged, proclaimed the military dandy. It was the King Frederick William, and his aid-de-camp Baron Von S——.

I confess I was struck with the pensive and abstracted air of the monarch. "*Quel air rêveur*," I remarked to my companion, an old French general officer who had kindly taken upon himself the office of cicerone in my perambulations around Berlin. "*C'est qu'il improvise une uniform*," he replied with a smile; "to-morrow the Gazette will convey an order to make some alteration in the '*tenue*' of the Guards." What the great Frederick did for tactics, his successor, Frederick William, nicknamed "*Der Schneider König*,"* has done for military costume—it has been the constant study of his life. Neither the vicissitudes of his country, the toils of the camp, nor the wiles of diplomacy, have been able to divert him from his favourite pursuit; and it is only justice to say that the dress of the Prussian army is in the best military taste, uniform throughout, and a-piece with the elaborate drilling of the men, and the science and instruction of the officers. Napoleon testified his surprise at the immense "*savoir*" of his Prussian majesty on this important point, although he complained sadly of being constantly importuned both by Frederick and the Czar Alexander with such frivolous questions as, "What quantity of padding was requisite for a hussar's jacket?" or to give an opinion on the form of a Hulan's shako. "Certes," said the Emperor one day to General Rapp, "had the French army at Jena been commanded by a tailor it would have been a second '*Rosbach*.'"

Numerous and profound are said to have been the colloquies on military uniforms between George the Fourth and Frederick William; and to the valuable hints acquired in these "*entretiens*," may be attributed the splendid appearance of some of our crack cavalry regiments. Great is also said to be the impatience of our naval dandies for the appearance of the naval uniform of Prussia (for like Austria, this power, since the arrival of the model frigate sent out by our King,

is ambitious of becoming a maritime state,) they look to the genius of the Prussian monarch to deliver them from the present hermaphrodite rig with which they are so disfigured and dissatisfied.

The anecdotes related of the ridiculous importance which this prince attaches to military costume would fill volumes. One of them only we shall venture to quote. Frederick, some years ago, was passing the Curzeit either at Toplitz or Carlsbad. Early one morning a Prussian estafette was observed to leave the place "*ventre a terre*." The *corps diplomatique* was immediately *en mouvement*; up went the hopes of the war party—down went the Austrian *Metalliques*—three of the first bankers at Leipsig and Vienna stopped payment—Metternich was at fault—Rothschild in a fever—and half a dozen English honourables, *attachés* to the different legations in Germany, went into galloping consumptions from twenty-four hours hard writing—an event unexampled in their diplomatique career. At the expiration of a week, when nothing less than another seven years' war was expected by every one, the Berlin Gazette tranquillized Germany, by publishing the order of which the estafette was the bearer, and which was nothing more or less than his majesty's commands to lower the shakos of his guards, and compress their waists two inches smaller! After all, it is fortunate for Prussia that her monarch has no more expensive taste. A Pompadour, or a palace, would be much more costly hobbyhorses; for in justice to him we must say, that economy and good taste go hand in hand, and preside over all his freaks.

I tarried in Berlin till after the autumnal reviews. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of these military spectacles. If the science of war can be learnt by any thing short of actual experience in the field, it is to be done at these camps of instruction, annually formed in the north of Germany.

Warned by the sad experience of the past, and by the geographical configuration of her territory, which floats like a riband over the surface of the European continent, from the Oder to the frontiers of France, Prussia is sensible that her independence resides in the force of her army. Russia threatens her in east, France in the west, while Austria, by debouching from Bohemia, strikes at her very heart. The anxious solicitude of the government has been directed almost exclusively to this object, and the genius of Scharnhorst has certainly produced one of the most perfect military systems the world ever saw. According to this system, every male inhabitant in Prussia, from the age of sixteen to forty-five, must bear arms, five years in the line, and the remainder of the term in the landwehr. The whole population therefore of Prussia is essentially military.

At a moment like this, when the contemporary events in Southern and Rhenish Germany, and the fierce crusade of the established governments against liberal principles, proclaim the general

* Tailor king.

mal *aise* of society, and fix the attention of Europe, a few observations upon the present state of Germany and her prospects, may not be ill timed.

When the ancient and Gothic edifice of the German confederation was overturned by Napoleon, he, on organizing the confederation of the Rhine, mediated eighty of the petty independent princes who had formed component parts of the re-organization of the confederation in 1815, this arrangement was confirmed by the congress of

Vienna; and happy would it have been for Germany had that body extended still farther the mediatizing ban. But at this congress, the eracle of the Holy Alliance, the family interest of a few sovereigns were deemed by the negotiators paramount to the sacred rights and happiness of millions. The ancient edifice of the German confederation was therefore reformed upon a basis of which the following table will convey a pretty accurate idea.

TABLE OF THE GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

STATES.	Capitals.	Population of Capitals.	Superficies in square miles.	Population.	Contingent to the Diet.	Revenues.
						<i>Bornes.</i>
Austria	Vienna	238,177	12,056.0	28,209,709	94,822	162,000,000
Prussia	Berlin	178,861	5,133.77	10,224,350	79,234	65,000,000
Bavaria	Munich	65,800	1,427.00	3,525,413	35,600	20,000,000
Wurtemberg	Stuttgart	23,694	366.50	1,395,462	13,955	16,000,000
Baden	Carlsruhe	13,727	272.59	1,003,630	10,000	5,500,000
Hesse Darmstadt	Darmstadt	11,320	204.59	619,499	6,195	3,500,000
Hohenzollern	Hechingen	2,600	5.12	14,820	145	80,000
Lichenstein	Vaduz	1,800	2.45	5,546	55	19,600
Hohenzollern Sigmaringen }		3,000	18.25	35,560	356	330,000
Hesse Homberg	Homberg	2,700	7.84	19,870	200	180,000
Frankfort	Frankfort	40,485	4.87	47,855	475	800,000
Kingdom of Saxony	Dresden	55,715	352.22	1,192,646	12,000	13,500,000
Saxe Gotha	Gotha	12,400	54.22	183,682	1,859	1,500,000
Saxe Coburg	Coburg	7,746	26.39	80,012	800	425,000
Saxe Meinengen	Meinengen	4,120	20.29	54,600	544	350,000
Hildburghausen		2,503	11.08	29,706	297	200,000
Palatinate of Reuss	Elder branch	6,195	6.86	22,255	223	130,000
Ditto	Junior branch		20.60	52,201	522	420,000
Hesse Cassel	Cassel	18,500	201.58	532,072	5,679	4,000,000
Luxembourg	Luxembourg				2,556	
Nassau	Wiesbaden	5,300	104.62	302,769	3,028	1,557,000
Saxe Weimar	Weimar	9,000	67.32	201,000	2,000	1,500,000
Anhalt Dessau		9,220	17.00	52,647	529	510,000
Ditto, Bemberg		4,844	16.00	37,046	370	450,000
Cæthen	Cæthen	5,074	15.00	32,454	324	230,000
Schwazbourg Sonderhausen }		4,500	20.40	53,957	539	220,000
Ditto, Rudolstadt		3,922	16.50	45,127	451	275,000
Hanover	Hanover	17,522	701.29	1,305,350	13,000	9,450,000
Brunswick	Brunswick	29,934	71.74	249,527	2,496	1,800,000
Waldeck	Anslen	1,048	21.68	51,877	519	400,000
Schambourg Lippe		2,060	10.10	23,111	230	215,000
Lippe Detmold		2,369	20.50	69,062	691	466,000
Holstein					3,600	
Mecklenbourg }		8,505	219.59	358,378	3,580	1,800,000
Schewerin }						
Ditto, Strelitz		4,408	35.95	71,761	718	450,000
Oldenbourg		5,222	123.06	217,766	2,170	1,200,000
Lubec		25,526	5.45	40,650	407	400,000
Bremen		37,725	2.58	48,432	485	420,000
Hamburg		106,000	6.00	123,643	1,298	1,200,000
38 States.						

On a superficial glance, this system appears faultless; for the votes are distributed in ratio to the population of the several states composing it: but on a nearer inspection, we discover in its workings the overweening preponderance of powers which are not German in point of interest, and only partially so in point of territory. In fact, it is but a clumsy and expensive machine to govern all Germany "*au bon plaisir*" of foreign states. One third of the votes, it will be remarked, belong to Austria, Prussia, England, Denmark, and the Netherlands. The smaller states, who constitute the majority, with their half, quarter, and even one-fifth part of a vote, are but mere cyphers. The whole and sole control of the diet resides in the hands of Austria and Prussia, or, we should rather say, of Russia, since the Prussian monarchy covers beneath the political ascendancy of this northern power. But we have yet to trace the most odious features of this system, which controls the political independence, and even the free administration of the internal affairs of every state. No sovereign prince can give free institutions to his subjects, unless he has previously obtained the consent of these powers through the medium of the diet. Even in those states where representative governments exist, the confederation deprives them of all power in the most important of all relations, that of declaring war or making peace. And it expressly enacts, that no constitution shall be allowed to impede any member of the confederation in the duties which the diet may think proper to impose upon him. Thus Saxe Weimar, whose liberal institutions and free press gave such umbrage to Austria and Prussia, was finally obliged to submit to a censorship; and a similar restraint has just been imposed on the press in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

Under a system like this, it is utterly impossible that liberal institutions can flourish on the soil of Germany. But its operations upon the social condition of the people is still more fatal. The Congress of Carlsbad, convened for the express purpose of arranging the internal affairs of Germany, deserved, in one respect, the gratitude of the whole country, by proclaiming the most unrestricted freedom of commerce. For some time their intentions were acted upon in a spirit of great liberality, till Prussia violated them, by imposing a system of heavy tolls along her Rhenish possessions. Now as every duke, margrave, or count, was too proud to yield to His Königliche Majestät of Prussia, they used reprisals, and a war of tolls began. The effects of such a system on countries of limited resources, and deprived of sea-coast—taxed a *Poutrance* to keep up a standing army, and support the glittering *attirail* of a court, may be easily imagined. In the states of the nest of petty princes, who are crowded between the Thuringian forest and the foot of the Erzgebirge, the tourist, during a morning ride, will have half a dozen tolls to pay; while a bottle of Rhudesheimer, not thirty miles from the place of its growth, will cost him more than at

the Clarendon, or the Café de Paris. Thus it is that the industry of the country is borne to the earth. It is more particularly on the agriculturist that the burthens press so heavily; and hundreds of this class are selling their properties, and emigrating to America, to seek in the inhospitable regions of the west, that liberty of opinion, and that fruit of industry denied to them in their own romantic but feudalized land.

Why these petty princes have been allowed to retain their independence, when so many others have been mediatised, we have already mentioned. So long as they exist the country can never acquire that native union so essential to an independent state. There is a party in Germany, that for some years has been gradually acquiring strength and consistency, whose object is to strip all the foreign powers of their German dominions, (even Austria and Prussia are by them considered under this category,) and mediatising all the states below the second rate, to divide their territories among the pure German powers; viz. Bavaria, Wirtemberg, in the south, Saxony and Hanover in the north.

According to this system of centralization, Germany would possess four instead of thirty-eight sovereigns, and present an imposing front that would command the respect of all Europe.

This theory has been ably exposed in a work on the nationality of the German people, and on the institutions that would harmonize with their manners and characters; but we confess that we consider the practical illustration of it almost an impossibility. Divided as the country is into petty districts, separated by jealousies and antique prejudices, and governed by princes the tools of Austria and Prussia, the mass of resistance to be overcome is immense. The press, it is true, is every where laying its grasp on the human mind, a wild and fierce crusade against despotic authority has been stirred up by the events of the "three days," even the political substratum of Germany has vibrated to the shock of the mighty earthquake. But yet we must not suppose that a chastened love of civil and political liberty is generally diffused among the mass of the German people. A single glance at their past history will convince us of this truth. The personal independence of the individual German, strikes you as much as their collective indifference to political freedom. Their genius has been turned into a different channel. And, indeed, how should it be otherwise? He seldom dies the subject of the prince he was born. Distracted as has been his country, sacrificed as they have been by thousands at the shrine of foreign ambition, their love of country is rather a poetical inspiration, than a patriotic and political feeling. Again, the Germans are essentially a military people. They are fond of the shako and plume, and of the wild uncertainty of a military life, that takes away all care for the morrow;—and we have seen that, even in France, it has been the work of years to cultivate liberal institutions on the soil of military glory. Still, the star of

freedom has risen upon her feudalized horizon. There is, added to an intensity and earnestness in the German character, an enthusiastic singleness of purpose in the pursuit of an object, that is preparing in the distance of the future the great work of regeneration. We love the country—we love the people, and their romantic and original literature. We acknowledge their vast capabilities, and our loftiest aspirations are for their political regeneration and happiness—still we cannot close our eyes to the formidable mass of resistance to be overcome ere the country shall be centralized under one, or even four governments. That they are progressing, though slowly, towards the "*Rarum temporum felicitatem ubi sentire que velis et que sentias dicere licet*" of Tacitus, we freely allow; but what blood must be shed, and what years must elapse, ere this glorious consummation becomes the portion of Germany!

From the Spectator.

MISS MARTINEAU'S MANCHESTER STRIKE.

THE praise which we have given to each successive number of this work must be understood as applying to the tale before us; in which the authoress, on wholly fresh ground, and with a totally new set of objects, is as original as ever; and if not quite so attractive, the cause may be found in the dreary and unhappy condition of the class whose history she has taken up.

The theoretical object of the work is to illustrate the nature of Wages, and to show the operation of a movement among the labourers, well known under the name of "a Strike." This is done by going into the domestic history of some of the families of the labourers, of different characters; by depicting the manners, opinions, and conduct of the leaders among the people; and also letting us into a hasty view of the cotton lords themselves—the manufacturers, who, having right on their side, use it as if they were in the wrong. We attend the meetings of the strikers; we become acquainted with the motives of their orators; and we witness, as elsewhere, the fluctuating characters of the popularity that depends upon the short-sighted and passionate views of an ignorant populace.

Many of the characters are powerfully conceived. Such is the virtuous and clear-headed William Allen, the gentle yet stern parent of a starving family, and the unwilling Secretary of the Strike. Then comes Clack, the Cleon of the mob—the rater of the masters, and the exciter of the workmen. Bray, the travelling musician, is a fine hearty sketch of another sort, and forms a pleasant relief. The arrogance of the master Mortimer is well hit off, as is also the timid vacillation of his feeble partner Rowe. One master alone condescends to reason with the men,—perhaps because he alone understands the nature

of the business. Into his mouth, and that of the Secretary, Allen, are put the principal didactic discussions; and no where else can the young political economist collect clearer notions of an important branch of the science.

We cannot refrain from giving some brief extracts, which will show Miss MARTINEAU's admires the nature of the ground she has this time selected.

The "Week's End" opens thus, and introduces us to the apartments of a better sort of spinner.

One fine Saturday evening in May, 18—, several hundred workpeople, men, girls, and boys, poured out from the gates of a factory which stood on the banks of the Medlock, near Manchester. The children dispersed in troops, some to play, but the greater number to reach home with all speed, as if they were afraid of the sunshine that chequered the street and reddened the gables and chimneys.

The men seemed in no such haste: they lingered about the factory, one large group standing before the gates, and smaller knots occupying the streets for some distance; while a few proceeded slowly on their way home, chatting with one or another party as they went. One only appeared to have nothing to say to his companions, and to wish to get away quietly, if they would have let him. He was one of the most respectable looking among them, decent in his dress, and intelligent though somewhat melancholy in his countenance. He was making his way without speaking to any body, when first one and then another caught him by the button and detained him in consultation. All seemed anxious to know what Allen had to relate or to advise: and Allen had some difficulty in getting leave to go home, much as he knew he was wanted there. When he had at length escaped, he walked so rapidly as presently to overtake his little daughter, Martha, who had left the factory somewhat earlier. He saw her before him for some distance, and observed how she limped, and how feebly she made her way along the street (if such it might be called) which led to their abode. It was far from easy walking to the strongest. There were heaps of rubbish, pools of muddy water, stones, and brickbats lying about, and cabbage-leaves on which the unwary might slip, and bones over which pigs were grunting, and curs snarling and fighting. Little Martha, a delicate child of eight years old, tried to avoid all these obstacles; but she nearly slipped down several times, and started when the dogs came near her, and shivered every time the mild spring breeze blew in her face.

"Martha, how lame you are to-day!" said Allen, taking her round the waist to help her onward.

"O father, my kness have been aching so all day, I thought I should have dropped every moment."

"And one would think it was Christmas by your looks child, instead of a bright May day."

"It is very chill after the factory," said the

little girl, her teeth still chattering: "Sure the weather must have changed, father."

No: the wind was south, and the sky cloudless. It was only that the thermometer had stood at 75° within the factory.

"I suppose your wages are lowered as well as mine," said Allen, "how much do you bring home this week?"

"Only three shillings, father; and some say it will be less before long. I am afraid mother—"

The weak-spirited child could not say what it was that she feared, being choked by her tears.

"Come, Martha, cheer up," said her father. "Mother knows that you get sometimes more and sometimes less; and, after all, you earn as much as a piecer as some do at the hand-loom. There is Field, our neighbour; he and his wife together do not earn more than seven shillings a week, you know, and think how much older and stronger they are than you! We must make you stronger, Martha, I will go with you to Mr Dawson, and he will find out what is the matter with your knees."

By this time they had reached the foot of the stairs which led up to their two rooms in the third story of a large dwelling which was occupied by many poor families. Barefooted children were scampering up and down these stairs at play; girls nursing babies sat at various elevations, and seemed in danger of being kicked down as often as a drunken man or an angry woman should want to pass; a thing which frequently happened. Little Martha looked up the steep stairs and sighed. Her father lifted and carried her. The noise would have stunned a stranger, and they seemed louder than usual to accustomed ears. Martha's little dog came barking and jumping as soon as he saw her, and this set several babies crying; the shrill piping of a bulfinch was heard in the yard; and over all, the voice of a scolding woman.

"That is Sally Field's voice if it is any body's," said Allen. "It is enough to make one shift one's quarters to have that woman within hearing."

"She is in our rooms, father. I am sure the noise is there; and see, her door is open and her room empty."

"She need not fear leaving her door open," observed a neighbour in passing. "There is nothing there that any body would wish to carry away."

Allen did not answer, but made haste to restore peace in his own dwelling, knowing that his wife was far from being a match for Sally Field. As he flung open the door, the weaker party seemed to resign the contest to him: his wife sank into a chair, trembling all over. Her four or five little ones had hidden themselves where they could, some under the table some behind the bed, having all been slapped or pushed or buffeted by Sally for staring at her with their thumbs in their mouths. She was not aware that Sally Field in a passion was a sight to make any one stare.

The following describes an interview between a poor little cotton spinner and another little girl, the daughter of a man who had left spinning

for strolling, and now got his livelihood by music instead of machinery.

Little Hannah slept till the sun was high on the Sunday morning, and might have slept longer, if Mrs. Allen had not feared she would not get breakfast over in time for church. Hannah jumped up with the excuse that the place was so quiet, there was nothing to wake her.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Allen. "We think the children and the neighbours make a great deal of noise; but I suppose you sleep in public-houses for the most part."

Hannah observed that people call so loud for what they want in public-houses, and they care so little for hours, that there is no knowing when you may sleep quietly.

"Have you no other frock than that, my dear?" asked Mrs. Allen. "I suppose you go to church on Sundays, and you cannot possibly go in all those gay ribands."

"O no," said Hannah, "I have a dark frock for Sundays, and a straw bonnet; but they are in father's pack, and I suppose that is at the Spread Eagle."

"And he is gone into the country for the day. Well, you must change with Martha when church-time comes. Poor Martha has but one tidy frock; but she is too lame to go out to-day, ever, as far as the apothecary's; and I am sure she will lend you her frock and tippet to go to church in."

Martha was willing to lend, but had rather put on her factory dress than Hannah's red frock with yellow trimmings. Hannah hinted that she should like to stay within with Martha all day; and the indulgent mother, seeing Martha's pleasure at the prospect of a companion and nurse of her own age, left the little girls to amuse themselves, while she took the younger children to church with her as usual.

"Father says he heard you sing last night," said Martha, when they were left alone.

"Will you sing to me?" "I am so tired of singing!" pleaded Hannah. "I don't know many songs, and I sing them so very often! Won't that bird do as well? Let me get down the cage, may I?"

"Yes, do, and we will give him some water, poor fellow! He is my bird, and I feed him every day. Somebody that could not afford to keep him sold him to father, and father gave him to me. Had you ever a bird?"

"No, but I had a monkey once. When we went away, father got a monkey, and I used to lead him about with a string; but I was glad when we had done with him, he was so mischievous. Look here how he tore my arm one day, when somebody had put him in a passion with giving him empty nutshells."

"What a terrible place!" said Martha.

"Was it long in getting well?"

"No; father got an apothecary to tie it up and it soon got well."

"My father is going to show my knees to Mr. Dawson, the apothecary. Do look how they are swelled; and they ache so, you can't think."

"O, but I can think, for mine used to ache terribly when I walked and stood before the wheels all day."

"But yours were never so bad as mine, or I am sure you could not dance about as you do."

"No, not so bad. To be sure; and my arms were never so shrunk away as yours. Look, my arms is twice as big as yours."

"I wonder what's the reason," sighed Martha. "Mother says I get thinner and thinner."

"You should have meat for dinner every day, as I have," said Hannah, "and then you would grow fat like me. Father gets such good dinners for us to what we used to have. He says 'tis that, and being in the air so much, that prevent my being sickly, as I used to be. I don't think I could do the work that I used to do with all that noise, and the smell of oil, and the heat."

"And I am sure I could not sing and dance as you do."

"No: how should you dance when you are so lame?"

"And I don't think I can sing at all."

"Come, try, and I will sing with you. Try 'God save the king.'"

"It is Sunday," said Martha, gravely.

"Well, I thought people might sing 'God save the King' on Sundays. I have heard father play it on the drum, just before the Old Hundred. You know the Old Hundred."

Martha had heard this hymn-tune at church, and she tried to sing it; but Hannah burst out a laughing.

"Lord! Martha, your voice is like a little twittering bird's. Can't you open your mouth and sing this way?"

"No, I can't," said Martha, quite out of breath; "and besides, Hannah, you should not say 'Lord!' Father and mother never let us say those sort of words."

"Nor my father either. He is more angry with me for that, than for any thing; but it slips out somehow: and you would not wonder, if you knew how often I hear people say that, and many worse things."

"Worse things?" said Martha, looking curious.

"Yes, much worse things; but I am not going to tell you what they are, because father made me promise not to tell you about any of the bad people that I have heard swear and seen tipsy. Was your father ever tipsy?"

"Not that I know of; but our neighbour Field is often tipsy. I am afraid every day that he will topple down stairs."

"My father was tipsy once," said Hannah; and he beat me so, you can't think."

"When? Lately?"

"No, just after we began to stroll. Though it is so long ago, I remember it very well, for I was never so frightened in my life. I did not know where to go to get away from him; and the people pushed him about and laughed at me the more, the more I cried. I asked him afterwards not to get tipsy any more, and he said he never would, and he never has. It was only because we had got more money that day than we ever got in a day before: but it soon went away, for when father woke the next morning, his pocket was quite empty."

"And did you soon get some more money?"

"O yes; we get some every day except Sun-

days. I carry the hat round every time we stop to play, and I always get some halfpence, and sometimes a silver sixpence."

"Ah! then, you get a great deal more than I do, Hannah. I brought home only three shillings this week."

"I take much more than that, to be sure; but then it is my father's earning more than mine. His great drum sounds further and brings more people to listen than my triangle."

"Is your triangle here? I wish you would teach me to play," said Martha. "Now do. If you will, I will ask mother to show us the pictures in grandfather's Bible when he comes home."

Hannah had been very fond of these pictures when she was recovering from the measles; and this bribe and her good nature together overcame her disgust at the instrument she had to play every day and all day long. She indulged herself with a prodigious yawn, and then began her lesson. When Mrs. Allen came back, she found the bulfinch piping at his loudest pitch to the accompaniment of the triangle, Hannah screaming her instructions to her new pupil, and poor palefaced little Martha flushed with flattery and with the grand idea of earning a great many silver sixpences every day if her father would let her make music in the streets instead of going to the factory.

Morning breaking upon a Manchester cotton factory would make an affecting picture. It is here depicted by Miss MARTINEAU with the hand and eye of a true artist; and is connected with a touching little incident—the falling asleep of poor, little, declining Martha (with whom our last extract brings us acquainted,) over her work.

The little girl repaired to the factory, sighing at the thought of the long hours that must pass before she could sit down or breathe the fresh air again. She had been as willing a child at her work as could be, till lately; but since she had grown sickly, a sense of hardship had come over her, and she was seldom happy. She was very industrious, and disposed to be silent at her occupation; so that she was liked by her employers, and had nothing more to complain of than the necessary fatigue and disagreeableness of the work. She would not have minded it for a few hours of the day; but to be shut up all day, or else at night, without any time to nurse the baby or play with her companions, was too much for a little girl of eight years old. She had never been so sensible of this as since her renewed acquaintance with Hannah. This night, when the dust from the cotton made her cough, when the smell and the heat brought on sickness and faintness, and the incessant whizzing and whirling of the wheels gave her the feeling of being in a dream, she remembered that a part of Hannah's business was to walk on broad roads or through green fields by her father's side, listening to the stories he amused her with, and to sit on a stile or under a tree to practise a new tune, or get a better dinner than poor Martha often saw. She forgot that Hannah was sometimes wet through, or scorched by the sun, as her complexion, brown as a gipsy's, showed; and that Hannah had no home and no mother, and very hard and unpleasant work

to do at fairs, and on particular occasions. About midnight, when Martha remembered that all at home were probably sound asleep, she could not resist the temptation of resting her aching limbs, and sat down, trusting to make up afterwards for lost time, and taking care to be on her feet when the overlooker passed, or when any one else was likely to watch her. It is a dangerous thing, however, to take rest with the intention of rousing oneself from time to time; and so Martha found. She fairly fell asleep after a time, and dreamed that she was attending very diligently to her work; and so many things besides passed through her mind during the two minutes that she slept, that when the overlooker laid his hand upon her shoulder, she started and was afraid she was going to be scolded for a long fit of idleness. But she was not hardly spoken to.

"Come, come, child; how long have you been asleep?"

"I don't know. I thought I was awake all the time." And Martha began to cry.

"Well, don't cry. I was past just now, and you were busy enough; but don't sit down; better not, for fear you should drop asleep again."

Martha thought she had escaped very well; and winking and rubbing her eyes, she began to limp forwards and use her trembling hands. The overlooker watched her for a few minutes, and told her she was so industrious in general that he should be sorry to be hard upon her; but she knew that if she was seen flagging over her work, the idle ones would make it an excuse to do so too. Martha curtsied, and put new vigour into her work at this praise. Before he went on in his rounds, the overlooker pointed to the window and told her morning was come.

It was a strange scene that the dawn shown upon. As the gray light from the East mingled with the flickering, yellow glare of the lamps, it gave a mottled dirty appearance to every thing; to the pale-faced children, to the unshaved overlooker, to the loaded atmosphere, and even to the produce of the wheels.

When a bright sunbeam shone in through the window, thickened with the condensed breath of the work people, and showed the oily steam rising through the heated room, the lamps were extinguished, to the great relief of those who found the place growing too like an oven to be much longer tolerable. The sunbeams rested now on the ceiling, and Martha knew that they must travel down to the floor and be turned full on her frame and some way past it, before she could be released; still it was a comfort that morning was come.

She observed that the overlooker frequently went out and came back again, and that there was a great deal of consultation among her betters as the hours drew on. A breath of fresh air came in now and then from below, and news went round that the gates were already open, two hours earlier than usual. Presently the tramp of heavy feet was heard, like that of the weavers and spinners coming to their daily work. Martha looked up eagerly to the clock, supposing that the time had passed quicker than she had been aware of; but it was only four o'clock. What could bring the people to

their work so early? They could scarcely have mistaken the hour from the brightness of the morning, for it had now clouded over, and was raising a soaking shower. More news went round. Those who had arrived had barely escaped being waylaid and punished for coming to work after a strike had been proclaimed. They had been pursued to the gates and very nearly caught, and must now stay where they were till nightfall, as they could not safely appear in broad daylight, going to and returning from their dinners. Many wondered that they had ventured at all, and all prophesied that they must give up to the will of the Union if they wished to be safe. The overlooker, finding much excitement prevailing on the circulation of the news, commanded silence, observing that it was no concern for any of the children present. There was no strike of the children, and they would be permitted to go and come without hindrance. Martha determined to get away the first moment she could; and to meet her father, if possible, that he might not encounter any troublesome people for her sake.

In the early part of the strike, the children still continue at work. It is not for the interest of the workmen that they should strike too; and the masters permit their continued labour. But after all hope of a compromise declines, and the Strike is likely to prove long and obstinate, the children are turned off, to bring the matter sooner to a crisis. The effect of this unaccustomed holiday on the poor children, and the additional burden on the funds, is told with true pathos, and as perhaps no other writer but Miss MARTINEAU could tell it.

All propositions, whether made by himself or others, tending to a compromise, were rejected; and the meeting, after a stormy discussion, in which no point was settled, broke up. The whole affair put Clark and his friends in glee, and filled wiser people with grief and apprehension of the consequences.

The first consequence was, that all the children were turned off. The masters were bent on bringing the affair to a close as speedily as possible; and, being disappointed in the hope that the men would propose a compromise, endeavoured to drive them to it.

This was thought by some parents far from being the worst thing that had happened. While the Committee shook their heads over this weighty additional item of weekly charge, many tender mothers stroked their children's heads and smiled when they wished them joy of their holiday, and bade them sleep on in the mornings without thinking of the factory-bell. It was some days before the little things got used to so strange a difference from their usual mode of life. Some would start up from sound sleep with the question, "Father, is it time?" Some talked in their sleep of being too late, and went on to devour their meals hastily, as if their time was not their own. It would have amused some people and made others melancholy to watch the sports of these town-bred children. One little girl was seen making a garden; that is, boring a hole between

two flints in a yard with a rusty pair of scissors, and inserting therein a daisy which by some rare chance had reached her hands. Others collected the fragments of broken plates and teacups from the kennels, and spread them out for a mock feast, where there was nothing to eat. The favourite game was playing at being cotton-spinners; a big boy frowning and strutting and personating the master, another with a switch in his hand being the overlooker, and the rest, spinners or piercers, each trying which could be the naughtiest and get the most threats and scolding. Many were satisfied with lolling on the stairs of their dwellings and looking into the streets all day long; and many nursed their baby brothers and sisters, sitting on the steps or leaning against the walls of the street. Hannah Bray, when not abroad with her father, took pains to stir up her little neighbours to what she called play. She coaxed her father into giving them a ball, and tried to teach the children in the next yard to play hide and seek; but she often said she never before saw such helpless and awkward people. They could not throw a ball five feet from them, or flung it in one another's faces so as to cause complaints and crying-fits. In hiding, they always showed themselves, or came out too soon or not soon enough, or jostled and threw one another down; and they were the worst runners that could be conceived. Any one of them trying to catch Hannah looked like a duck running after a greyhound. Hannah began with laughing at them all round; but observing that her father watched their play with tears in his eyes, she afterwards contented herself with wondering in silence why some children were so unlike others.

The affairs of all concerned in the Strike looked more and more dismal every day. There were more brawls in the streets; there was less peace at home; for none are so prone to quarrel as those who have nothing else to do, and whose tempers are at the same time fretted by want. All the men who were prone to drink now spent hour after hour at the alehouse, and many a woman now for the first time took to her "drop of comfort" at home." Many a man who had hitherto been a helper to his wife and tender to his children, began to slam the door behind him, after having beaten or shaken the little ones all round, and spoken rough words to their trembling mother; while she, dashing away her tears, looked for something to do, and found one thing that she would wash if she had fuel and soap, and another that she would mend if she had material and cotton. Now was the time to see the young woman, with the babe in her arms, pushing at the curtained door of the dram-shop, while her husband held against her,—he saying, "Well, I tell you I'm coming in five minutes; I shan't be five minutes;" and she plaintively replying, "Ah, I know, you always say so." Now was the time to see the good son pacing slowly to the pawnbroker's to pledge his aged mother's last blanket to buy her bread. These were the days when the important men under the three balls civilly declared, or insolently swore, that they could and would take no more goods in pawn, as their houses were full from top to

bottom, and there was no sale for what they had encumbered themselves with. Never before had they been so humbly petitioned for loans,—a mother showing that her winter shawl or her child's frock would take very little room,—or a young girl urging that if a pawnbroker did not want for her grandmother's old Bible, he could get more for it at a book-stall than she could. These were the times for poor landlords to look after their rents, and for hard landlords to press them. These were the days for close scrutiny to be made by the Union Committee whether men's wives were really lying-in, and whether each really had the number of children he swore to; and therefore, these were the times when knaves tried to cheat and when honest men were wounded at having their word questioned. Now was the time when weak-minded men thought themselves each worse off than his neighbour. Many landlords were pronounced the hardest that ever owned two paltry rooms; many an applicant was certain the Committee had been set against him by some sneaking enemy. In the abstract it was allowed, however, that the sneakers had the most to bear.

The authoress thinks it necessary to announce, that she has no acquaintance with any one firm, master, or workman in Manchester; and hopes she will be spared the imputation of personality. This she must scarcely expect: her characters are so strongly drawn, and appear so true, that applications will be made in spite of her wishes to the contrary.

If the masters knew their own interest, this little work would be circulated by tens of thousands among their labourers; and the philanthropist who feels for the deplorable state of society in Manchester, could not spend a year better than in devoting himself to the circulation of its ideas and pictures.

From the Monthly Review.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown!

Ah!—With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!

Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and time.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE SPIRIT OF DEATH!—FRAGMENT.

Roses, en qui je vois paroître
Un éclat si vif et si doux,
Vous mourez bientôt, mais peut-être
Je dois mourir plutôt que vous!
—GASSAGUES.

SWEET violet, I saw thee sigh
Warm beauty from thine eye of blue!
Thou must wither soon, but I
May wither sooner far than you!

I sung a lay of olden time
Among the summer leaves reclined,
And waked by that pleasant chime,
Memory did not unbind
The flowers gleaned in childhood's prime,
And shook them on the mind.

But suddenly a sound I heard
Among the branches near,—
It could not be the singing bird
Whose voice fell on mine ear;
It had a chilling tone, that stirr'd
My wondering heart with fear.

The green leaves quiver'd, and behold
Death stood beside me.—Lovely Flower!
Thy bloom shall wither with the night,
But mine will wither in an hour!

VARIETIES.

The Imperial Art of Humbug.

The correspondent of a Morning Paper gives a "truly British" account of the effect which a show of imperial affability had on the officers of the Talavera, which carried Lord Durham out to Petersburg. None but men accustomed to be treated with the hauteur or insolence of our Aristocracy would be so mightily moved by a little familiarity from a prince. The force of the word *Condescension* is only felt in England. We brag our independence, and are the most valetaille race under the sun.

Mental Physic.—I look upon tranquillity of mind and patience to contribute as much as any thing whatever to the curing diseases. On this principle I account for the circumstance of animals not labouring under illness so long as human beings. Brutes do not think so much as we, nor vex themselves about fatality; but endure their maladies without reflecting on them, and recover from them by the sole means of temperance and repose.—*Sorbiere*, an eminent French physician.

"A TOAST."—The wits (says Addison) assert, that the word had its rise from an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of King Charles II. It happened, that on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times was in the cross bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half-fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquor, who has ever since been called "a toast."

Duelling.—This absurd practice is rapidly declining in England. For one duel that we now see recorded in the public prints, we, a few years since, saw twenty. The opinion seems to spread more and more, that ill language and brutal manners reflect only on those who are guilty of them; and that a man's reputation is not at all cleared by shooting at the person who had reflected upon it.

The National Weapons of America.—In the American Union almost every foot of culturable land is reclaimed from the wilderness, by the painful labour of first clearing away the heavy forest load. The "old country" settlers in Canada, it is well known, are very poor hands at this kind of work; and even those persons born in the country, cannot compare with the natives of the United States. This was abundantly proved by the astonishing rapidity with which the Americans made military roads through the forest during the war; but the fact is—

"The ruling passion of a Yankee born,
Is to cut down a tree; the only use
He thinks it made for—save, perhaps, to burn,
Or split it up into rails.

And, in a few days, out a space he clears,
Would take a new-catched cockney several years."

This being the case, it is probable, taking into consideration the almost universal ingenuity of the nation, that they have adopted the very best kind of felling axe which mechanical invention can devise; and certainly it is the very best tool of the kind I ever recollect to have taken in hand. Like the Irishman's adversary, who fell at the sight of his exquisite hair-trigger, the trees seem almost to tremble at the sight of it. The mechanical dexterity of the American woodsmen in using it is unrivalled; and it is a matter of surprise, to observe how rapidly the largest trees fall under their strokes. But I never saw one of them fix his axe in the tree, unless designedly. The first stroke is downwards, at an angle of 45°, and a horizontal stroke succeeds it, which brings out a wedge-shaped chip. Every stroke tells, and when the tree falls, the root is left about two feet above the surface of the ground, with a face as level as a table, through three-fourths of its diameter. These roots are usually left to rot in the ground, which takes place in the course of three or four years; and a chopper would be the object of ridicule, who

were to leave slovenly work to show itself, and cry shame on him for that period. The handle of the American axe is long, slightly curved downwards, and rather elastic, as a solid firm handle is found to diminish the force of the stroke. The length of the poll is found to have an excellent effect in balancing the tool, to take a truer aim, like the feather of an arrow; or a mechanic will better comprehend it by imagining how awkward a hammer would feel were the paen end cut off. The blade is made to swell lightly in the centre, but that is a matter of little consequence to an American woodsman, who would be ashamed to break his axe handle by awkwardness. The axe and the rifle may be called the national weapons of the Americans. The latter is of a peculiar construction, being an improvement on those both of the Germans and English, who first introduced them in America. In the Indian wars, it became an article of necessity, and was therefore a matter of constant study to every hunter and frontier man, till it attained its present excellence.—*Junius Redivivus: Correspondence in the Mechanics' Magazine.*

Washington.—Amidst all the victories and high achievements of young America, there is none of which she has so much reason to be proud as the having given birth to Washington. So perfect, so pure, so simple, yet so lofty a character, the modern world had not yet produced. Indeed, a European monarchy could not have produced a Washington. Our social organization, framed on feudal principles, is too much impregnated with vanity, personal ambition, and the love of precedence not to have corrupted the colonial officer, long ere he became the hero of independence. Not but that monarchies have their worthies, Sidneys and Bayards, a numerous host; but a Washington they could not have, because the first rank of military talent must, amongst these, infallibly inspire some passion of baser alloy. Let Cromwell and Napoleon, and Marlborough, and Charles XII. be passed with their compeers in view, and it will be seen how even patriotism dwindled as a motive, till utterly lost amidst baser sentiments.

Washington stands alone. As a commander, his character has risen, since men have come to examine it. With an army so doubting in spirit and uncertain in numbers as to have filled any captain with despair, he still achieved what, indeed probability rendered hopeless. Cool and imperturbable to bide his time, and, Fabius-like, observe the enemy, he never wanted the impetuosity of Marcellus, when opportunity rendered such advantageous.

As a statesman, his administration forms a monument as glorious as his campaigns. He found a constitution born so feebly, that its very parents were hopeless of its existence; yet he contrived in raising it to give it force, and communicate to it the principle of maturity. Amidst the storm of adverse parties that gradually arose around him, Washington preserved an impartial sense of what his country demanded; and though latterly he leaned to the side of federalism, and strong institutions, yet it was never so much as to upset the balance; and perhaps the greatest proof of his

sagacity, and of the difficulty of this task, is, that his successor, John Adams, failed in the same attempt, and by allowing himself to be borne away by one party, gave to the other the opportunity of successful reaction.—*History of United States, Vol. II. Lardner's Cyclopedia.*

Rabbits understand Latin.—A company of scholars going to catch conies carried one with them who had not much wit; and gave in charge that if he saw any, he should be silent for fear of scaring them: but he no sooner espied a company of rabbits, but he cried aloud, 'Ecce multi cuniculi,' which he had no sooner said, but the conies ran to their burrows; and he being checked by them for it, answered, 'Who would have thought that the rabbits understood Latin?'—*Bacon.*

Socrates canonized.—That great philosopher Socrates, on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, has these words—'Whether or no God will approve of my actions I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him, and I have a good hope that this, my endeavour, will be accepted by him.' Erasmus, who was an unbibigot Roman Catholic, was so transported with this passage, that he expressed himself upon it in the following manner—'When I reflect on such a speech, pronounced by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out, Sancte Socrates, Ora pro nobis! O, holy Socrates pray for us.'—*Spectator.*

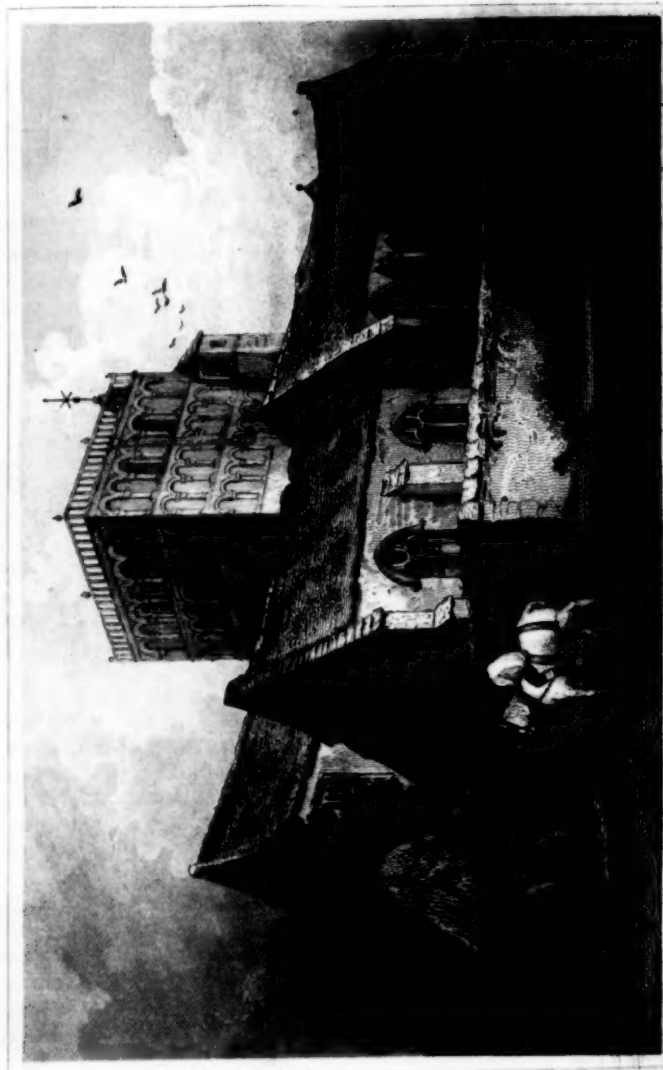
Pin Making.—The women and children who fix the heads are paid at the rate of 1s. 6d. for every twenty thousand. A skilful operator can with great exertion do twenty thousand per day; but from ten to fifteen thousand is the usual quantity: children head a much smaller number; varying, of course, with the degree of their skill. The man who pickles and tins the pins usually gets one penny per pound for the work, and employs himself, during the boiling of one batch of pins, with drying those previously tinned. He can earn about 9s. per day; but out of this he pays about 3s. for his assistant. The arranging of pins side by side in paper is generally performed by women. The pins come from the last process in wooden bowls, with the points projecting in all directions. A woman takes up some, and places them on the teeth of a comb, whilst, by a few shakes, some of the pins fall back into the bowl, and the rest, being caught by their heads, are detained between the teeth of the comb. Having thus arranged them in a parallel direction, she fixes the requisite number between two pieces of iron, having twenty-five small grooves, at equal distances; and having previously doubled the paper, she presses it against the points of the pins until they have passed through the two folds which are to retain them. The pins are then relieved from the grasp of the tool, and the process repeated with others. A woman gains about 1s. 6d. per day by papering; but children are sometimes employed, who can earn from 6d. per day, and upwards.—*Babbage's Economy of Machinery and Manufactures.*

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